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WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THOMAS E. WATSON, Editor

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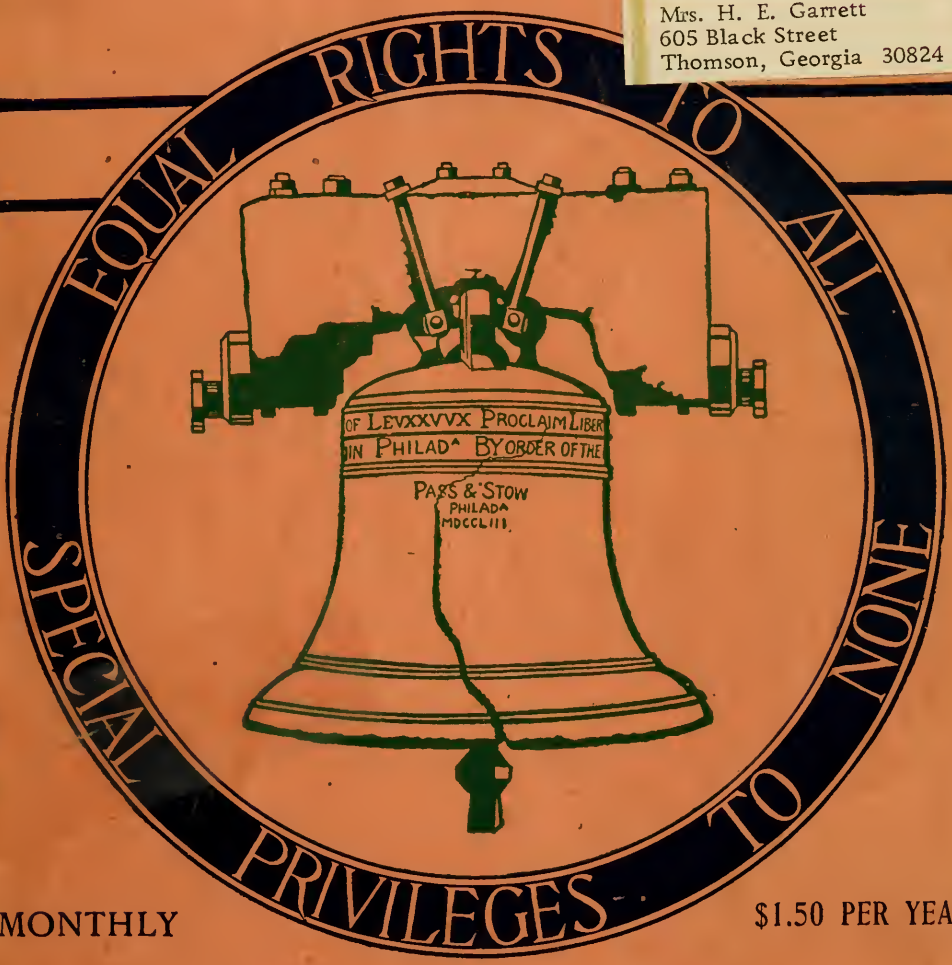

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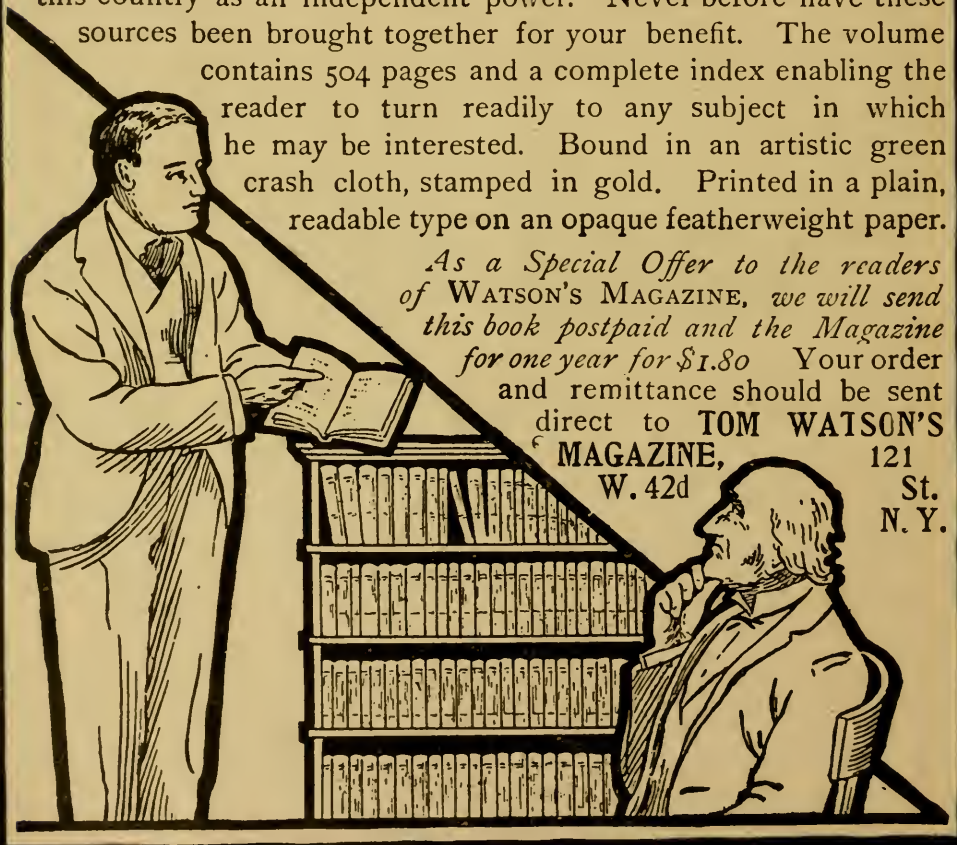

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WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

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Frontispiece, ... *Portrait of Andrew Jackson*

Editorials . . . . . *Thomas E. Watson* *481-502*

The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson—A Good Bargain—Teasing a Single-Taxer—National Banks and the "Educated Clientage"—The Tobacco Trust—Editorial Comment

The Compelling Call . . . . . *Margaret Hughes* *503*
Falling Leaves . . . . . *George E. Woods* *511*
The Death-Way . . . . . *Maarten Maartens* *513*
The Knight of Gentle Folly . . . . . *Louise Forsslund* *520*
The Abuse of the Homestead Law . . . . . *Hugh J. Hughes* *528*
The Shadow of the Law . . . . . *Helen Tompkins* *534*
Mrs. Bonticue and Another Landlord . . . . . *Charles Fort* *542*
Phases of the Liquor Question . . . . . *David A. Gates* *555*
The Girl at Splayfoot Thompson's . . . . . *Hugh Herdman* *562*
The Toad, According to Bobby Jonks . . . . *Tom P. Morgan* *567*
The Common Roads . . . . . *John Seitz* *568*
O'Rourke's Way . . . . . *F. R. Bechdolt* *571*
Tim's Monument . . . . . *M. G. Woodward* *577*
Educational Department . . . . . *Thomas E. Watson* *580*
Shipwrecked Hopes . . . . . *Marie Conway Oemler* *587*
Home . . . . . *Louise H. Miller* *588*
Letters from the People *598*
The Eagle and the Hen . . . . . *Stash Mlotkowski* *608*
Books . . . . . *Thomas E. Watson* *610*
The Say of Other Editors *617*
Old French Song . . . . . *Thomas Walsh* *623*
News Record *624*
This Age . . . . . *R. Andrews* *635*
Along the Firing Line . . . . . *Charles Q. De France* *636*

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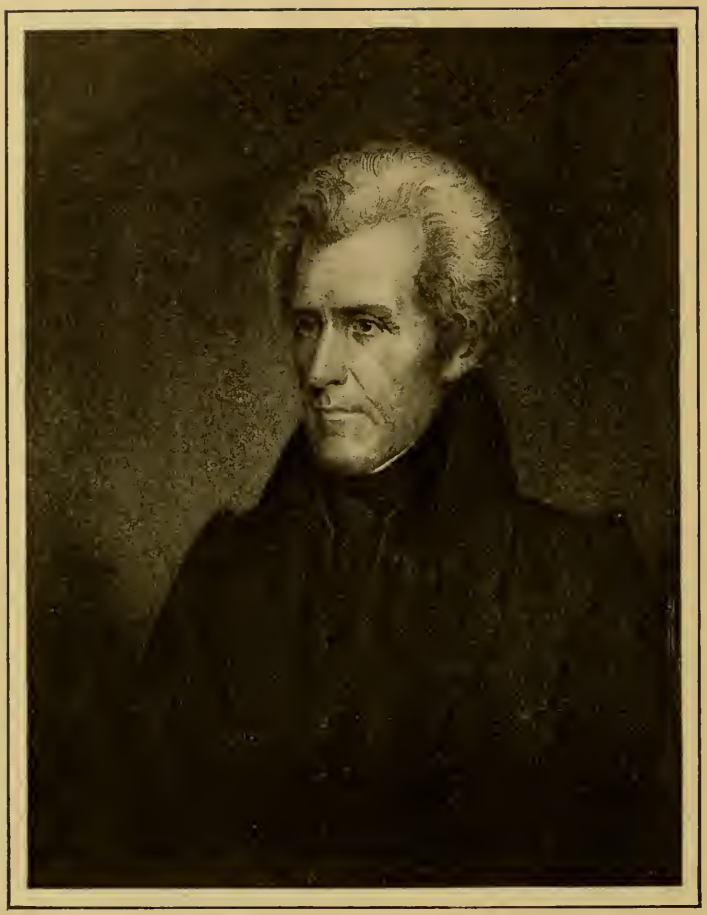


ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV JUNE, 1906 No. 4

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

FOREWORD

IF I live and nothing happens, the July number of this Magazine will publish the first instalment of the "*Life and Times of Andrew Jackson.*"

Already there are half a dozen *Lives* of Jackson, but how can I help that?

I was not in collusion with any of the men who wrote the books. *I* am not estopped by what anybody else has done; and, inasmuch as Andrew Jackson is as much *my* Jackson as anybody's, I, too, am going to write a book about him.

If he were alive, the job would be put off. I might have to say things about him which he would not like, and *then* I would have to move away from here. But Jackson is dead, and my life is insured in the Equitable, and Bryan has gone off to be gone two full, quiet, restful years, and the preachers have quit nagging Rockefeller about "tainted money," and they have buried that Frenchman under the name of Paul Jones in spite of all that I could do: consequently I think the time has come for me to seat myself and take my pen in hand and write you a few lines about Jackson, hoping they will find you enjoying the same blessing.

* * * * *

The canvas is large; the figures that should be thrown upon it are great; the play of light and shade will be vivid; the situations dramatic.

You shall see a panorama that makes the blood rush faster in the veins and the heart beat stronger in the breast.

You shall see mighty movements of great peoples. Rifles advance, bows and arrows fall back; the red man takes his way to the setting sun; the white man's empire moves on like a storm; heroes whose names have not been mentioned shall be made known to you; heroic deeds which have not been recorded in national annals shall be related to you; some entries which have been made upon the wrong side of the ledger shall be put where they belong; and the whole truth about some men and some things will be told as it has not been told before.

I shall not perforate apertures, but if the truth demands that I punch holes, I will punch holes.

* * * * *

Before us will pass in review great men—the Immortals!—great in thought, or speech, or action.

We shall hear Webster thunder in debate, hear the clarion call of Henry Clay, watch the bent form and furrowed face of Calhoun as he tries to carry a burden and solve a problem which no mortal can carry or solve.

We shall see John Marshall, the bitterest of partisans, enthroned upon a lifelong office whose power he puts above the Congress and the President, and we shall hear him pronounce the decisions which have fastened upon us the galling chains of corporation rule.

The Harry Hotspur of political fights

will gallop by, and we shall wonder at the sharpness of "Jack Randle's" lance while we deplore the recklessness of his ride.

We shall listen to the evening talk of Jefferson; shall spend a few minutes with prim little Mr. Madison; shall march once more with John Sevier, Daniel Boone, and George Rogers Clark.

If I live and nothing happens, you shall know more about the great Georgian, WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, and that marvelous boy whose cradle was rocked not far from where I write, GEORGE MCDUFFIE.

We shall follow that handful of men who took up the discredited dream of Aaron Burr and wrested imperial Texas from Mexico. Houston, Travis, Lamar, Fannin, Bowie, Crockett—they shall live again in the story of their wonderful deeds; and at the Alamo we shall pay the tribute of sympathy and admiration to the bravest stand that men ever made for liberty since God created the world.

The *times* of Andrew Jackson! Why, the nation was in its birth-struggles and pains in the times of Andrew Jackson. Mighty as the river is to-day, it was first moving away from its sources in the times of Andrew Jackson.

Words, deeds, individuals made indelible impressions, good or evil; changed the course of empire, directed the trend of law, fixed the fate of posterity.

By a speech, Daniel Webster *made a new Constitution*, put aside a written contract which created a confederacy and substituted an implied contract which created a nation.

A quarrel between two Southern chiefs divided the South at a crisis and transferred dominion to the North which it holds till this day.

Domestic trouble drove Sam Houston into the woods to live with the Indians, and out of this roving, unhappy, unsettled life finally rose the State of the Lone Star.

William H. Crawford took the wrong medicine, and while prostrated, the sceptre was snatched from his hands. Had Crawford not been disabled, Clay would have supported him rather than John Quincy Adams, at the time when Clay was master, and had Crawford been President we would never have had the Civil War—*perhaps*.

Yes, my son, it is a great story, and I have a mind to tell it to you. If I tell it at all, you must let me tell it in my own way. Those who want the South's part left out or slurred over can get Woodrow Wilson to tell it *his* way.

I am going to do ample justice to the North and East, but the South and the West shall not be slighted. The history of this Republic is something more than a New England primer.

Nobility of motive, grandeur of purpose, heroism of mind and heart, strength of will and of hand—they *have no sectional limits*, thank God! Wherever the white man has set his foot the record proves his greatness—greatness in daring, greatness in doing, greatness in virtue and, alas! greatness in crimes.

Let us tell the *whole* story. Let us cut geographical measurements of patriotism out of it. Let us give due credit to *all* the great men and movements, North, South, East, West.

My son, in the July number of this Magazine I will begin to tell you the story of Andrew Jackson and his times.

A Good Bargain

THE Georgia genius, Sam Jones, never said a better, truer thing than when he declared:

"God alone knows how much damnation there is in *a good trade*."

When you say that you have got "*a bargain*" in a horse, you mean that you paid less than the horse was worth. Therefore, you paid the owner only a part of its value. Therefore, you

got part of the horse for nothing. Therefore, you cheated your neighbor. Therefore, you feel good, and you boast of your "*bargain.*" It was "a good trade," and contains much damnation.

Yet you are not the meanest man on earth. Every one of us is just about as mean; and when we abuse you for swindling your neighbor out of his horse we are only covering, with fine words, our envy and regret—our envy of your luck and our regret that *we* didn't get that horse.

(Ah me!—and that's the sort of human nature that the Socialist tells us *only wants the chance* to turn earth into heaven and men into clarionet angels.)

It is the same way all along the line. We want to get "something for nothing." When we make a trade, we don't feel proud unless we have got the better of the other fellow. No man "points with pride" to the fact that he honestly paid full value. But let him get the property at less than half its worth, and he will glow with happiness for weeks and months.

What matters it to him that the other fellow was "in a tight place," and had to sell? What matters it to him that his fellow-man was at his mercy, and that the piteous appeal of utter helplessness was in his plea for a fair price?

"Business is business," said the buyer; and he raked in "a good bargain," robbed his Christian brother of his property, and felt so good over it that he expanded, the next Sabbath, as the contribution basket came around, and actually chipped in fifty cents for Foreign Missions.

And that night he doubtless dreamed pleasant dreams of the progress of Christianity among the heathen, the benighted heathen of uncivilized lands.

When you buy a farm at a bargain, what does it mean?

You are getting another man's labor for nothing; you are squeezing him into a surrender of his property; in the struggle for existence you have come upon a soldier too weak to fight and you are stripping him of his armor; in the battle of life you have won and he has lost,

" . . . stitching the garment which shall gladden your soul with a bargain."

and you take possession of his citadel, his home, driving him forth into the wilderness, he and his wife and his child.

Had you paid a fair price, he could have lived in comfort, and so could you have done; but you wanted *a bargain*, and your advantage clashing against his disadvantage gave it to you. Thus you despoiled your Christian brother and comforted your conscience by reminding yourself that "Business is business."

* * * * *

When you rush to the "Bargain Counter" and actually find that which you seek—*a bargain*—what have you really done?

You have secured for fifty cents an article which was worth one dollar; or have bought at five dollars a garment that was worth ten.

But how did it happen that the merchant could afford to sell you the goods at half price?

Why, he, in his turn, got *a bargain* when he purchased. He must have

got the goods for one-third, or one-fourth, or two-fifths of their true value before he could offer them to you at one-half.

When you got your *bargain* somebody had to lose one half the value of the goods. WHO WAS THAT SOMEBODY? It was not the merchant. Oh, no. He does business for the profit there is in it, and he is entitled to his reasonable gains. The loss did not fall on *him*, when you paid for one-half of the goods and got the other half for nothing. Upon WHOM did it fall? Upon the weakest man in the line, of course.

Many a time, my dear lady, when you have bought cotton fabrics at half-price, it would have wrung your heart, if it be not wholly dead, to have seen the home of the Southern farmer who grew the cotton. It would make your eyes fill if you could see some of the little girls and boys who furnish the "cheap labor" which enabled you, dear lady, to get "a good bargain."

And if you will inquire about the places where those garments of yours are put together, you will often follow a trail which leads to the "sweat-shop," where hollow-eyed, hollow-chested, broken-spirited women and girls bend to a ceaseless, deadly task—stitching the garment which shall gladden your soul with *a bargain*.

* * * * *

What is the true meaning of the shoddy goods and the counterfeit wares and the imitation fabrics, and the adulterated articles which degrade the market, demoralize commercial conditions, and impose upon the credulous citizen seeking *a bargain?*

Can woolen goods by any chance be *cheap?*

Of course not. No matter what kind of laws we might have, fiscal or otherwise, *woolen* goods would *necessarily* be dear.

But we *must* have a bargain when we go to buy overcoats, or blankets, or underwear. We *must* get something for nothing. All right. The manufacturer is nobody's fool: he knows the market, and he knows human nature.

It's his business to know, *and he knows.*

Consequently, the man who *must* have a woolen overcoat and who *must* have a bargain, is accommodated. He gets shoddy instead of wool—that's all.

There are many instances where the genuine article *should be* in the market at a reasonable price, but which cannot be so had because of the unreasonable demands of a Trust. In these cases, the bogus articles have their origin in the dishonest purpose of the manufacturer to take advantage of the universal craving for *a bargain.*

* * * * *

We see the disease, Sir Doctor—pray name the remedy.

The craving for "a good trade" will never leave the blood of man. We are born gamblers, we are chock full of the lusts of the flesh, and we dearly love to cheat and fight. When we were half-clad savages, we used to get wildly drunk and furiously quarrel, and madly fight, and recklessly gamble. Many a husband has staked wife or child on the turn of a game: many a man has staked his own life, and lost.

But while inherent traits cannot be entirely cast out, they can be curbed and mastered.

If proper conditions were restored there would be the fewest number of chances for "a good trade."

If every laborer were paid a just wage, if public utilities were used for the public good, if the necessaries of life were untaxed, if wealth were compelled to bear the expenses of our extravagant Government, if the people took charge of things by Direct Legislation and ran the Government in the interest of all, if Special Privilege were cut up, root and branch—*there would be enough for all*, and few industrious citizens would ever find themselves in such a helpless condition that they would surrender their own to some other at *a bargain.*

Teasing a Single-Taxer

THE following letter, given in full, is published from a sense of fairness to our friends, the Single-Taxers.

"LITCHFIELD, ILL., April 10, 1906.
"Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Georgia.

"DEAR SIR: Referring to your single-tax articles: About one hundred years ago a young Scotchman named Erskine located in St. Louis, Mo. He became owner of a lot, 50 x 147 feet in dimensions, at the northeast corner of Eighth and Olive streets, *in the brush* at that time, for which he paid $500. He paid the small taxes on it for a few years—until somebody wanted it—when he leased it for twenty-five years at so much a year *ground rent*—binding the lessee to make certain improvements, to be the property of the owner of the land at the expiration of the lease, the lessees meantime to pay all taxes of whatever sort. At the expiration of the twenty-five years he leased it again, binding the lessee to tear down the old improvements and make new ones costing much more, to pay all taxes as before and to pay a big advance on the ground rent. Thus he and his heirs continued to do until the last twenty-five year lease expired January 1, 1895. Then the estate leased it again for ninety-nine years for $20,000 a year, ground rent and improvements, taxes to follow as in previous leases; and at present one of the biggest skyscrapers in the city occupies the lot. Understand, since the date of the first twenty-five year lease the owners of this lot have never paid any taxes or improvements and the growth of the city has made the enormous increase in the value of this 50 x 147 feet of ground, until, for the ninety-nine years from 1895, the heirs of this estate have an income of $20,000 a year without turning a hand for it. The city as a whole created this $20,000 a year in the land value of this lot and the city ought to have it.

"If not, why not? What have the heirs of this estate done to entitle them to $20,000 a year for the next ninety years?"

The writer of the foregoing doubtless believed he had dealt me a "sock dolager." His illustration is merely the well-worn "Astor estate argument" carried down to St. Louis, and given a change in name.

To the superficial mind, it carries overwhelming conviction. But it will not bear analysis. The train of reasoning which would confiscate the Astor title in New York and the Erskine title in St. Louis would explode pretty nearly every vested interest on earth.

At the time Astor bought in New York, and Erskine bought in St. Louis, every other human being had the same opportunity. They came into new communities and "staked out their claims," complying with the laws which the community had made.

They took their chances on the investment. It happened that their judgment was vindicated by events. It *might* have happened otherwise. In thousands of cases it *has* happened otherwise. Some men just naturally have more sense than others—more foresight, more pluck, more strength of purpose, more skill in knowing when and how to hit. Astor struck it right, but how many thousands of men have put their money into town property believing the town would become a city when in fact the town couldn't even hold its own as a town? You will find dismal remains of busted "boom towns" all over the Union, to say nothing of those which once lived but which are now classed as "dead." Shall Society make good the losses of those men who bet on the wrong town?

How absurd such a proposition would be! Yet Erskine and Astor did no more than put their stake on the winning town. If your logic confiscates the winnings, why shouldn't it make good the losses?

No law compelled a hundred thou-

sand people to go to New York, or St. Louis, to live after the first hundred thousand had gone there. No law compels people to pack themselves into the big cities. Humanity would be better off if they did not do so. The world would be cleaner, happier, and better if population would distribute itself more evenly. The unutterable horror of life in the great cities would not then stagger one's faith in the progress of civilization.

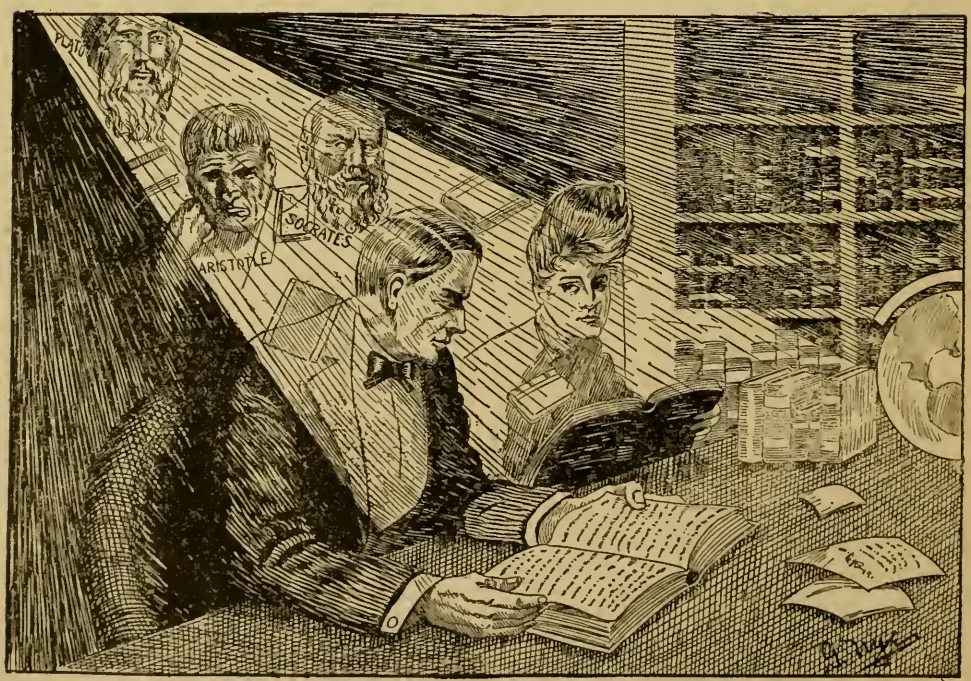
But the crowding *does* occur, nevertheless, and it does not seem to me that the early settler, who bought when land was cheap, should be stripped of his property simply because the little town grew to be a large city.

If I find it to my interest to sell out my holdings in the town of Thomson and to rent a house from the Erskine estate in St. Louis, I do so with my eyes open. Nobody compels me to do it. If, as a part of the rent, I also pay Erskine's taxes to the state and city, that's *my* lookout. No law compels me to do it. And *I don't do it unless I find it to my interest to do it.*

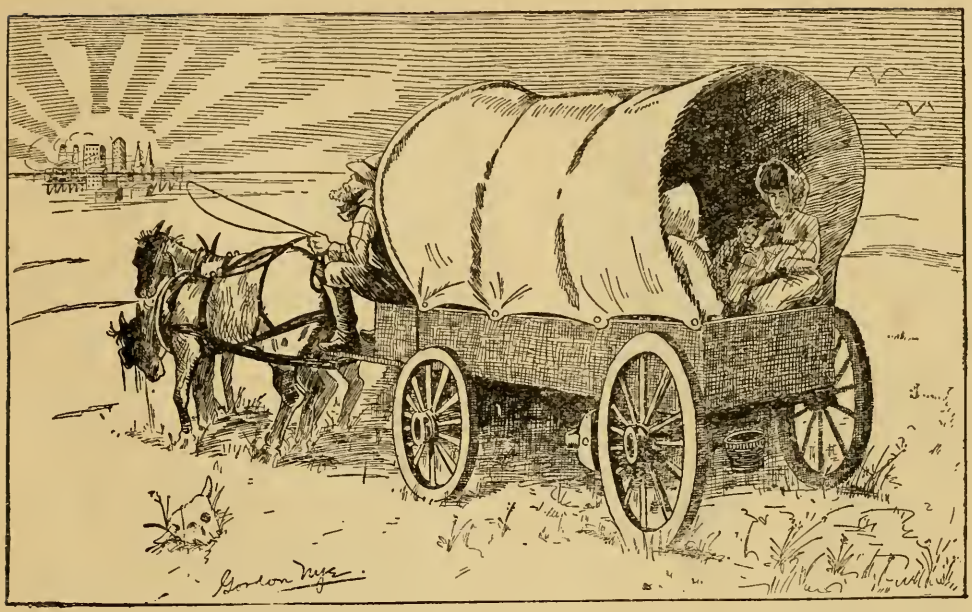
The same conditions which have added to the value of the Astor and Erskine land have constituted those attractions which would have induced me to sell out in Thomson and go to New York or St. Louis. These cities *must* possess certain advantages, real or imaginary, over the average town, and those advantages—whatever they are—make up the sum total of the inducements which lead several million people to crowd together, as they do on Manhattan Island and its immediate vicinity.

No merchant in a small town has the opportunities which the large city gives. Will you confiscate the profits of the New York *merchant?* If not, why not? He, also, reaps his gains from the fact that so many people live so close together.

The newspaper publisher has greater opportunities in a city like New York than in a town like Thomson. Will



"Every man and woman now living is legatee of ages of the best efforts of the race."



"The men who pioneered great cities were in many respects the equals of the men who built our Republic."

you confiscate the newspapers of Mr. Hearst because they profit by the fact that so many people bunch themselves together? If not, why not?

Wonderful as is the genius of Mr. Hearst and of his chief editor, Mr. Brisbane, they could not make a great deal of money out of two daily newspapers published in Thomson, Georgia.

My town is a great town, but less than two thousand people have as yet discovered the fact. The other benighted millions of our fellow-citizens may catch on, a hundred years from now, and *then* my modest patrimony in Thomson will call forth communistic howls. At present *I* do the howling—when I look at the bill for taxes.

Many a time in the history of New York the original Astors may have been sorely tempted to sell out and invest elsewhere. Hundreds of owners, who had just as good a thing as Astor had, *did* lose confidence, sell out and invest elsewhere. Astor held on; and now, after the lapse of generations, comes the brilliant William R. Hearst and the brilliant Arthur Brisbane, and they gloriously, beneficently reap the advantage of the mere physical facts in the case—namely, that New York and its adjacent towns supply millions of readers to the morning and evening newspapers.

The Single-Taxers and Socialists take a toe-hold upon the argument that "Astor's revenue is increased by the bare increase of population: Astor did not increase the population; the city *made itself* big; therefore the city, and not Astor, should have the increase in land value."

Evidently, this reasoning is superb, but I have my doubts as to whether Mr. Hearst would like to see the muzzle of such a gun pointed *his* way.

Astor's genius was manifest in the selection of his location and in his stubborn holding on, as that of Horace Greeley, Pulitzer, and Hearst in the conduct of their newspapers, but *Greeley, Pulitzer and Hearst profited by the same physical conditions that increased the Astor estate.* In each case, the newspaper publisher exploited a great city which *he* had had nothing

"Men and women go into competition to see who can pay the highest price for the ugliest old vase."

to do with making *great*. In each case the newspaper profited by the bigness of the city, just as Astor did.

Again, we must remember that mere numbers do not make a city great. *The right kind of men* must be in the lead. Three million Digger Indians dumped into another Manhattan Island, wouldn't make another New York. Supplant the present inhabitants of New York with an equal number of blacks from the Congo Free State, and what do you guess would be the effect upon the value of the Astor Estate and the Hearst newspapers?

In the up-building of great cities, you may be sure that great men were enlisted. The men who pioneered New York, Chicago, Boston, Galveston, San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans, Philadelphia and the others were in many respects the equals of the men who built our Republic. If you will read the volumes called "The Old Merchants of New York," you will understand what I mean.

My point is that QUALITY rather than quantity makes the great city. New York is not great because of the hordes of the slums; but *in spite of them*.

Now, to confiscate that which the great men create, and dump it, practically, into the common pot, where all are equally entitled to an equal share of the pot-liquor, does not seem just.

The equity of the case is met, not by confiscation, but by taxing each estate *pro rata*, compelling each citizen to contribute to the support of the government in accordance with his wealth.

A man, usually a tenderfoot, stumbles upon a gold mine, or a diamond field.

Is it his?

If he complies with the regulations made for such cases, it is his.

By what right?

By that which we used when we shot the Indians away from their homes.

The right of Discovery.

Nature made the gold and the diamonds, but Nature hid them; consequently we give them to the fortunate finder.

But does it occur to you, Mr. Single-Taxer, that the gold and the diamonds would not be worth picking up in the road if it were not for the very same general condition of things which put value into the Astor estate?

The value of the gold and the diamonds depends upon the standards of our civilization.

They can hardly be said to have intrinsic value at all. In no sense of the word are diamonds necessary to the human race, as wheat and corn and cotton are.

The finder of the gold and the diamonds adds nothing to their value.

He reaps the benefit of what the human race has been doing for thousands of years. *He gets his fortune out of conditions which he did not help to make.* He deserves no credit whatever for the system of things which prevails and which gives immense value to gold and diamonds. Yet even the single-taxer will not dis-

pute his right to reap the benefits of the system into which he came by birth.

In Voltaire's famous book, "Candide," the hero's adventures carry him into a South American state, peopled by Indians, where gold is so plentiful that the natives value it no more than they value common mud. They laughingly tell Candide that he can have as much of it as he wants. Naturally he wants all he can carry away, and he proceeds to load up. In a most diverting manner Voltaire relates how Candide lost most of his treasure on his way home to France. He manages to hold on to enough, however, to make him rich *in France.*

The gold, in South America, had no value! In France, a small amount was wealth.

Why?

Because of Civilization, its laws, tastes, customs, standards.

Candide, being a Frenchman, *got the benefit of the French system as a birthright.* Of course, he inherited the disadvantages along with the advantages, just as we do in our Republic.

Take another illustration!

A fisherman finds a pearl, either by design or accident. In either event, the Single-Taxer does not combat the proposition that the pearl belongs to the fisherman. The pearl was underneath the water, doing no good to anyone. Intrinsically it had no value. It was a mere pebble amid millions of pebbles. Even when it was found to be different from the other pebbles, in color, etc., it yet remained intrinsically useless. The fisherman could not eat it when hungry, drink it when thirsty, clothe himself with it when naked, or warm himself by it when cold. On the basis of Nature's arrangements, the pearl was worth less to the fisherman than a peck of corn.

But the finding of the pearl raised the fisherman to riches. The peculiar kind of pebble which he had found turned out to be worth thousands of dollars.

Why?

Because of the laws of fashion, the cravings of Taste and Pride which *made the market for the pearl,* and this *market for the pearl,* which he had had nothing to do with making, brought the fisherman wealth.

All the fashionable world made the market for the pearl: according to Single-Tax logic the fashionable world should have thrown the fisherman down and taken the pearl away from him.

All of us are familiar with the story of the Florida Indian queen who swapped a long string of large pearls to De Soto for a few bits of bright colored velvet. Under the standards of barbarism, the pearls had no greater value to the queen than the bits of velvet; under the standards of civilization the pearls were worth a king's ransom to De Soto; both the queen and the Spaniard were inheritors of fixed conditions.

In many other ways, I could illustrate the truth of the statement that the argument against the Erskine title is an argument that undermines almost everything. Born into this European system of things, we inherit from all the great men of the past, are legatees of their struggles, their sufferings, their aspirations, their victories. Every boy that comes out of our schools, equipped for his life-battle, wears armor which was hundreds of years in forging, gets the benefit of conceptions, suggestions, plans and experiments which reach back to Alfred the Great. The boy gave no hand to the building of the system. He gets the benefit of what was done by others, long before his ancestors set foot in the land. Every man and woman now living in the European-American world is legatee of ages of the best efforts of the best men and women of the race. All of us get the benefit of conditions which we did not bring about. We also must bear burdens which came to us along with the inheritance, for our system, like ourselves, is wonderfully and fearfully made.

Some of these burdens worry me more than the Astor estate does, because they are unavoidable.

The Astor estate is pegged down on Manhattan Island. It can't get away.

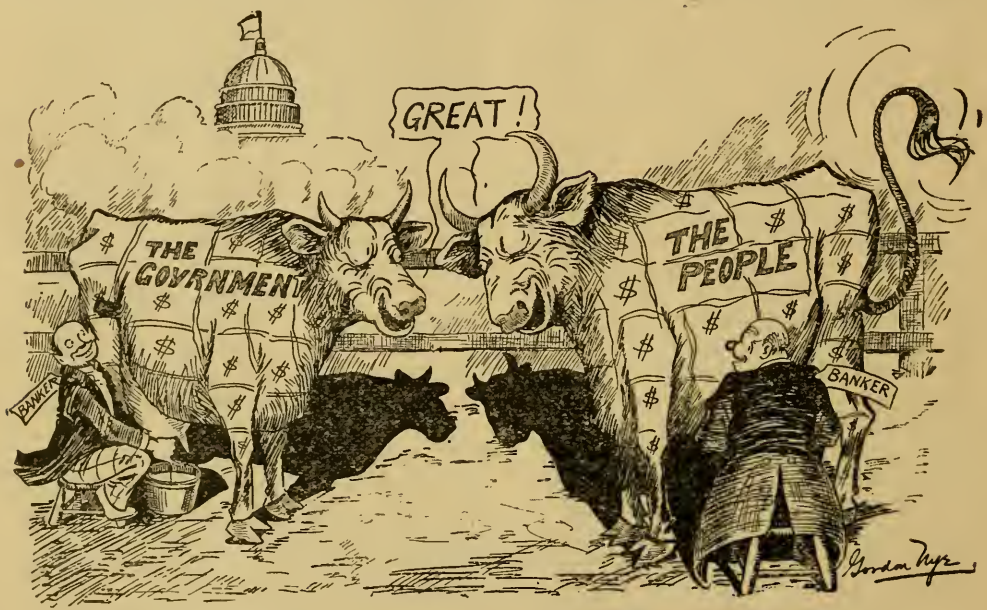
It can't chase me down to Thomson. If I don't want to get bit by that particular snake, I needn't go near its hole. There is not a man in New York who cannot escape the Astor estate if he wants to; all that is necessary is that he shall pull up stakes and leave. There are a good many desirable places to live on in this world besides New York—though it is difficult to persuade a New Yorker to that effect.

The inherited burdens which worry me most are those that I cannot resist and cannot escape. They hold me prisoner, no matter where I go. What

them competes for that particular spot of ground, all the angels in heaven couldn't keep the price from advancing. If everybody wants the same thing at the same time, the upward tendency of the market is not to be checked by remonstrance, argument, protest or pleading.

One of the "Old Masters'" paintings may not be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, but if a great number of wealthy snobs compete for the painting, it fetches hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Likewise, those hideous old China



"Thus the banker's pail is ever full."

those inherited burdens are, you know if you have been a reader of this Magazine.

With 200,000,000 acres of public domain awaiting the settler; with irrigation plans in operation which will add at least 300,000,000 acres more; with abandoned farms throughout the land which can be bought for less than the houses on the land cost, I am not bothering my head about the Astor estate, or that Erskine property.

Of course, as long as several million people want the Astor land, and each of

and Japanese pots and vases may not be worth a place in the kitchen: so far as I am concerned I wouldn't give ten dollars a ton for them; but if they become a fad among the rich, and thousands of men and women go into competition to see who can pay the highest price for the ugliest old vase—why, the market for ugliness gets so stiff that I almost conclude to have my own features cast into antique Japanese mugs.

The moment those three million men quit wanting Astor land, all at the

same time, that moment its value will begin to decline. But so long as that number of men all want their land in the same spot, at the same time, the identical principle which caused Maud S. to bring $40,000 when Robert Bonner bought her will uphold the market price of the Astor land. And society has no more right to confiscate Astor's title because he got what so many others want than it has to confiscate the title to the fastest race-horse, the finest painting, or the ugliest Japanese pot.

National Banks and the "Educated Clientage."

THE following letter will be read with interest:

"March 2, 1906.

"MY DEAR MR. WATSON:

"I have been interested in your discussion of the national banks. Wouldn't your arguments be more ingenuous if you took up the stock objection of conservative economists to the issue by the Government of notes on only a fractional reserve—that it would impair the credit of the Government, and increase the rate of interest which it must pay on the national debt? A full statement of this and other objections may be found in Hadley's 'Economics,' pp. 260-263. Surely, if you seek influence with an educated clientage, these objections are worth your editorial consideration.

"Yours very truly,

"K. N. WASHBURN, JR.

"Springfield, Massachusetts."

I feel flattered by the assurance that Mr. Washburn, Jr., has been interested in my discussion of national banks.

Whether it will ever be within my power to gain "influence with an educated clientage," I do not know; but if Mr. Washburn will prevail upon his author, Dr. Hadley, to prepare an argument for national banks, and to send it to me for publication, I will promise to pay for it, publish it, and then knock it into a cocked hat.

There are many things which admit of doubt, but if there is any one thing that is absolutely certain, it is that our national bank system is wrong. Salmon P. Chase, the author of the system, grew alarmed when he saw its evolution and rued the day that he proposed it.

Mr. Washburn evidently is aware of the fact that I never had what he would call an "education"; hence, his inclination to disparage what I have written upon the subject of national banks; but I beg to call his attention to the fact that I have been following the lines of argument laid down, generations ago, by some of our most thoroughly educated men.

Dr. Hadley is a scholar, but so was Thomas Jefferson; and Jefferson's arguments against the national banking system are those which I have repeated.

John C. Calhoun was a scholar; and his reasoning against national banks has been constantly in my mind.

Thomas H. Benton, while not so much of an academician as Dr. Hadley, probably carried a larger stock of knowledge, in his prime, than any scholar of the present day; and the points Benton made against national banks have not been overlooked in my own discussions of the question.

Then there is Andrew Jackson—but probably he doesn't count. Professor Sumner and others have written him down as an illiterate backwoodsman, and perhaps the warnings against national banks and concentrated wealth —contained in his Farewell Address— would not "have influence with an educated clientage"; although this celebrated state-paper was prepared by a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Roger B. Taney.

If Mr. Washburn has quoted Dr. Hadley's strongest point against the creation of a national paper currency, then I pity Dr. Hadley if ever he has to defend his book before "an educated clientage."

What does he mean by "the issue of

Government notes on only a fractional reserve"?

If the Government were to issue its own notes, in the place of national bank notes now outstanding, such Government notes would have back of them *to insure their value and their redemption* the following guarantees:

(1) The *Legal Tender quality*, which would make the notes payable for all *public dues and taxes;* and the annual expenses of the Government *could now annually absorb the entire issue.*

(2) The *Legal Tender quality*, which, being applied *to private debts and purchases*, would annually absorb the entire issue. In fact, it would hardly be a drop in the bucket.

(3) The power of the Government *to tax the entire wealth of the country* to support the notes.

"There is a sentinel on the watch-tower of every man's soul."

In other words, the national bank currency of the present time is based on Government credit, as represented by a bond. If the currency based upon the bond is good, the currency based upon the entire credit, wealth, power and resources of the Government which issued the bond *would be better.*

The bonds issued by the Government can only be as good as the Government. They are the stream issuing from the Government; and the stream cannot rise higher than its source.

Currency based upon these bonds cannot be better than the bonds. And the bonds *are only a part* of the Government wealth, credit, resources. If a currency *based upon a part* of the national strength is good, a currency based *upon the whole* of that strength would be better.

In short, the Government now *delegates to the national banks* the privilege of issuing currency *based upon Government credit.*

If the exercise of this delegated power gives us a sound currency, then the currency would be at least equally sound if the function were exercised by the Government itself. An exercise of such delegated powers cannot, in the nature of things, produce a safer currency than we would have if the Government reserved the function to itself, refusing to delegate it.

* * * * *

How could the issue of small notes, say for a billion dollars, impair the credit of the Government to any greater extent than the issue of bonds to the amount of a billion?

A billion-dollar debt is just that much debt, and it does not at all matter whether Uncle Sam signs big notes or little ones.

Bonds are merely large notes, given for debt.

National bank currency consists of small notes, given for debt. The small note of the national banker is based on the large note of the Government. The one big note of ten thousand dollars supports ten thousand small notes of one dollar each. But the debt of ten

thousand dollars is just that much, and no more.

Now if ten thousand one dollar notes, issued by the banker, are good because they are based upon one large note of ten thousand dollars, issued by the Government, why is it that they would not be equally good if the Government were to call in its big note for $10,000 and issue, in lieu thereof, ten thousand little notes of one dollar each?

The educated will please answer.

(3) What do you mean by increasing "the rate of interest which it (the Government) must pay on the national debt"?

The national debt is represented by the bonds which the banks now use as the basis of their currency. Those bonds bear interest. Now, suppose the Government should call in one-half of those bonds (say $500,000,000), and should issue five hundred million dollars in one dollar notes, to take the place of the bonds.

The national debt would remain the same.

One half of it would still be represented by big notes (bonds) bearing interest. The other half would be represented by little notes (paper currency) bearing no interest. Thus the Government would have reduced its interest-bearing debt one half.

Do you mean to tell me that our educated classes believe that the stoppage of interest upon one half of the national debt will impair the national credit? Do you mean to say that the nation will be injured by saving the interest on bonds — which interest is now paid to the national banks? Never before did I hear it said that one's credit was impaired by the reduction of his debt. If Dr. Hadley contends that half a billion dollars of indebtedness, issued in non-interest-bearing small notes, will impair our credit to a greater degree than the same amount issued in large notes which bear interest, his education has a flaw in it somewhere.

By issuing the notes itself, without delegating the function to the national bankers, the Government would confer two enormous advantages upon the people.

(1) The nation would save the interest now paid on the bonds.

(2) The borrowers of the country would save the interest which they now pay for the use of the national banker's notes.

And that's why the national bankers do not want the Government to issue its own notes, free of interest, based upon its own credit.

Says the national banker to the Government: "Give *me* the use of your credit, issue *your* notes in such large denominations that none but the rich can buy; then let *me* issue the little notes, based on the credit of your big one; you pay me interest on your big notes, while I charge the borrower interest for the use of my little ones, and I'll be happy — for I'll milk you, the Government, with one hand and I milk the fool people with the other."

Thus the banker's pail is ever full, for he milks the cow dry with exceeding regularity — leaving just enough for the calf, *which, in time, will be another just such a cow.*

The Tobacco Trust

THE following address of Hon. Joel B. Fort, of Tennessee, is so much to the point, so forcible in its statement of the case against the Tobacco Trust, that I cheerfully yield to it a portion of my editorial space.

The reader is asked to bear in mind the fact that the Thomas F. Ryan mentioned in the address is the same Wall Street individual who in 1904 carried the Virginia delegation to the Democratic National Convention in his private car and delivered them to the Wall Street candidate, Judge Parker, of 'Sopus.

"The seed of the ills and abuses which afflict a country are sown with such

deft hands, and grows so rapidly and luxuriantly that the general welfare of the country suffers long before a remedy is suggested.

"The oppression of the weak and innocent by the strong and unscrupulous grows day by day. Then follow the mutterings and complaints of the populace. It is the foreboding thunder of the storm of revolution.

"Then the lightning flash of popular indignation burns up and destroys the attendant evils, and the country is once more in sunshine, peace and prosperity. We term this REFORMATION.

"Today we are in the midst of a revolution the like of which the world has not experienced before. We hear no martial tread of armed legions; no flash of swords or glitter of bayonets; no rattle of musketry or roar of cannon, yet the silent forces are in deadly combat.

"It is a fight of purity and justice against greed and corruption."

"It is a fight of purity and justice against greed and corruption. It is a revolution of sentiment, a revolution of principle, and a revolution that must give to the individual, and to the state, the municipal and the national honor and integrity the higher place.

"Upon such reformation depend the happiness, peace, and prosperity of the whole nation. It only requires a little reflection to know that we have wandered far away from the good, old, well-beaten pathway in which our illustrious ancestors were wont to travel.

MONEY MADNESS

"After the besom of ruin and destruction of the Civil War had swept over the land, and peace was restored, commenced a new era; old time customs gave way to the new; the demoralizing effect of war was infused into business enterprises, and the feeling for earning an honest penny gave way to the intense desire to obtain the penny at any hazard. New enterprises came into being; corporations multiplied like the locusts in ancient Egypt. Now and then you saw the flash of Aladdin's lamp upon the highway of commerce, and from poverty and obscurity sprang the millionaire, and the whole country went mad with the money craze.

"Then came the trust, and, flashing its lurid lights along the financial ocean, opened up to the startled gaze of the world that monstrous being known as the multimillionaire. Upon these new creatures the laboring man and the man in the humbler walks of life looked with wonder and amazement and reverence. We had reached the point when we bowed down and admired the man of wealth without ever looking to ascertain how he obtained it, and, in the meanwhile, the present generation came forward, worshiping

the god of mammon; with an inbred craving for money—more money at all hazards. Why, my fellow countrymen, it came to pass, if the organizer of a trust or combine and worth millions walked the streets, so crazy about money had we become, that we stared at him as a man transcendentally great, bowed and knelt to him, and paid to him all the honors due to a Cæsar. 'We had placed the dollar above the man.'"

REVOLUTION

"Revolution was but the necessary sequence. Revolution has come, opinions and sentiments are rapidly changing, and will prevent and check the impending ruin, desolation and degeneration of the morality and manhood of this Government. At times revolution is an absolute necessity, and I would have the masses aroused to the true state of affairs. I would have them return to the teachings and noble ideals of our ancestors, and bear aloft the old standard, placing manhood above money, and honor above ill-gotten gain. I would have the people know that for more than five hundred years the common law of England has forbidden trusts or combines in restraint of trade. That under the statute law of the United States, and, so far as I am informed, of every state in the Union, it is a penitentiary offense for any persons or corporations to organize or engage in any way in a trust or combine. The statute of my own state of Tennessee, passed in 1903, provides: 'All arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations, between persons or corporations, made with a view to lessen, or which tend to lessen full and free competition in the importation or sale of articles imported into this state, or in the manufacture or sale of articles of domestic growth or of raw domestic material, and all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations between persons or corporations designed, or which tend, to advance, reduce, or control the price or the cost to the producer or consumer of any such product or article are hereby declared to be against public policy, unlawful, and void.' The second section provides for forfeiture of charters, etc.

"Section 3 provides: 'Any violation of the provisions of this act shall be deemed, and is hereby declared to be destructive of full and free competition and a conspiracy against trade, and any person or persons who may engage in any such conspiracy or who shall, as principal, manager, director, or agent or in any other capacity, knowingly carry out any of the stipulations, purposes, prices, rates, or orders made in furtherance of such conspiracy, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars ($100) nor more than five thousand dollars ($5,000), and by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than one year nor more than ten years.'

"And our Supreme Court has on more than one occasion held this statute to be constitutional. So, my friends, you see that to be engaged in or connected in anyway with a trust or combine is not only illegal but immoral. I would have this revolution and reformation, which has of late swept over Philadelphia, Ohio and Missouri, traverse the whole country, until the moral standing of the man is elevated above the dollar, until the good people feel and know that a man who engages in a beef trust, in good morals and in the law stands on the very same plane and is nothing more than an ordinary hog or cattle thief. That a man who organizes or is connected with a turkey trust is an ordinary chicken thief, and that a man who organizes or is in any way connected with a tobacco trust is a tobacco thief. That sounds like pretty strong language, does it not? Well, if this is not so why did the Congress of the United States appropriate $500,000 to the Department of Justice to enable it to put just such men in the penitentiary? It is not necessary to convict a man in order that he become a thief. He is a thief as soon as he steals and the conviction does not affect his standing in regard to the offense one way or the other.

THE TOBACCO TRUST

"But the trust that has robbed us, and the one we are interested in more directly, is the tobacco trust. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the organization and history of this most exacting and grinding of all the trusts, but I will say that when Thomas Fortune Ryan, of Equitable Insurance notoriety, went to England in the interest of the Consolidated Tobacco Company and made terms of peace with Sir Charles Wills, representing the English tobacco people, the greatest outrage that was ever perpetrated was fastened on the tobacco growers of this district. Competition was gone forever, and they there and then agreed to a systematic robbery of the grower of tobacco, and he became an abject slave to a merciless and pitiless trust. It were needless for me to remind you of how the Baron Tobacco Robber sat in his castle in the north, surrounded by all the luxuries of life, beneath the dazzling light of the electric flash, and divided your country into districts by public roads, states and county lines. It were needless for me to tell you how he appointed a little lord to rule over and dictate prices on the fruits of your toil; how he with golden soldiers menaced anyone who would interfere in the least with his little lord buyer. I need not remind you how this little lord, booted and spurred, rode over your country, took your tobacco at his own sweet will when you were helpless to prevent, and when you delivered your crop he, to add insult to injury, DOCKED you on every pound, and, my countrymen, one little lord in my county, even became so infatuated with the docking system that he even docked on a due bill which he had given a farmer for tobacco he had already delivered and which had been received by this sir lord. Under this rule of the lorded robber baron we saw the money crop of the Dark District in the clutches of a ravenous, insatiate monster. We saw the splendid farms and houses falling to decay and ruin. We saw the farm labor moving away to find more lucrative employment. We heard the complaint of the people as they groaned under the heavy burden. We heard labor cry out as the Russian knout in the hands of the trust fell hard and fast upon its back.

"We appealed to Congress and to the law in vain. The blood of Kentuckians and Tennesseans began to boil in indignation; the tocsin of war sounded from Glen Raven's heights in the good old County of Robertson, and Felix G. Ewing, followed by the gallant sons of Tennessee and Kentucky, marched forth to do battle for justice, right and home. It was a battle of manhood, honor and integrity against money. For more than one year the conflict raged. The cowardly, sneaking enemy hid behind falsehood and slander and shot golden bullets. Their tactics were to buy our troops with gold, and to make traitors of good citizens and ofttimes they sent the Trojan horse to our very gates. Glorious Kentuckians and Tennesseans—you stood side by side with 'Old Hickory' behind the cotton bales at New Orleans and with your squirrel rifles hurled the Red Coats to death and into the sea.

"There is not a spot in this great nation where the marble shaft marks the sacred spot of valor but that, side by side, Tennesseans and Kentuckians stood and moistened the sod with their chivalrous blood.

"No, these men could not be bought with a price. With these people, with their ancestors, and so it will ever be with their descendants, death before dishonor. For one year the battle raged, determined farmers fighting for liberty, justice and home; on the south could be seen faithful old John Wesley Gaines dealing deadly blows to all trusts, and the matchless Joseph E. Washington firing one continuous volley of grape and canister, and there also was one John B. Allen fighting, at all parts of the field, with any kind of weapon he could get, and when he had no gun, fighting with 'fist and skull.' From the north could be heard the ceaseless roar of the impetuous charge of glorious A. O. Stanley and his gallant Kentucky brigade, and, amid all, night

"We saw the money crop of the Dark District in the clutches of a ravenous, insatiate monster."

and day, at every part of the field, could be seen the banner of the association, high in the air and waving a proud salute to every soldier, in the hands of Felix G. Ewing, and above all could be heard his voice: 'Stand firm and the victory is ours.' By his side stood that firm and steady Charles H. Fort, president of the association, contesting every inch and always begging for a charge and an onslaught. A glorious victory was ours, a victory for right against wrong, a victory of manhood over money.

"But, my friends, while we have won this fight, don't think for a moment you can lay down your arms and sleep on your rights; more than ever we need to stand guard, and present a united front. We want every farmer, whether he was with us in the first battle or not, to line up now and be one of us in holding this country free from another attack of the bold robber barons.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED

"When we took up the fight on that memorable 24th day of September, 1904, the little lords of the district for several years had been taking our tobacco at an average price of 4 cents per pound and told us that the cause of such extreme low prices was on account of over-production.

"In less than four months the same little lord was begging for tobacco at double the price he had been paying and that he expected to pay. Was that on account of overproduction? Can you grow tobacco after September 24? In one year we had sold the association tobacco, or the greater part of it, at double the former prices, and the little lord was offering more than he had paid the year before, and all summer was telling that there was 20 per cent. more tobacco than was raised the year before. When the true state of affairs was given out by this association there had not been an overproduction, but an actual deficit, and instead of a 20 per cent. increase over the 1904 crop, there was a 20 per

cent. decrease. And thus we found that all the while they had been lying to us. They tell us that the law of 'supply and demand' regulates, but let me tell you that, as long as that robber tobacco baron has all the demand and you tobacco growers have all the supply, the demand they use on you is the same that the midnight assassin makes on the lonely highwayman when he points a pistol in his face and demands his money.

"Little aching backs; little tired feet. Working in hope."

APPEAL TO NON-ASSOCIATION MEN

"My friends who are out of the association, you have profited by every labor of ours and we are glad to benefit everyone. Why will you longer let your neighbor fight for you and your family and render him no assistance? You know it is not characteristic of Kentuckians. Have the little trust lords poisoned you against your neighbor and friend?

"I know that they have said we were getting it too hot. Didn't we tell them in the beginning that we were going to make it hot for them? And when it got hot and we sent a committee to see them in a peaceable and lawful way and asked them to stand by country and home, and let the robber go, why they had so much lord installed in them that they were too big to be approached by an American citizen, they got mad and bought all kinds of improved shooting machinery, magazine loading pistols that shoot nine times, to defend themselves. Those guns were not made to kill me or members of this association, any ordinary pistol will kill us, and besides we would do no one harm, but good. We are no law breakers, nor do we approve of anything that smacks of lawlessness. I tell you of a truth what made them arm so strongly. There is a sentinel on the watch tower of every man's soul, a faithful sentinel The storm may rage, the winds may howl and the lightning flash, but he never deserts his post. Faithful sentinel—is conscience. When we do wrong he tells us, and that is what made him buy the great guns. They know it is wrong to stand for a cruel trust and against their own people just for the sake of the money they receive. Why did I not buy guns? I have been all over this district, over rough and towering mountains and in deserted valleys in the lonely night without even a pocket-knife, and was not alarmed. I can tell you why. I knew that I was fighting a patriotic fight for the ragged children and the poor, starving mother; for justice, home and right. I knew that ninety per cent. of the good farmers and patriotic men were behind me, and that all the pure, noble women, the ministers, the lawyers and business men who wanted commercial liberty were behind me, and with such an army as that with me I would not be afraid to charge hell with a toothpick. My non-association friends, we want you to come with us and be with us in this organization. You are good men and true, hear me: Are you for the right as against the wrong?—Then I need say no more, for you have felt the galling load put on these people by the trusts as well as we. Will you be free from commercial

slavery? Then come with us, for when the law was powerless to protect you this band of farmers brought the trusts to terms and made them pay you a fair price for your tobacco. Have you any sentiment in you, and do you think it is your duty to love your neighbor and country? Then stand by your country and neighbor. Proud men as you are, can you stand by and sip the sweets of your neighbor's toil, and not lend a helping hand in gathering them?

"Let's put the proposition this way: An army is coming to invade your country, to lay waste your homes, to murder your wives and children; the call to arms comes to defend your home. Will you take to the bushes while your neighbor goes to the front? The trust was laying waste your home and sending your wives and children into the icy grasp of winter barefoot and ragged, and we called to arms to fight the robber from our land. You won't take to the bushes, much less aid the trust, our enemy, by selling it your tobacco, will you?

"Let's put it this way: A certain man traveled from Jerusalem to Jericho. He was set upon by robbers and wounded and left in the ditch half dead. A Priest and Levite came by and heard his dying groans, but icy in heart and callous of human suffering, passed on the other side. Then came a man who loved his neighbor, in the garden of whose heart bloomed all the flowers of human affection. He heard the cry and rushed to him, took him to his bosom, loved him, bound up his wounds, took him to the inn, paid his bill and saved his life. The name of the immortal Washington may fade from the pages of history, the name of the soldier, statesman, and idol of the Southern heart, Robert E. Lee, may be forgotten, but as long as man loves his fellow-man and worships God, the name of the Good Samaritan will be written in every human heart with letters of everlasting, living fire.

"The trusts had us down and were every year robbing us. We call to you for help. Will you be the Good Samaritan, or the Levite and Priest?

"My countrymen, I know not what you may do, but when I looked over the Dark Tobacco District, and saw the poor tobacco grower who lived on rented land in a log cabin with stick chimney, and saw him come forth in July and August, and heard the plank rattle on the floor, as his little girls followed him to the tobacco patch; yes, I saw those little girls following him down the rows in blistering and burning sun, pulling worms and suckers, and I could hear him encourage them when the burden grew heavy: 'Come on, little Mary, just a little longer and papa will buy you new shoes and stockings and good warm clothes for winter. Come on, little Martha, and help a little more, and papa will buy you both shoes and clothes and nice dresses so that you can go to Sunday-school like other children.' Little aching backs; little tired feet. Working in hope. Hoping for clothes, and hoping for Sunday-school. I saw that poor man sell his tobacco to the trusts for a pittance. I saw him deliver it and then get docked, and there was the rent note that must come first. And when he settled he did not have a dollar. I saw him go home with a sad and aching heart, and saw little Mary and Martha clamber on his knee and ask him when he would bring the shoes and clothing he had promised. And I saw his noble heart sink in sorrow—I tell you, my countrymen, that every pang of that poor man's heart appealed to me in trumpet tones, and I said, 'My God, Tennesseans and Kentuckians, we can't stand it. Fall in line and, by 'the Eternal,' we will drive the robber tobacco baron from our fair land, and we will bring prosperity and happiness to the humblest homes, and fill the stockings of the little Marys and Marthas all over the Black Patch!"

Editorial Comment

HERE is the style in which Bob Taylor goes after the plutocrat, in his magazine:

"I saw a man pile mountains to the skies, up which he climbed toward fame's alluring heights, and I saw his coffers bulging with bonds and stocks and stacks of gold and precious stones. I saw him unfold the columned inventory of his fabulous wealth and lave and steep his soul in gloating contemplation. I heard the clamor of the crowded streets and the shouts and plaudits of the fawning throng as he passed proudly by, and I saw him pass on and up toward the zenith of renown and seek his place among the great, supremely satisfied with himself, finding consolation in the thought that 'envy assails the noblest; the winds howl about the highest peaks.'

"And then I saw him look for a moment into his own soul and blanch in affrighted terror at the black stain that sin had made, and I saw a cloud of remorse settle upon his brow and the writhing twinge of sore regret wrench it into frowns, and I heard his heart cry out in its anguish, 'Oh, that I had risen to this height by fairer means!'"

If Bob continues to shell the woods with that sort of rhetoric, it is only a question of time when the plutes will have to come in and give up.

* * * * *

I wonder if Bob Taylor did see his "man" do all these things!

Let us consider, for a moment, what the man accomplished while in plain view of Bob.

First, he piled mountains to the skies, then he climbed up these mountains which he had already piled, and he climbed toward "fame's alluring heights," which may or may not have been the same mountains which the man had already "piled." The man's coffers were bulging with bonds, stocks, gold, precious stones. The whereabouts of the "coffers" is not stated. When the man got to the top of the mountains, Bob saw him unfold the "columned inventory of his fabulous wealth and lave and steep his soul in gloating contemplation"—of the columned inventory, apparently. But why bother with the inventory when the bulging coffers filled with bonds, stocks, gold and precious stones were in plain view?

Then this man apparently slid down from "fame's alluring heights" into the streets, where he passed proudly by amid "the shouts, the plaudits of the fawning throng," etc.

Bob forgets that a crowd of process servers have been chasing John D. Rockefeller, and that the noise which he heard was probably that of the chase.

But Bob saw the man "pass on and up toward the zenith," etc.

What, *again?*

Why, he had already gone up once, Bob.

But perhaps he came down just to accommodate Hadley, of Missouri, and the officials who wanted to serve papers on him.

* * * * *

After the man had got back to the pinnacle of fame's alluring heights, Bob Taylor saw him, "look for a moment into his own soul and blanch in affrighted terror."

Think of that!

This man did not blanch in affright, nor did he blanch in terror, but he blanched in affrighted terror—much as to say that he got scared because he was afraid; or, to vary the phrase, that he was afraid because he got scared.

* * * * *

Then Bob saw a cloud of remorse settle on the man's brow; "and the writhing twinge of sore regret wrench it into a frown."

The man's brow was as clearly overworked as was the man himself. The man had piled mountains to the skies, had mounted these mountains, had exhibited his bulging coffers, had unfolded his columned inventory, had

laved and steeped his soul in gloating contemplation, had returned to town for the convenience of subpœna servers, had passed on up the mountain, again had seated himself among the great, had looked into his own soul, and had thereby brought on an attack of affrighted terror.

Poor man!

Now, as to the "brow" of this man. First, a cloud of remorse settled on it, Not a passing shadow, nor a fleeting gloom, but a come-to-stay cloud *settled* there.

Then a writhing twinge of sore regret seized upon the same brow "and wrenched it into frowns."

Poor brow.

Then Bob heard the man's "heart cry out in its anguish, 'Oh, that,'" etc.

After this Bob thought he had seen and heard enough, and he released his "man" without bail.

As I have already stated, if Bob keeps up that lick, the plutes will have to knock under.

* * * * *

The more or less famous author, Jerome K. Jerome, is very "hard down" on the South because negro men are lynched for ravishing white women.

But then, you see, Mr. Jerome has never had *his* sister or wife or daughter raped by a negro.

If that hell-born calamity should ever befall *him*, and he should still cry out in favor of the criminal, his protest will have more weight.

* * * * *

Southern people will never be able to understand why the people of other parts of the world allow the ravisher to get all their sympathy.

The victim is forgotten in the rush of pity for the brute who outraged her.

The South will never understand why this should be so.

When a negro is lynched because of his horrible crime, the victim is there in sight of her avengers.

Men whose wives, sisters and daughters live in the same community, *and run the same awful risks each day of their lives*, have had their passions aroused by hearing the cries of the poor victim of beastly lust; they have heard her heart-broken sobs, have seen her blood where it stained the earth, have perhaps seen her in the agonies of death. Therefore, the lynchers view the case from the standpoint of the innocent victim.

Would not the outside world understand the South better if it did the same thing?

* * * * *

Take a case which occurred near Charlottesville, Va.

A white girl was returning to her home from the town: she had to pass near a swamp where a negro was picking blackberries. He saw his chance and acted upon it. Seizing her before she could escape his clutch, he dragged her into the bushes, and carried out his devilish purpose. After that, he went into the town with his blackberries, and peddled them about the streets, until he was arrested. The poor girl had been able to describe him, and she identified him after his arrest. The crime was so revolting, the girl's condition was so horrible, that the passions of the crowd leaped beyond all control, and the brute was lynched.

Now, mark the effect upon the girl. She did not die from her injuries. It would have been better had she done so, for she was reserved for a fate that was even more awful.

The white man whom she loved, and to whom she was engaged to be married, could not bear the idea of taking a ravished woman to wife. He broke the engagement. Then, indeed, the poor girl felt that the end of all things had came. Ruined by a negro, deserted by her lover, she, the innocent maiden, was left to suffer as though *she* had done some frightful deed, committed some unpardonable crime. No wonder that the world turned dark and cold to her. No wonder that she lost her mind, became a raving maniac, and so—*died!*

Ah, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome! Wait till something like that happens to *your* sweet daughter, or sister, or wife before you again speak quite so harshly of the South.

The little old Island of Tahiti, away off in the South Seas, does not belong to us, but we seem determined that it shall not have cause to complain about not getting its mail.

The Post Office Appropriation bill recently passed by Congress gives certain steamship corporations $45,000 per year to carry Tahiti mail to those happy islanders.

Why not let the country which owns the island carry the mail to the islanders? And why pay our steamship companies $45,000 for the carriage of this mail when the French steamers offered to take it for a few hundred dollars?

The only reason is that the American corporation wanted the money, and a corporation Congress is willing to feed the corporation on your public funds.

* * * * *

Did you know that you paid the salary of a lady who attends to the dinner invitations and things of that sort for Mrs. Roosevelt? Well, you do. This lady, who looks after the matters of sending and accepting invitations to society functions, is called the "Social Secretary" of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Does the law anywhere authorize the expenditure of your public money in this manner?

It does.not.

Did nobody object to the illegal use of your money, when the matter was up in Congress?

One man did, and only one—Hon. T. W. Hardwick, of Georgia.

His was the only voice and the only vote against what is an absolutely unlawful use of the taxes of the people.

* * * * *

A member of Congress, not long ago, did his level best to pass an appropriation of $100,000 for a special train for Mr. Roosevelt.

Any law for it?

None whatever.

Roosevelt is a Republican, isn't he?

So I have understood.

Well, was it a Republican who tried to break the law—a hundred thousand dollars' worth—for Roosevelt's benefit?

No; it was a Democrat. In fact, it was a Southern Democrat—John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee.

And yet quite a lot of simlin-headed editors and politicians have been giving me "down the country" because I said that, under present conditions, it did not make a particle of difference whether our representation in Congress were less than it is now, or not.

If the simlin-headed brethren can explain what difference it *would* make to Tennessee or Georgia whether each state had ten members or fifteen, I will take immense pleasure in publishing the explanation.

Come forward, simlins.

* * * * *

The Southern Railroad stole that "Fast Mail" subsidy again, all right enough.

The Democrats led the raid, and the obliging Republicans helped it on.

Under the false pretense of *fast mail* for the South, this dishonest corporation has for many years been robbing the public treasury of $98,000 per year.

As a matter of fact, the compensation which this railroad is entitled to for carrying the mail is fixed by law. If Congress did not vote the extra $98,000 the people would get their mail just the same. The law is ample. The Post Office Department could compel the railroad to do *just what it does now*, in the matter of the mails.

But the Southern Railroad has its grip on so many Democratic Congressmen from the South that it gets $98,000 of *extra pay* every year.

It is a steal, pure and simple.

Not a member of the House from Georgia voted against the job, excepting Gordon Lee and Thomas W. Hardwick.

And *yet* the simlin-headed brethren stoutly maintain that I am an enemy of the South, because I said that, as matters now stand, a few members less, or a few members more, in the House of Representatives would make no earthly difference to the South.

It would tickle me to death to have one of the simlins come forward and explain what difference it *would* make.

Come one at a time, simlins.

The Compelling Call

BY MARGARET HUGHES

LOUISE read again the letter which the postman had just delivered.

My Dear Mrs. Kenyon (it ran):

I find that I am growing too feeble to give to my little orphan granddaughter the care she should have, and to you, her dead mother's sister, I appeal in her behalf.

When I am gone, you and your brother Frank will be her only kindred. Pardon the expression of my reasons for not wishing to appeal to him unless I must. Mr. Catherwood and his wife belong to that class in the social world that leaves its children to the care of servants. Though wealthy and cultured, neither would have the time, nor, doubtless, the inclination, to give to sensitive little Alma the affection she would receive from you.

You know, however, that she is penniless. Her father left little, and my annuity dies with me. I have not been able to save anything to smooth her future.

Can you and your husband take her into your childless home?

Sincerely yours,
CELINE FONTANEL.

As she finished the last uneven lines, the impulsive little woman who read them pressed the letter against her breast, quivering with the sudden joy of realizing, even in this way, the hopes and prayers of her married life. "Oh!" she breathed; and in such a moment a woman sounds the depths of her religion; "Oh, dear God, you are good to me!"

She turned quickly to her desk, and took out pen and paper to claim at once the treasure.

It would be so good to have her—Alma, the sensitive little girl whose soul fluttered in her innocent gray eyes! They would be so proud of her, Herbert and——

She straightened quickly, her glad face reddening with a guilty flush. Herbert! Had she been disloyal? It was the first time she had thought of her husband since the letter came. How strange that she, who had always turned to him for the decision of matters great and small, should have forgotten him in this supreme minute! She could not answer the letter until she had spoken to him. But it would be all right, of course. He would be as proud as——

She was conscious that her interlaced fingers were pressing down a question that was hardening painfully in her breast, and she threw out her hands dispellingly. How foolish she was! Just this way people conjured the ghosts of things that tortured them. Herbert would consent; he would, of course. Why should he not?

The answer came with a rush of recollection from which she covered her eyes. Herbert's nerves; the need of absolute quiet; his none too lucrative law practice; his slender, undeveloped affection for children. All that, against her hungering mother-love.

A declaration from the past came back with cruel emphasis: "Louise, I'm glad that we haven't any children—they'd disturb the peace of our home." He had said it thankfully, once, when a trying day in court had frayed his nerves to the point of collapse, and she had soothed him until hope had returned. She had forgiven and almost forgotten, attributing at the time the cruel words to his broken health. Now, she put the declaration from her, impatient with herself for remembering.

"You didn't mean it," she whispered,

addressing her absent husband; "it is your nerves, and they are so much improved. Don't you see, dear—don't you see that it would be better for us both to have her? Little footsteps along the hall, Herbert; a little voice in our home. Someone to plan for; someone to have for our own. Can't you see it would be better for us both?"

Of course, he would see it as she did. He would be home presently, and she could ask him. Together they would answer the letter. It was time now to prepare dinner.

She went down to the kitchen, and hastily raked her fire. She would not listen to the doubts that confronted her. She clung to the belief that her husband would consent. But the kitchen has a way of robbing theory of its roses, and presently she was voicing the troubled prayer: "If Herbert would only consent!"

She spread a violet embroidered centerpiece on the dining-cloth, and set a bowl of the blossoms on it; but the gray drip of the foggy afternoon chilled her as she passed the dining-room windows, and she lifted the dark-hued flowers from the table and folded the centerpiece with quick fingers.

"You'll make it sweet for us here tonight," she said apologetically, bending her head to the blossoms as she carried them to the living room. "But you understand, don't you? It's foggy and gray and cold outside, and if you had been bent at your desk all day, if your nerves were weak and tired, you'd want a little bright color and warmth when you came to your wife and your dinner. There! I'll put you near his 'Modern Painters.' Carnations will be better for the table."

Her hair was blown and her color was heightened when she came from the garden with a dewy red bunch in her hand. She arranged the spicy flowers in a slender vase on a centerpiece that caught their vivid shades. A blossom fell, and she let it lie on the white damask, but the second that fell she tucked in the coils of her ruffled dark hair, laughing a catching little laugh at a woman's subtle wiles to gain her will.

She laid covers for two, and threw a log on the fire, pausing a minute to muse over the crackling blaze.

"If—if—" Through the torturing doubts, she caught her husband's footfall on the stairs. She ran down the hallway, reaching the door as he opened it.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, putting her arms around his neck and lifting her face to his; "I'm so glad you've come."

A gleam shot from his tired eyes; his drooping, boyish face lighted. "You're a mighty sweet little woman to come to," he responded affectionately, holding her from him that he might admire the effect of the red carnation in her hair.

"I thought you'd like it," she smiled.

He folded his arms about her thankfully. "The years make little difference to you, lassie Louise. Are there many women who care to please their husbands when they have been married seven years?"

"Maybe there aren't many men who'd appreciate it," she laughed, a bit uncomfortable under the recollection that a special motive lay behind her desire to be fair for him. "Now, guess what we'll have for dinner?"

"Something good, I hope; though I didn't know I was hungry until I saw you."

"Then I'm the sauce piquante?"

"The best in the world," he asserted.

She patted his cheek. "Get into your jacket as quickly as you can, and come out." She hurried back to the kitchen, rubbing her little palms together as she went. "If—if—oh, Herbert! you will consent. You must, dear. If I could ask you now, and have it over—but I won't annoy you until you've had your dinner. You will consent; I know you will."

The warmth and color of the dining-room acted on his fatigue like a tonic. A thought went through his mind as they took their places: What would life be if, after the irritating toil of the day, he could not find rest in his home!

Louise's nervousness relieved itself in soft chatter during the meal, but

with the coffee little chills of doubt began to run along her spine, and her flushed cheeks paled. Herbert, with a sigh of contentment, put down his cup. Now was her time.

"You look so comfortable in that brown jacket," she said, taking one of the sidetracks by which a woman approaches the main theme.

He nodded cozily.

She went and stood behind his chair, putting her arms around his neck, and bending her head to his.

"I had a letter from Alma's grandmother today, Herbert."

"Yes? Is Alma well?"

Louise nodded. "That's nice," he said; "I know you are fond of the child."

She brightened and plunged into her subject. "So fond that I want you to let me take her and care for her—I want to make her ours, Herbert."

He drew quickly from her embrace, the weary irritation coming back to his face.

"Listen!" she said before he could speak. "Her grandmother is growing too old to care for her; she must give her up. There are only brother Frank and I left, and he—Herbert, dear, we need her. Can't we give her a home?"

"Frank is the person to take her, Louise. He can give her advantages she couldn't have with us."

Louise placed the old lady's letter in his hand to make its own appeal. He read it, and then laid it down indifferently.

"An old lady's fancy," he commented. "Frank's a generous man, very generous—and he hasn't any children."

"Neither have we, Herbert." Her hands crept wistfully to his shoulders.

"No; but—" The fingers of his left hand flirted their nails against the palm.

"She's my dead sister's child, Herbert. Shouldn't we do our share?"

"Yes, if we could afford it, but we can't. It's all I can do now to keep up my insurance and continue the payments on our home. I couldn't do it at all, if you weren't the best little manager in the world," he added graciously.

"I could scrape even more, if you'd let me have Alma. I know I could."

"And kill yourself working and sewing for her."

"Oh, I'd love to!" she exclaimed childishly. "We could manage it easily. Herbert, dear, say yes!" The mother-love throbbed in her appeal, but the man did not recognize the call.

"I'm sorry, Louise; it's impossible. I would not deny you anything if I could see my way to giving it. But, even if we could afford it financially, my nerves could not bear the noise of a child. We've a haven here now. When I come home at night, deep down I'm thankful that we have no children."

A cry smothered in the woman's throat. The repeated thanksgiving was, to her, a sacrilege.

"Don't you understand, Louise?" he continued, softening a little at the whiteness of her face. "Don't you see it is impossible to take her? I'm doing my level best now, but you see what a poor little best it is."

She was quick to soothe the awakening discontent. "This home is all I want as long as I have you, Herbert. But——"

"It is not all that I wanted you to have, not near what I dreamed I could give you. But a man can't do more than he can. I can't do what you've asked me."

He pushed back his chair. Louise silently carried the dishes to the kitchen, and went about straightening the dining-room. Silently, too, he watched her. When she came near him in her work, he put his hand on her shoulder.

"Louise, do you not understand?"

"I can't," she answered. "I can only see that it would be better for us both, that we could manage it if we would. Think of it, Herbert. Little footsteps along the hall; a little voice in our home; someone to plan for; someone to have for our own. I've never wanted anything so much in my life."

He dropped his hand. "If you

loved me, Louise, you would not try to deprive me of the little peace I have."

The weariness of his voice stung her to repentance. "I do love you," she choked; "whatever comes I must always love you. But——"

Her rebellion was new to him. Hitherto he had decided; she had acquiesced. He thought her present attitude ungracious.

"Haven't I always done what I believed best for us both, Louise?"

"Ye-es."

He patted her shoulder. "You must believe I am doing that now when I tell you we cannot take the child."

That night Louise wrote the letter which gave little Alma into her uncle's care.

"Alma!" Mr. Catherwood's call was peremptory.

The response came quickly from a room across the hall. "Yeth, Uncle Frank?"

Mr. Catherwood's florid brow contracted. "What's that? You're lisping again, aren't you? How many more months will you take to stop? Leave your practice now, and come here. Your Aunt Louise wishes you to go on an errand."

A fair child of eight years hastened into the sewing-room of her uncle's elegant home. Embarrassment over her delinquency did not quite suppress her delight in serving "Aunt Louise."

Mr. Catherwood watched her across the room. "Turn out your toes, miss!" he directed. "The first thing you know your right foot will be stepping on your left. Turn 'em out."

The child jerked her right foot into position, offering a flushed apologetic smile to her uncle.

"That left foot there—look at it! Alma, are you *ever* going to remember that left foot?"

The inflexible left foot turned slowly. "Ye-es, Uncle Frank," she responded hopefully.

Louise hastily broached the subject of the errand. "Dear," she said softly, "could you get me a spool of sewing silk to match this?" She held up a yard of filmy pink silk.

An ecstatic light touched the child's eyes. "Oh, isn't it pretty! Is it—is it going on a dress for me?"

"Yes, dear; it's to be puffed into a yoke for this. I thought you'd like it."

"Oh, auntie auntie—" Alma caught her lip with her small white teeth, and glanced at Mr. Catherwood.

"Caught yourself just in time, didn't you?" he said. "Finish it now as it should be."

"I think it will be very nice, Aunt Louise." The enthusiasm had died from the childish voice.

"We'll make it pretty," said Louise, throwing her brightness into the charged atmosphere. "Get the sewing silk as nearly the shade as you can, dear."

Glad to escape her uncle's vigilant eye, Alma quickly took the parcel with her left hand, and started for the door.

"One minute, Alma, if you please." The relentlessness she had come to recognize as inevitable was in Mr. Catherwood's voice. Her clear eyes met his fairly.

"Every day for the four months you have been in this house," he began; "I've taught you the use of your right hand."

The culprit awkwardly transferred the package. "I forgot, Uncle Frank."

"You always forget—it's your one excuse. I often wonder what substitute you have for a brain. Sawdust, most likely. Don't stand there all day like Patience," he concluded irritably, "start on your errand." Alma ran.

Louise regarded her brother disapprovingly. "She's only a child, Frank, with rather more than her share of childish faults; but her grandmother was old, you know. Don't be so hard on her," she pleaded. "She'll forget them all the sooner if you don't make her self-conscious."

"She's a little Indian that you can't teach anything, and that you'll never get a particle of thanks for trying to teach," he asserted. "She's been spoiling for a whipping all week, and she'll get it, I'll promise you."

"You don't whip her—that sensitive child!" Louise shuddered.

"H'm! I've taken the 'sensitiveness' out of her by punishment," he boasted, straightening his broad back against the mantel shelf and digging his hands complacently into his coat pockets. "When I first got her, there were tears from morning until night. Now, we don't have any tears whatever happens."

The woman's throat grew painful. "I'm afraid you're taking the wrong way," she said.

"It's the way that is accomplishing results," he answered shortly.

She regarded him critically, this well-fed brother of hers, who, even in his cruelty, meant to be kind. She opened her lips; then shut them resolutely. She could not tell him that he was accomplishing results that had no place in his plan. Her thoughts and her fingers were so busy that she did not observe the subsequent silence.

Presently Mr. Catherwood went to the windows, drew aside their drapery, and stood alertly watching the street. "I wonder what's keeping her!" he exclaimed.

"She has hardly had time to get to the store, Frank."

"Nonsense! It is not two blocks away. She's indulging in another of her pleasant habits—loitering. There is always a stray puppy, or a baby, or just nothing at all, that engrosses her attention—and her errand can wait."

Louise began a running comment on recent happenings, but her effort to divert his impatience was futile. If he joined in her chatter a minute, he invariably reverted to the child's delay. Finally he called a maid and sent her after the delinquent.

Louise regretted having sent Alma on the errand. She regretted her own insistence, when Catherwood and his wife had taken the child, that she be allowed to make for her the clothes they provided. During the anxious minutes of the maid's absence, Louise lived again the night she had pleaded with her husband to take Alma into their home. She had subdued the rebellion his refusal had stirred in her, but now, the first time in her seven years of married life, she wondered whether her submission to his will in this particular had not been an error.

The street door closed. Two little feet came flying up the stairs, and Alma, flushed and breathless, came into the room and laid the package in her aunt's lap. Mr. Catherwood motioned her to a chair.

"Where did you meet the maid?" he demanded.

"On the way back, Uncle Frank." Alma felt the storm coming, and lifted her proud little head to meet it, but there was no defiance in her clear eyes.

"Your Aunt Inez is away today, isn't she?"

"Ye-es, Uncle Frank."

"And who has charge of you when she is away?"

"You, Uncle Frank."

"H'm! H'm!" was his pleased corroboration.

Louise glanced up quickly and saw the enjoyment on his face. She went as white as the garment on which she worked.

Mr. Catherwood's business had never given him control of anyone. He had married a wealthy woman, a woman capable of managing her fortune and her husband. No children had come to them. With his first taste of power, when Alma entered his household, he had become a martinet.

"And what is the thing to do when you're sent on an errand?" His cold glance fixed on the child's face, but she met it steadily.

"To go straight there and back, sir."

"What!" he thundered. "To go straight there and back—what?"

Alma's little fingers crept to her throat. "To go straight there and back, Uncle Frank."

The parrot-like diction came from her tongue haltingly. It had been hard to remember "sir" and "ma'am" for grandmother; it was harder to forget them, now that her guardian forbade their use.

"To go straight there and back, eh?

And that's just what you didn't do, isn't it?"

Louise grew restless. "Alma had to wait her turn at the store, Frank." She could not resist the interference, though she felt it was not wise. Alma's truthfulness made it useless.

"Was the store crowded?" he asked.

"No, Uncle Frank."

"Then what in the world kept you so long?"

"I didn't know I was long, Uncle Frank."

"Oh, you didn't! What passed the time so quickly for you?"

The irony was bitter, but sudden recollection suffused the little girl's face with ecstasy.

"The sky!" she breathed; "oh, it's all little ripples of soft white clouds!"

Louise gave her brother a pleading smile of comprehension, but it gained no response.

"So the sky clouded your intellect, and you couldn't remember to come home," he badgered. "Well, we'll have to get it clear before you're sent again. Go to the dining-room and get a teaspoon, and bring me that bottle of castor oil from the medicine closet."

Sudden nausea turned the little face gray. She stood a few seconds, seemingly stunned, her eyes still meeting his. Then her hand went up to her throat again, and, without one pleading word, she left the room.

Louise was on her feet, her fingers pressed into her palms. Mr. Catherwood waved her aside.

"Now, sit down, Louise, and calm yourself, or I'll give you some, too. You didn't take her when you had the chance, and you're not to interfere with my methods of discipline."

"I'll take her now," blazed Louise; "I'll work for her myself, if need be—anything, anything, rather than that she should be tortured."

"Don't be absurd!" he said. There's no torture in a spoonful of castor oil. As for taking her, you can do it whenever you like—but doubtless Herbert has some say in the matter."

She remembered her husband's stern decision. "Please don't make her take that dose," she pleaded, her impotence sending her back to her chair.

"I never break my word," he answered as Alma came into the room. He poured a spoonful of oil, and handed it to the child. "Take that," he ordered, "in three parts."

Louise turned her head, but Alma's hand was steady as she lifted the spoon to her lips.

"Pretty nice, isn't it?" Mr. Catherwood regarded her with pleasure as she took the first sip.

"No, Uncle Frank."

"Have some more. I'm glad you like it so well." The second portion was swallowed.

"Must I—must I take it all, Uncle Frank?" The question had the harsh tension of being forced out against her will.

"Yes," he said, "and we'll waive manners so that you can lick the spoon. There, now; replace the bottle in the closet, wash the spoon, and then come back here."

She complied silently, and it angered Mr. Catherwood that she made no outcry. When she returned to the room he soothed himself by scolding her. Every fault received more than its due. Her heedlessness, her forgetfulness, her lisp, the toes that would turn in, the use of her unfortunate left hand. The little girl slowly gathered herself almost double with shame.

"Sit up straight, miss! I think you'll remember now to return quickly when sent on an errand, won't you?"

She straightened, lifting her eyes to his with her reply. "I hope so, Uncle Frank."

"I beg your pardon," he said extravagantly; "you'll what?"

"I'll try to, Uncle Frank."

His lips lengthened grimly. "I am waiting, Alma, for you to tell me you will."

The child hesitated. "I can't say I will, Uncle Frank," she answered finally; "but I'll try to, the very hardest I can."

"You will say it tonight before you sleep," he declared. "Now, go to your

room and do your tables all afternoon. When I come from the office tonight I'll whip you for your defiance."

He called to her before she reached the hall. "Have I ever broken my word, when I told you I would whip you?"

"No, Uncle Frank," was the low response.

"And you know you may expect it before you sleep?"

"Ye-es, Uncle Frank."

"All right. You have four good hours in which to think of it."

The portière dropped behind the child, and Louise stood facing her brother, her slender form strong with scorn.

"I'm glad that you keep your word," she said. "I'm thankful that you never break it—for you have told me within the hour that I could take Alma when I willed. I'll take her now! When I go home today, she goes with me, and I'll keep her if I have to work my fingers off to do it!"

Her eyes blazed; there was something a little wild in them. It occurred to Mr. Catherwood that perhaps he had gone too far.

"Don't get so ruffled, Louise. Herbert's nerves are not any better now than they were four months ago. It was his physical condition, you remember, more than his finances that prevented your taking Alma in the first place."

He did not regard the child with any affection; he had never wanted her. But his sense of mastery was sweet and he did not now want to let her go. "I hardly think," he added insinuatingly, "that it's wise to have Alma come between your husband and yourself."

"I'm going to take her." Louise was resolute. "I'm going to take her today. Don't you see what it is that makes the child forget? Don't you see her mother's craving for the beautiful of life reflected in her? Don't you see the inheritance her artist father gave her? And you'd try to eradicate that with a rod! But you won't! I'll give her her chance. I'll take her with me when I go."

"You're like a tigress," he said. "Remember, if you take her and cannot keep her—remember that I'll not bring her here again. If the fruit of your folly is failure, Alma goes to a home."

"She goes to mine today," Louise flashed, and she went and stood before the door of Alma's room, fearing that he might try to redeem his wretched promise.

When the street door closed behind him, she went in to the child. The room was darkened, and on the floor near the windows, in the faint bars of light that fell below the drawn shades, Alma's right hand was awkwardly penciling the multiplication tables.

"Dearest, won't you strain your eyes?" In her endeavor to ignore the painful trial through which the little girl had passed Louise did not note her criticism. "Why have you drawn the curtains, dear?"

Alma brightened at the caressing word, but her voice came huskily from her pressing throat.

"There are pink baby roses on the walls, Aunt Louise, and the sky is still little ripples. I—I was afraid I'd see, and forget again."

Louise was down beside her instantly, and drew the child into her arms.

"My baby! My poor dear baby!" she whispered. "It's all right now; it's going to be right from now on. You're coming home with me, Alma."

"For always?" It was a quick, tight gasp, and the gray eyes closed. They had openly met so much; they could not meet the probable negative.

Louise kissed the closed lids. "For always, my own. I'm going to give you all that I can—and you're going to be happy."

The small arms went quickly around Louise's neck, but drew away in their first pressure. "And Uncle Herbert?" she asked.

Louise drew a painful breath. Who had dared to tell the child of Herbert's attitude!

But the question brought Louise face

to face with the future. She could see dispassionately now; anger had dulled her reason in her encounter with her brother. A surge of emotions choked her. She recognized the conflict in her distinctly: it was the mother-love warring with her affection for the husband who sought to suppress that love. And with the clearer vision came the blow that her seven years of petting, of smoothing the way for him, of yielding him implicit obedience, had been the means of developing in him the nerves she sought to subdue, of retarding the growth she had fondly believed she had encouraged. She faced the conflict, and made her first unaided decision. The moment was poignant, but she smiled on the child.

"Uncle Herbert likes you." She committed him as far as she could. Then her lips set determinedly. "You are going to be happy, Alma."

The frail little form quivered. Louise held her close, caressing and consoling until tears came to relieve the bitterness of the months she had spent in her uncle's care. When she could speak, she said:

"Please—please may I call you just 'Auntie?' It means that I love you, and the other don't."

The excitement and the joy of her release proved beyond her strength; she was ill when they reached Louise's home that afternoon. Louise tucked her comfortably in bed in the guest chamber and sat beside her until she fell asleep. The dark lashes curled from the tear-reddened lids and lay pathetically on the pale cheeks. Louise kissed them gently. How frail, how sweet, how pretty she was! She was going to be happy! She should be happy!

"Oh, Herbert, Herbert," Louise breathed into the portière to which she clung in sudden fear, "it has come to this: Alma and you and I together, or Alma and I alone."

She went down to the kitchen and prepared the dinner. She laid the covers, choosing again the carnation centerpiece that had brightened the table that fog-dripped night four months before when she had failed. Would she fail today? Her hands caught in a clasp that pained. Every beat of her heart was a prayer that this time Herbert would understand.

Presently his footstep sounded on the stairway. Her knees trembled, her head quivered, as she went through the hall to meet him, but her little hands were clenched, the fingers pressed tight to the palms.

She stood a little back from the door, as he opened it, but he did not notice. Neither did he observe the trouble in her eyes.

"Don't I get a kiss, lassie?" he asked, neatly folding his gloves.

When she did not respond, he looked at her quickly, but, deeming her aloofness caprice, he lifted her face.

"Don't Herbert!" she said; "at least, not yet."

He knew then that something was wrong. He sighed wearily—he was accustomed to brightness when he reached home. What had put away his wife's cheery smile? Household troubles should have been corrected earlier in the day; the annoyance should have disappeared or have been suppressed before he reached home.

"Well?" he asked querulously.

"It's Alma," she said nervously; "I've brought her home. Oh, listen! Listen!—" The frown that came to his face loosened her tongue. Before he spoke he must know the circumstances, and must weigh them. His decision must rest on them, and then, and only if that decision should be adverse, should he know the greater question she had faced that day, and the resolution she had made.

In quick, catching words, she detailed the scene she had witnessed, her indignation staining her cheeks. Her eyes flashed as they had upon her brother, and her startled husband read in them a determination of which he did not deem her capable.

"But, Louise—" he expostulated.

She held up her hand. "There is but one thing to be said, Herbert. Alma is

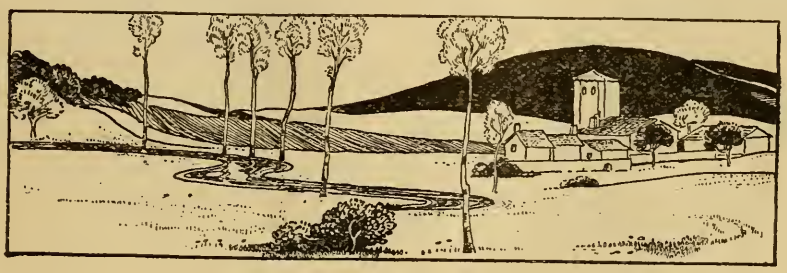
asleep upstairs—is she asleep in her own home?"

Her voice was cold; the question tense. But even as she framed it, Louise knew that she was playing a part, knew that her husband was too dear to her to voluntarily live her life without him. The small clenched fists relaxed; her hands went out to him. With a quick step she was the Louise of old, her soft arms about his neck forestalling a decision which neither might have been able to forget.

"Give her to me, Herbert," she whispered. "I need her! I want her so!" The call of a woman's soul was on her trembling lips. "Herbert, don't you understand?"

The majesty of it awed him, and he bent his head reverently to hers.

"Yes, I understand, I understand," he said. "You're a good little woman, Louise. We'll manage it somehow."



Falling Leaves

BY GEORGE E. WOODS

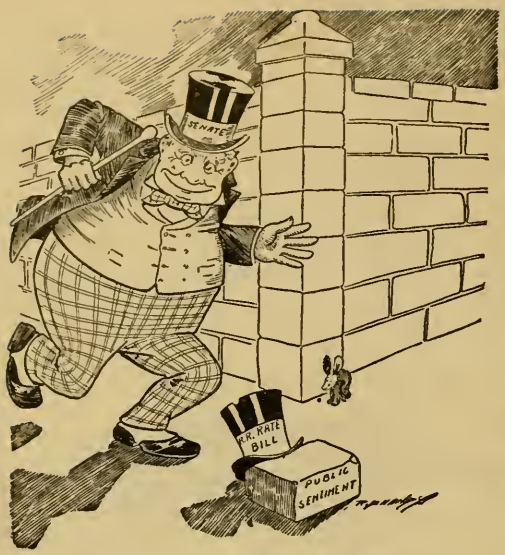
ONE by one they fall and fade—
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade;
Some in the bright and glowing noon,
Some 'neath the cold and quiet moon;
One whirleth here, one falleth there,
Till the ground is cover'd, the bough is bare;
So every passing hour receives
These falling, fading, dying leaves.

One by one we fall and fade—
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade;
Some in the broad, unclouded light,
Some in the cold and quiet night;
One mourneth here, one parteth there,
Till the soul is heavy, the home is bare;
So every passing hour receives
These fading hearts, these dying leaves.

Not Compulsory

THE HON. THOMAS ROTT—But, my dear sir, *all* politicians are not necessarily grafters!

PLAIN CITIZEN—No, I don't suppose there is any compulsion about it.



Somebody Is Going to Get Hurt
Handy, in Duluth News-Tribune

THE TIDE INSURGENT
King Joe Kan(on)ute: "It's no use, boys, I'm afraid I can't stop it! It simply won't obey me!"
Warren, in Boston Herald

Why Doesn't the Dog Go After the Thieves?
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review

THE DEATH-WAY

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

THE one old man sat by the bed, and the other lay in it. Neither spoke a word.

Ten minutes passed, and more. They remained thus together, almost immovable. The one old man sat by the bed, his head sunk forward, his underlip protruding; both hands were folded upon his stick. The other lay staring, as it seemed, at nothing, his crumpled shirt unloosened about his scraggy neck. Around his hollow face the ragged hairs streamed wide.

"You're in a bad way," said, at last, the old man in the chair.

He in the bed stared steadily on. "You've said that before," he answered. "'Twas the last thing that you said."

"Well—it's true."

"I'd like a bit of news," retorted the invalid, "I can find out about the way I'm in, for myself."

"You might be civiller, Jan," objected his visitor, "to a man that's come near on two mile, to see ye."

"It ain't more'n one and a half," said the sick man, "nor as much."

"And his best milker off her feed."

The invalid wriggled himself round in a series of jerks. "Off her feed?" he cried, "Which is it? Liza?"

The other shook his long head up and down. "Liza," he said. "Something gone wrong in her innards. *She* can't tell what."

"Have ye had the vet?"

"Pooh, the vet! If a cow could speak, she'd soon let a vet know what a fool he is. The old woman can't tell. It was her as I meant."

"Cows is cows," replied the invalid and lay back a long time, thinking. Presently he remarked: "I had a cow went like that, seventeen years ago, come next midsummer. Nobody knew what ailed her. She went about bellowing all day."

"Liza doesn't bellow," interposed the visitor. The other took no notice of the interruption.

"She'd stand in a ditch for hours, and low, with her feet in the water. To hear her like that, loud and long, it was like the psalm-singing in church."

"Did she get over it?" asked the visitor, anxious for Liza.

"She died. And when we opened her we found the old woman's church-book that had been missing. So that explained it." He sank back with the effort of all this conversation, and, in fact, "the old woman" had already come forward to the bed.

"It's time you were going, neighbor," she began; "the doctor says as he mayn't talk above more than a minute or two." Her husband broke into an angry gurgle. "And not get into one of his rages," added the old woman, hastily, "or the doctor says as he'll burst something, and that'll be the end of him."

"D— the doctor," said the invalid amiably.

The visitor had risen solemnly and shuffled to the door. "There's more chance of the doctor doing that to you than you to the doctor," he remarked with an ugly chuckle. "By the bye, I forgot to tell you, the young baron has altered the direction of the Death-Way."

Both husband and wife gave utterance to a cry of astonished dismay.

"He's making a new garden and a

play-game place close to the castle," continued the visitor, "and so he's blocked up the Death-Way and carried it round straight to the highway. Round to the right, you know, by the clump of larches." Both listeners nodded. "Yes, that's what he's been and done."

"To think of it!" said the old woman, with uplifted hands. "Moved the Death-Way! Lord! Lord! to think what the rich may do!"

The sick man struck the coverlet. "D—it, he can't!" he cried. "There's not a power in the land could move the Death-Way: the Queen couldn't do it! I've heard my old father say a hundred times that the Death-Way was here long afore there was any such thing as a king."

"'Tis as old as death, belike," suggested the visitor, standing by the door.

The woman nodded. "He can't do it," repeated the sick man, nodding also. "I'm eighty-three, come next Christmas, and my father was eighty-seven when he went, in harvest-time, and neither of us has known of a man, woman or child that died in this hamlet but was carried along the Death-Way to Overbeek churchyard. Lord! How was we to be buried, if he moves the Death-Way? Answer me that?" He half lifted himself in the bed.

"We shall have to go round," replied the more laconic visitor. The old woman seemed suddenly to have reverted to the peril from which the great tidings had distracted her. "Ye'll be taken along quick enough, if you go on like this!" she cried, turning to the bed. "Doesn't the doctor tell ye every time he comes that ye'll kill yourself by moving about?"

"He'll have to go round," said the visitor, who had passed through the door.

The words infuriated the invalid. "Never," he shouted, regardless of his wife. "Here, Jan! Piet! Where are the boys?"

"Gone to the pigs," replied the wife. "They'll be back in a minute or two. There was a butcher from Wyk——"

"What, and they never told me? How much did he offer? Do they think I'm dead already? No, not by ten years yet! I've a better constitution than my father. Look here, how much did you say?"

"Why, he was only a-come to have a look at them. You'll hear all about it. Lie still, father, do, and don't talk!"

"How can I not talk about the Death-Way? And as for not moving! I wonder how much he'll offer. Pork is dear just now. He ought to offer twenty-two cents!" He looked round at her with eager, wistful eyes. "D'ye think he'll offer twenty-two cents?"

"No," she said, walking across to the fire, and removing the kettle. "Pigs is down."

The old man gave a faint howl. "Like my luck!" he said. "I've never sold yet that some other man didn't sooner, or later, sell dearer. It might be twenty-one and a half now, don't you—oh! oh! oh!" He sat up in bed, bent double with internal suffering, his face grew livid.

The wife ran up to him. "Deary! Deary me! Is it one of your spasms?" she cried.

His pains prevented his answering: they increased upon him: she hurried to and fro in the chamber. "It's all your fault," she said several times, "a-twisting yourself in the bed!" He was in too great pain to reply. He lay forward, alternately moaning and shrieking. So the doctor found him, a few minutes later. The doctor frowned.

"What's he been doing, Vrouw Putters?" demanded the doctor. "Jan Putters, who's to blame for this?"

"He is," replied the wife. "He's been fussing and fuming about the Death-Way, as if he was a-going to be taken along it tomorrer!" Then, suddenly, she began to cry. "He don't even abuse me, doctor," she sobbed. "He can't get to do it. Lord, what a bad way he must be in!"

"He is in a bad way," assented the doctor, who had been removing the patient's bandages. "His—Heavens, man, hadn't I told you to lie still for

your life? Are you mad that you want to kill yourself, Jan Putters?"

"No, nor to be killed by a doctor," retorted the sick man, between his moanings.

"Well, I shall have to have a try at that, all the same," replied the doctor, roughly. "I must take immediate measures, or you haven't a day to live."

The wife shrieked pitiful protests: The old man turned his head angrily in her direction. "Have ye never heard doctors' talk before?" he gasped. "I've a better constitution than my—father." Through the half-open door his two stalwart sons came in, with awkward vigor and a smell of the damp outside. "Boys," he stammered, "neighbor Lops has been here. Liza's gone, like me. There's something wrong in her innards." Then he fell back, gurgling: the sweat stood on his brow.

"You must help me," said the doctor to the sons, "and be quick!" They were clumsy: they did their best. No deftness of doctor or assistants could have saved the sick man agonies of suffering. When at last the operation was completed, he lay like one more dead than alive.

"And what do you think now, doctor?" questioned the anxious wife, by the door.

"He may pull through," replied the man of science. His tone was very serious; he put up his little case.

"If he doesn't move?"

"If he doesn't move, of course. He has brought this last crisis upon himself."

The patient faintly opened one eye. "I hear you," he whispered, audibly, "my constitution—" he could get no farther. From sheer fatigue he lay silent through two long hours, while the twilight gradually glimmered into gloom.

Then he moved his head and called, in a murmur, for his eldest, Jan.

"Lift me up!" he said, as his son bent over him.

"Lord, father, didn't you hear the doctor say——"

"Lift me up!" The son had never during fifty years of his life, disobeyed that voice: he could not begin now.

"D'ye believe in doctors?" continued the father with a sneer. "As well believe in vets. I don't need a doctor to tell me how I feel. I've got something to say. Turn the old 'oman out."

As if she heard them, the wife glanced across from some mess she was concocting for the invalid. "Ye must die, if ye want to," she said.

"Tell her the chicks are running loose!" whispered the old man.

"Mother, you go out!" said the son. He faced her with a heavy air of command. She looked him silently in the eyes and did as he bade her.

The old man chuckled feebly. "You're a chip of the old block," he said. "Look here, Jan, doctor or no doctor, want or want not, my time's come." The son would have objected, but old Jan stopped him. "D' ye think I thought I was going to live forever?" he asked.

"Your constitution—" began the son.

"Something's gone in my innards; I've a-felt it going. The farm's very small and poor, but I done my best. I've nothing left to say to you or Piet. You'll find a little money in the bank. Now, you must take me up and carry me into the state chamber. I mean to die where my father and my grandfather died."

"I can't, father; it's murder."

"Ye can't murder a dying man, ye fool! Stay! Call Piet, so they can say it was both of you!"

Piet came, and between them the brothers carried their light yet clumsy burden, shuffling, across the little passage. Halfway stood the old woman, lamenting. The old man took no notice, breathing short, in loud gaspings of pain.

They stumbled into the "state chamber"—the best room, close and stuffy with unused furniture and excluded sunlight, as such rooms are likely to become. It was dark and sombre-looking. The great black and brown cabinet shone dully in the half-

light beneath its weight of delft. In the wall was an oaken cupboard-bed with paneled doors and green damask curtains: into this the brothers sank their burden as best they could.

For a long time Jan Putters lay there tortured. The sons stood, lumpish, beside the bed. The mother had come in, trembling.

At last he opened his eyes.

"Draw the blinds up!" he whispered. "I want to see the old place once more."

There was not much light left, even when they had let in all they could. From where he lay, he could just see the front of the "new" barn, now ten years old. "'Tis a good building," he said, aloud; "I should like to see a couple of the cows again, just for once. I've been ill a long time, a week. I've missed the cows. I should like to see a cow again before I go where there ain't any. I don't seem to mind so much any longer which I see." All this he had spat out, with great labor, in faint jerks. The two brothers looked at each other: the younger stole from the room and, presently, in the falling night, a massive gray shape appeared beyond the nearer window. It stood there impassive at first: then, disconcerted, it broke into a melancholy roar.

"He's chosen 'White Bess,'" said the elder son, "so you could see her better."

"Take her away. She don't want to stay there," replied the dying man.

Then he lifted his scraggy gray head again and hissed amid suppressed catches of pain: "Call Piet! Call him quick! Call!" The weeping woman ran out.

"D— her crying," said the old man, "but I can't do it to her face, as it's for me. It's the first time, Jan, that I cannot damn your mother for doing what I don't want her to."

In spite of his eagerness he lay unable to speak to them for more than a quarter of an hour after the mother had returned with Piet. It was fully dark now outside; a candle stood, ghastly, behind the bed.

When at last he again found strength and breath, it was to say:

"Boys, come here!"

They bent over him, catching at his words.

"I'm a-lying here a-dying," he whispered solemnly, "in the same place and same bed as my father did, and his father afore him. I ought to have had at least five years more, but there's something gone wrong in my innards and here am I a-dying in the state chamber as I ought to be. It might have hurt less, but that can't be helped. Some pigs squeal a great deal more'n others. I'm glad I'm a dying in the state chamber, boys." His eyes wandered round the splendors of the apartment, in the flare of the shaky candle. "Your turn now," he said.

The two sons, both grizzly-haired, bowed their heads toward him. They watched him, as he lay there, far into the night. The mother busied herself about such poor nursing as lay within her scope. Once or twice he cursed her feebly, not unkindly, for doing something awkwardly, or for doing it at all. His sufferings were continuous.

Shortly before the end, he beckoned his two sons down close to his lips. "Swear that you'll take me along the old Death-Way," he murmured. "Swear."

They hesitated, looked at each other, stammered that the baron was making changes, that the road now went round by the clump of ——

"Swear!" he reiterated. "I can't die till I know that I'm going as my father went. It's the road that we've always took. The baron can't change it. I—the Death-Way—the—I—swear —swear!"

"We swear," said the sons.

"So help me—how does it go?"

"God," said the sons.

An hour later he muttered something about the price of pigs, and at three o'clock, in the first chill change of the darkness, he said, distinctly, "My constitution," and died.

The doctor came just before breakfast. "I told you so," said the doctor.

They spoke little, being Dutch peasants, but the widow, looking askance from her coffee-pot, asked mildly whether anyone had been in any way to blame.

"Everybody except myself," replied the doctor promptly. "Imagine his being moved to another room after what I'd said—and done—last night! You've killed him, and he's killed himself."

"We never didn't do what he told us to do," expostulated the widow. "We couldn't have begun the day afore he died." And she commenced crying.

"Well, well," said the doctor, "what you've got to do now is to make arrangements about the funeral." He found them not easy to manage, from sheer inertness. They had never, any of them, during the last half century, initiated anything, taken any step that had not been pointed out to them; the sons had remained unmarried because he had never told them to propose to any particular girl. It was impossible for them to realize, as they stood by the dead man, that they must now give orders and begin by giving them about him.

The doctor helped them, and the parson and the notary. In all proposals that were made to them they reasonably acquiesced. They went about their farm-work as if nothing had happened. The daily round of duties engrossed their interest: it was diversified rather pleasantly than otherwise by the mild excitement of exhibiting the corpse to every neighbor that called.

On the day of the funeral, relations and acquaintances assembled in considerable numbers. For, next to a wedding, a funeral is the most gratifying public occurrence in the dullness of a peasant's daily existence. Compared to a funeral a christening is quite third-rate. There is no thrill connected with a christening.

The two rooms were full of mourners, a prominent place being occupied by the "weepers," amazing old hags in black cloaks and black head-cloths, relations, expressly invited to weep. The widow sat beside her sons, at the top of the state chamber, perfunctorily pretending to listen to the minister, and frowning with annoyance whenever one of the weepers stopped weeping to take breath. The sons said yes and no to everybody, occasionally wrong. They both fetched a sigh of relief when the head-mute appeared in the doorway, announcing thereby that the procession must get ready to start. In old peasant fashion the coffin was placed upon the dead man's wagon, a black pall spread neatly over the wagon's gaily painted sides, The "weepers," swathed in black, were hoisted on top of it. The male mourners came behind in rusty beaver hats, twice the height of our modern ones, with enormous crape streamers that hung limp in the still air.

Slowly the little company went wending up across the sand-heath. The heavy road lay white before them, enclosed in far masses of purple bloom. Above, shone the sun with few clouds around him. The landscape was desolate: only once or twice a rabbit stopped, inquisitive, and fled.

In the loose sand the horses strained and stumbled. The mourners straggled, two and two, with a peasant's unsteady gait. The two sons came behind the wagon, close, their countenances set.

From the open heath the road crept into brushwood; then it wound into fir-plantations and so into the beech-woods of a park. The hush of tall stems and full foliage fell upon it. In silence and shadows the little company plodded on.

Suddenly, the white path came to a stop, almost with a jerk as it were, cut off, dead, by a dry ditch, a small embankment, a sharp curve into loose brown soil. On the top of the low earth-wall, thrown up from the newly dug trench, a white board confronted the advancing peasants: "No Thoroughfare. Trespassers will be prosecuted." The head-mute, some few steps in advance, came to a halt, in a twinkling of doubt; then he swerved

to the right, where the freshly-hewn trunks lay scattered on both sides of the still uncompleted track.

"Stop!" cried Jan, the elder son, in a voice that rang up to the green canopy above.

"Straight ahead!" he continued, pointing through the board. "The Death-Way!" He had left his place behind the wagon, coming forward, his brother following close. The cart stopped: all the little band stood immovable in their places, not understanding as yet.

"But the road has been altered by the baron," expostulated the undertaker. "It now runs——"

"The Death-Way lies *yonder!*" said Jan. He ran to the horses' heads and hoarsely summoned the old women to get down, which they did, tumbling over each other with surprising agility. Then, calling to his single farm-servant, who was driving, to sit tight, and to Piet and a couple of cousins to steady the coffin, he deliberately dragged the struggling animals down into the deep furrow, for it was little more, and up again, with a great creaking and hoisting of the wheels and their load, over the low earth-work, to the other side. By main force he did it. Then he shook himself, taking breath, and quietly patted the horse nearest him. "So, ho!" he said. Piet, having given a tug at the pall to straighten it, came and stood beside his brother.

All the others stared curiously and shuffled. Some hung back, glancing at each other, uncertain.

"Those of you as want to turn back may turn!" called Jan. "I'm a-going to take my father to his grave by the way that his father went."

"Yes, by G—!" said Piet.

Then, ashamed before one another, they all came over the ditch, some jumping, some tumbling, as a flight of ravens might swoop down upon a field. For some hundred yards ahead of them the old Way still lay untouched: they moved along it, wondering, till it opened on to a large square of hard gravel, which, although they did not know this, was a new tennis-court, not yet enclosed. Two young girls who had been playing, white figures, fled as the funeral company broke from among the brushwood upon their startled view. The two brothers advanced: they had taken the place of the terrified undertaker. Their heavy peasant faces were carved in stone: they kicked aside a couple of balls, without seeing them, till they stood before the tennis-net, nonplussed for a moment only: then Jan, now unable to act otherwise, stooped and with a steady descent of his long, sharp knife sawed the net asunder. It fell away on both sides: the wagon and its load scrunched on. Behind it sank its two big ruts across the ruined court.

So they went straight ahead, and down the central alley of the newly-planned rose-garden. And at the end of this they met the baron's sun-bonneted babies in their donkey-cart and the young baron himself on horseback, beside his children.

He rode up to them at once, as they came steadily towards him: the small creatures in the low carriage held back, staring, alarmed at the collection of black scare-crows, the great black-clothed wagon with the dreadful creatures a-top. The prosperous donkey cropped up his ears.

"And what is the meaning of this?" imperiously demanded the baron. He looked very handsome and important in his leggings, on his showy bay mare.

Jan Putters and Piet Putters stood opposite him. They drew their tall hats over their eyebrows. "We are burying our father," they said together. "By the old Death-Way," added Jan.

"But you knew I had altered the road! You saw the notice. By George, you've come right across the tennis-court! I'll have you prosecuted! I——"

"Mynheer the Baron has no right to alter it," said Jan, while all the others gathered round. "The Death-Way belongs to us all; it is older than any kings or barons."

"No, Mynheer the Baron has no right," chimed in Piet, coming to his brother's assistance. The others—the

most courageous of them—muttered approval.

"Right? No right? I have an absolute right!" exclaimed the astonished baron. "There was no right of way of any kind, if you go talking of rights!" His irritated steed sprang aside. The babies screamed; the baroness came round to them out of a shrubbery.

Another mother had also joined her children; the old woman had clambered down from her perch on the coffin and stood trembling, by the baron, between her sons.

"You've ruined my new plantation!" shouted the baron, endeavoring to steady his horse. "I'll summons you! You shall pay for the damage, every halfpenny!"

"The damage?" replied Jan, and cast a scornful glance upon the track behind him. "For that we will pay, if necessary, poor as we are. We can pay for it"—he turned to his mother—"with the things that are in the state chamber. And, if Mynheer the Baron has a right to stop up the Death-Way, the law must decide. But it is not so; only there is another law for the rich and another for the poor."

"Right! You shall hear of my right!" cried the baron. He drew up his careering steed straight across the path of the little band.

"So be it, Mynheer the Baron!" said Jan. "But yonder, behind you, is the end of the Death-Way. Let us carry our dead to the churchyard."

The baron's horse stood where it stood, with arched neck and waving tail.

The old woman, the widow, had stolen away to the baroness, with eager entreaty. "Let me bury my dead in peace!" she pleaded. "Oh, if it were he you were carrying away, and you I! I have loved and obeyed him faithfully for nigh on sixty years. It was his last command, high-born lady; I must obey it."

"What can I do? It was very wrong," answered the young baroness, with tears in her eyes.

Then, still that appeal in her face under the grim nun-like veiling, the old woman took her timidly by the hand as the children nestled closer, and, faltering at first, but with increase of purpose, led her and the children up to the lord of the manor, on his horse, across the path.

As his wife and his little ones came close to him, he fell back: the women passed, and the little procession, the coffin with the silent draped figures upon it, the straggling mourners, the curious mutes, closed in and passed, too.

His Failure

"THE Rev. Dr. Droan preached for two hours yesterday, on the subject, 'After Death, What?'"

"And——?"

"Well, as he did not succeed in talking anybody quite to death, we never found out."

Her Status

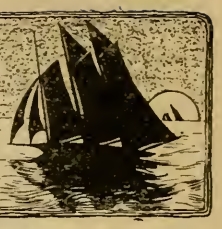
"NOW, woman's rights——"

"Do not interest me in the least," replied the plump and pleasing widow. "I am a man's left, you know."

THE KNIGHT OF GENTLE FOLLY

BY

LOUISE FORSSLUND



SO long as none but the widowed and unmated lived at the Old Folks' Home, lone Mrs. Mary Bell Baker was content to sit in the sun through long summer days, by the fireside when winter howled without the Home, and nod and nap and smile and patchwork her life away; while the past with its one frightful hurt, the dull ache of the many succeeding years, and the lovely warm joys that had come before the great hurt, seemed never to have belonged to her, but to someone else—someone who must remain forever young and passionate, someone who could never, never grow into a quiet, unruffled old lady, with no greater enthusiasm in life than that aroused by the sight of a new pattern for a bed-quilt.

But when the old couple came, the deeps were broken up. Mary Bell saw the old man, with his gray, deep-lined face, his stiff, gaunt, rheumatic body, and the sprightly little old lady twittering to him, cuddling him, brooding over him, shielding, sheltering him, and, in spite of her gentle noisiness, seeming ever mutely to apologize for having brought him to this pass—the seeking of succor at the Old Folks' Home. Mary Bell had known them both in their youth—had gone to boarding-school with the wife—and she knew that no apology should come from her; but, nevertheless, this was Mary Bell's idea of love—to serve, not to be served; and, when she saw the aged couple, fierce woman-hunger, fierce mother-hunger ate into her heart, and she longed with exceeding great bitterness for her own aged husband to gather close under her wing "as a hen gathereth her chickens." From that hour there was no peace for Mary Bell, but, as it were, a constant running to and fro, and a plaintive *cluck-clucking* for the chick that would not come.

She was waiting outside the old wife's door when, after seeing her husband safe in bed, Charity Blossom came out into the hall to "get her bearings," so that if the fire she expected every night and which every night magnanimously disappointed her, should at last break out, she might know the quickest way to get John down stairs. Mary Bell made room for Charity, where she sat on the top step of the staircase.

"Is he asleep?" she asked, eagerly.

"Ah, the young uns an' old uns fall off easy."

"Tell me: how old is he now?"

Before she answered, Mrs. Blossom carefully lifted her time-worn black silk "Sunday skirt" around her knees and sat down on her stiff white petticoat. The embroidery on the hem of the yellow-white petticoat had been done years and years ago, when Charity had been more accustomed to sitting at the top of a flight of stairs talking about this same John Blossom to this very same Mary Bell. How like the old boarding-school this frugal Old Folks' Home seemed tonight! Charity looked hard at Mary Bell, and wondered whether she were thinking the same.

"How old is he now?" she repeated, as she settled her wiry little back against the wall. "Lemme see; John will be seventy-three come this April."

"Seventy-three," repeated Mary Bell Baker, with a quaver in her sweet, thin old voice. "Seventy-three." She clasped her handkerchief in a tight

little ball within one withered palm, and blinked her hot, dry eyes. "Seventy-three," she whispered yet again. "Just the age my husband would have been ef—ef—" She paused, and, after the space of a moment, Charity added softly, hesitatingly: "Ef he had lived?"

There was a throbbing silence in the dusky hall. Out of doors the crickets were chirping, and a thousand lusty-winged creatures of the night were calling, just as they had called through the windows of that boarding-school so many years ago, when Charity had twined her arms around Mary Bell's neck and talked of John, John, John Blossom; and the younger Mary Bell had cried out softly: "Just wait until *my* Mr. Right comes!" And he had come, and gone, after the two friends had drifted far apart, Charity going West with her John Blossom beyond even the echo of Mary Bell's life story.

"I didn't know you was here, Mary Bell, till jest the other day," said Mrs. Blossom. "Tell me about your husband."

Mary Bell's shriveled old hands clutched at her young, awakened heart, which was beating wildly. She spoke in husky tones.

"It was love at first sight. You'd been West maybe two years. He was a cap'n—a sea cap'n. She was a three-master an' he named her *Mary Bell*. I lived down to the east end of the Island then. He went away. I stood on the dock an' waved 'Good-bye' to the *Mary Bell*, until the *Mary Bell* turned the P'int an' I couldn't see her no more. I never see her agin. She was lost with all hands." Again Mary Bell paused, her breath coming loud and fast, and then she cried out in a storm of passionate protest: "How do I know he is dead? How do I know? They found every body on the *Mary Bell* but the cap'n."

Again the stillness fell in the hallway, and with that eloquence which can speak only in silence, Charity Blossom laid her warm hand over the twitching fingers of Mary Bell. The twilight throbbed and trembled all about them and out of the twilight of the hallway there came stealing one memory after another of the days gone by.

"Dear heart," murmured Charity at last! "To think I never knew! Was it long ago?"

"Thirty year," answered Mary Bell, and Charity's arm slipped over her shoulder, and for a long while the two women sat very still. After a time, Mary Bell drew away and repeated with that old, hot, dry passion:

"How do I know that he is dead? If I could have kissed him in his coffin, then I would not feel so bad. But I don't know—I never could feel sure that he was safe up thar with God. Every now an' agin the feelin' comes over me: 'Here you be a-livin' on the fat o' the land, Mary Bell, an' who's a-lookin' after your old husband? He did need a sight o' lookin' after, William did. Mebbe he's on a desert island somewhars a-wavin' a fan over a cannibile king."

Mrs. Blossom sat up straight. She was a practical woman.

"Whar was the vessel lost?" she demanded.

"Off the coast of Maine."

In spite of herself, a low, comfortable laugh escaped Charity Blossom.

"Mercy me, Mary Bell, you must try to use more sense. I cruised the coast up an' down in my young days an' I never heard of no cannibile islands off'n Maine. Ef I was you, Mary Bell, I would try to think he was dead in heaven a-waitin' fer me."

Charity arose stiffly with a stiff rustling of her white petticoat and, remorseful at having spoken so sharply, she softened her voice into a pitying "Good-night." Then went into her husband's room and closed the door.

Long after she had gone Mary Bell sat very still in the gathering darkness with her hands clasped rigidly about her knees.

From that night a change came over Mary Bell, so great a change that it was noticed by every member of that quiet little household of broken down men and women. The Home was a small country branch of one of the large City Homes, and was devoted to

the aged ones who felt that they could not breathe near brick walls and above stone pavements. There were men who had followed the sea, people who had had their farms swept away from them, one gardener who had lost all his joy in life—so he declared—when his ears had lost their cunning so that he could no longer hear his flowers grow. He used to say this with a humorous yet pitiful twist of the lips and eagerly watch for the laugh it would call forth, but which he could not hear. Then there was an old creature with a keen, bright, happy face who used to sum up her life's history readily for everyone:

"Yes, it's my heart's desire come true—a place in the country. I sold papers in the New York streets for twenty years an' thin I was able to fold my hands an' ride out in the parlor car."

It was good to see the old soul enjoy the Home and dispense hospitality as if the place indeed belonged to her alone. In everyone of the inmates she took an eager interest and now she turned her bright, curious, but tender, eyes toward Mary Bell.

"What do you think ails her?" she asked the old gardener in a soundless motion of the lips.

The old gardener tapped his fingers against his forehead suggestively:

"She don't eat nuthin' but prison diet. She had a big appetite fer sweets, but it seems all parched up. She don't take enough nourishment to keep her leaves green. An' in my opinion"—again he tapped his forehead suggestively—"her hardy old brain is a-gittin' all choked up with pizenous weeds."

"Dear me!" said the old newswoman, her sunny face struggling to shine behind the clouds rushing over it. "Dear me!" her lip trembled and then the clouds dispersed. She smiled with her habitual hopefulness: "We'll see about it!"

The early apples were ripening and the newswoman went out into the garden and took the first step toward preparing for dinner that day Mary Bell's favorite dessert, apple-dumplings. A good dinner, she reflected, her cheeks as rosy as the very apples, a good dinner has saved many a man's reason. The apple-dumplings came on the table as a surprise, and were so very light and palatable that they surprised even their maker.

"Ah!" she cried, as if to say: "All the ills of the world are over." "Ah!" cried the old newspaper woman: "Now, Mary Bell, *do* take an apple-dumpling."

Mary Bell looked up from her plate where she had been crumbling some bread. There was a dazed expression in her eyes. The newspaper woman set the steaming apple-dumpling down before her with a triumphant laugh. Then an incongruous thing happened. Mary Bell arose suddenly from the table, her eyes flashing with hurt and protest, darkened with longing. Sweeping out of the room, she flared up like a passionate, half-grown girl:

"Apple-dumplings! Do you 'spose I kin sit here an' eat apple-dumplings when my husband may be starvin' fer an honest bite o' bread?"

Silence fell upon the dining-room, and had it not been for that deep-rooted rule of the Home that nothing should be wasted, the dumplings would have gone begging that day. As it was the old paper woman ate hers salted with the salt of tears.

The deaf old gardener looked around the table with a puzzled expression; then gravely tapped his forehead with his forefinger; whereupon Mrs. Blossom, forgetful of his affliction, made angry retort:

"I don't say as she *is* dafty. Mebbe she knows somethin' we don't know. Ef John here had gone away an' left me thirty year ago an' I hadn't never heard from him from that day to this, I'd know whether he was dead or not. I guess I would, but I ain't a-tellin' her so. You know what she done this mornin'?" Mrs. Blossom addressed the whole table with a speedy, characteristic softening of her manner: "Mary Bell she come into John's room an' mine a-luggin' her rockin' chair. 'Here, Mis' Blossom,' she says, says she: 'You take this here chair fer your husband. I can't never bear ter set in

it when I think as mebbe Will ain't seen a rockin'-chair fer thirty year!"

There was a long silence at the table, then John Blossom leaned forward with his elbow on the cloth and covered his bearded face with his trembling hand.

The winter came suddenly on the very heels of the flying autumn leaves. The golden-rod had puffed all of its golden drift out upon the winds. The white and purple asters had burned all their white and purple glory away. Of a sudden, all the birds had gone with the exception of the crows that went spinning their black wings over the meadows and ever croaked of the dreariness of winter days to come. With many a hurried, excited *honk! honk!* the flocks of wild geese had gone swirling southward, and now the sound of the *honk! honk!* would not be heard again until it came as the loud scraping which preludes the first gentle orchestral notes of spring.

Over the Old Folks' Home a sense of mingled security and sadness fell, for as each inmate of the Home huddled more closely to its warm fires, he could look with his mental eye through the Home windows and see other old folks, the poor, the ragged, the unfortunate, run shivering under the lash of the winter's wind to seek shelter in the County Almshouse.

One twilight the old gardener, who was wont to retail all the gossip of the village, gathered on his daily tramp to the store and the post-office, came into the hall, his hands innocent of any mail matter, and joined the group waiting around the fireplace for the sound of the supper bell. He sat stiff and straight, as a soldier on the hard ingle-nook bench and, looking with bristling fierceness of expression into the fire, announced:

"Ishmael's been turned out of that old barn. There's no help for it. He's got to go to the Poor House."

Ishmael was an aged "God's Fool" who had been roaming about the village for many years, but who had never been seen in the Old Folk's Home—first, because his fear and hatred of all institutions made him avoid the place as a social resort; and, second, because he never had the money to approach the Home in the hope of becoming a regular inmate. However, though few of them had seen the old man, they were all keenly alive to his situation.

"The Poor House!" repeated John Blossom in shaking tones. Some one else caught his breath sharply and audibly, and many an old eye wondered why old eyes will water so frequently. Then up spoke the newspaper woman:

"Ain't there nobody to take care o' him decent? He's that sot aginst the Poor House that it'll kill him to go there."

The deaf gardener, still staring into the fire as if his whole soul resented the warmth and comfort of the blaze, unconsciously answered the newspaper woman's question:

"Ishmael lost his best friend when Mis' Elbert died. An' now he ain't got nobody. She had a warm corner for him for ten winters. She even made him believe he earned his board an' clothes—God bless the woman! But you can't blame the boy for not keepin' up no such charity as that. Besides, the old man will get better care at the Poor House than young Elbert could ever give him."

Mary Bell Baker lifted her sadly hanging gray head and looked from one to another of the group.

"Jest 'sposin' it was my Will in that fix!" she said, softly.

"He's goin' tomorrow mornin'," said the deaf gardener. "The overseer of the poor is a-goin' to take him down along with three tramps."

"Poor old Ishmael!" exclaimed John Blossom. "I knowed him fer twenty-five year an' more, but he never was no common tramp. He come from good stock, that's what he did. How he come to be what he is, God only knows. Ishmael don't, an' we don't. But I say he was a gentleman, onct an' he's a gentleman yit."

John Blossom looked around defiantly, as if expecting some one to deny the right of gentle birth to the

village fool, but no one spoke save Mary Bell.

"I ain't never seen him," she said simply. "But I got a favor I want to ask of him. An' him being kind o' simple like, I want to impress it on his mind myself. Mr. Blossom, you an' him seems to be pretty good friends. Will you undertake to bring him around here before the train starts tomorrow mornin? I want to ask him while he's at the Poor House to go around amongst all them folks an' ask ef in any of their wanderin's they ever come acrost a man named Will Baker."

Mary Bell's voice when she spoke her husband's name was scarcely audible. Then there was no sound save that of the fire crackling cheerily, bringing ruthlessly to memory the thought of other fire-places now grown black and fire-forgetting. Mary Bell leaned far back, covering her face from the blaze and from all the eyes that might have been watching her but which, instead, were looking into the fire with tears sparkling on their lashes. Then one by one the old folks got up and went away, leaving Mary Bell alone, except for the moment when John Blossom leaned over her chair to give her his promise.

In the morning, John Blossom and Ishmael came up the steps of the Home, both laughing, for Ishmael had ever been a fun-loving, fun-making old vagabond; and John Blossom was determined that he should laugh, too, though the lump in his throat threatened to choke him.

"Just think of your calling on a young lady at your time of life!" cried Mr. Blossom with a ponderous attempt at humor.

Ishmael looked down, his foolish, kindly face beaming with pride. He looked down at his long, gray ulster many sizes too wide and many inches too long for his figure. He looked down at all the badges, all the medals and decorations on his breast and he muttered with a sly twinkle in his eye:

"I hope the young lady will like my ornamints."

If Mary Bell did not like them all, surely she would approve of some of them, thought John Blossom, for Ishmael, Knight of Gentle Folly, was decorated with a great variety of emblems, from the badge of an Exempt Fireman to a minature frying-pan which advertised a certain exposition, from the emblem of a Red Cross nurse sewed carefully upon his gray chest to a "Vote For No License" button.

"She'll admire your ornaments, that's what she will!" cried John Blossom, still with the same ponderous humor, still with the lump in his throat making his voice gruff and hoarse. "But she will admire *you* even more than your ornaments, you old rogue, you!" He poked the vagrant in the ribs with his stiff, rheumatic forefinger just beneath the little cotton flag of our own country, but even as he did so, he dropped his eyes so that Ishmael might not see how of a sudden his glasses had grown blurred and misty. In a passionate welling of pity, John Blossom thought: "Whose old father is this poor gentleman? Whose young son was he in those days before some terrible hurt happened to his brain and he became a simple, amusing, gentle wanderer over the face of the earth?" The vagrant's own voice aroused him with a start as smilingly Ishmael looked into his face and asked:

"Afraid to go into your own house, Bub?"

John Blossom laughed nervously, and placing his hand within the simpleton's arm, led him into the hallway and up to the ingle-nook bench where Mary Bell Baker was sitting straight and stiff, and all the more straight and stiff because she was fearful of weak trembling. It occurred to her, in a gush of despair, that she herself had been silly to expect any intelligent effort in a man as silly as this Ishmael.

"Mrs. Baker," began John Blossom, with the manner of a rusty courtier; "let me introduce my friend, my friend of over a quarter of a century, Captain Rover."

Ishmael, swelling with pride over the formal introduction and the use of his title, pressed his hand against the

little cotton flag and bowed low. So he might have bowed in the old, old days, when he paused before some ingle-nook bench in quite another place, and, thrilling with the joy of youth, alive with a gracious intelligence, murmured: "I have the honor of this dance."

By the time Ishmael had straightened his back John Blossom had disappeared, and Ishmael found the old lady placing her hand in his and giving him a keen, penetrating look out of her slowly brightening old eyes. At the touch of her fingers and the sense of no man's being near to support him, a great nervousness came upon Ishmael. Then, too, she was old, and in spite of all the claims of friendship made upon him, Ishmael had always felt more at home with young folks, for through many years he had been wandering back toward the sunny fields of childhood. He began to talk at once with nervous haste:

"You know, Cap'n Rover ain't my real name. It ain't my real name. They call me Ishmael, the Rover, but it ain't my real name. I don't know what my real name is—only Cap'n. It's Cap'n, all right. Did you ever lose your name, miss—madam?"

"Won't you sit down, Cap'n?" asked Mary Bell, the more quietly because she was thinking with all her suppressed youthful passion: "Oh, if my husband had grown like this!"

Will had been tall and broad and strong. This man seemed pitifully small and stooped in his great ulster. Will had been proud of his smooth face, the firm, square chin, and the unusual, beautiful man's mouth. Though he had lived to be a thousand years, he would never have covered himself with such a grizzly, disfiguring growth of beard as old Ishmael's. Will had had bright, fadeless blue eyes. Even now she could see them burning with love for her, while the vagrant blinked at her with his faded-out, watery blue eyes, blinked and smiled in kindly propitiating fashion.

"Set down? Thank you, ma'am," said he, and, very carefully lifting the skirts of his long ulster, he sat down beside her on the bench.

"You ain't noticed my medals," he suggested with tacit reproach.

Mary Bell remorsefully put out her long, lean hand and lifted the end of the fireman's badge.

"You're a member of the fire comp'ny, ain't you?"

"Yes—yes, I'm a fireman. I don't see how the Hook-an'-Ladders is a-goin ter git along without me when I go to the Poor House."

His bright face clouded over. Mary Bell uttered a pitying sigh, and instantly the vagrant smiled again, vaguely ashamed that he should have been the cause of that sigh. "But that ain't my real business," he added brightly; "I was a cap'n."

"My husband was a cap'n, too," interposed Mary Bell, but Ishmael, not seeming to hear, went on:

"I had a boat loaded with post-holes, an' I lost her an' I lost myself, too. An' when I come to, I was Ishmael, the Rover."

"That is very sad," said Mary Bell, and her voice shook, her eyes sought the fire. For a long time she kept silence, thinking, ever thinking passionately: "Oh, if this poor creature had been *my* captain!" First Ishmael looked at her furtively, then he gazed at her openly, and with a pained, puzzled look coming into his eyes—a look as if he were trying to remember something and was sore hurt by the process. When at last she turned her eyes on him, he cried out softly:

"My, but you must have been pretty when you was young!"

Mary Bell blushed, and there was a curious fluttering at her old heart. Somehow the vagrant's voice sounded different when he said that—as a voice sounding to her out of the love-lit past. He looked different, and then, too, Will had been wont to say: "Whatever makes you so pretty, Mary Bell?"

The changed voice of the vagrant came to her again—softened, sweetened, trembling:

"Do you remember ever a-sittin' on a bench in front of a fire-place before?"

After it was said, it seemed as if he could not have said it, but some lovely, tormenting spirit who had known her in the days of long ago, when she and Will used to sit down to rest on a bench beside the fire. She looked sideways at the vagrant. He was no longer looking at her, but at the fire, and there was so abstracted a look on his face that Mary Bell felt sure her ears had played her false. She told herself that she was acting very foolishly for an old woman, and straightway deciding to go at once to the subject most important of all subjects in the world to her, she began by first placing her hand on Ishmael's shoulder, for she thought that so she could better hold the simple man's attention.

He started when her touch fell upon him and a wildness came into his eyes. He looked at her again, and as he looked something struggled to open those shutters that had closed over his brain so long ago. Mary Bell felt his shoulder twitching and, to her own amazement, she felt an unaccountable thrill, as the echo of old remembered thrills, pass up her arm. Her lips grew white. Sternly taking herself in hand, she began, with a little gasp for breath:

"They tell me that you're goin' ter the Poor House ter-day, Cap'n Rover. I'm very sorry. But I wish that when you get there, you would go around amongst all them folks an' ask them—each and every one—ef in any of their wanderin's they ever heard tell of a man named Cap'n William Barclay Baker."

Ishmael nodded his head with the intense knowingness of the foolish, and repeated slowly:

"Cap'n William Barclay Baker." A puzzled set of lines appeared between his brows. "The name sounds familiar. Your father, like enough?"

"Mercy me! I'm too old to have a father livin'!" She added, with gentle dignity: "My husband."

Then, thinking with a girlish loyalty of reasoning, that there might be some disloyalty to her lost husband in her present attitude, Mary Bell would have taken her hand from Ishmael's shoulder had he not placed his own hard fingers over it and held it tight against his shaking shoulder. He looked deep into her eyes, a strange fire burning in his own, as if the shutters had entirely opened and the light come streaming forth.

"Your husband!" he half whispered in wondering, awe-struck tones, and Mary Bell replied, with exquisitely tender compassion:

"Did you ever have a wife?"

"A wife?" repeated Ishmael in a whisper. Then he cried aloud: "A wife!" Stooping swiftly, he uncovered the hand that he had been clasping against his shoulder, uncovered it and brushed his gray moustache against the wrinkled flesh. Then quickly he arose, trembling and shaking from his head to his feet. His eyes refused to meet Mary Bell's, but she saw the tears sparkling on his lashes.

"Yes—yes," he said, in his old foolish, gentle voice: "I be Cap'n Ishmael Rover an' I'm a-goin' to the Poor House. Yaphank's good enough fer me, but it wouldn't suit nice women folks. You're well fixed here. You stay here. It's the proper place for nice women folks. I'll look out fer your husband. Don't yer fret. You stay—you stay——."

With that he would have passed out of the door, thinking that she would never know and he himself would in time come back to complete forgetfulness. But, in turning to the door, he turned to the light also and the light searched out his forehead across which the silver locks clustered thickly as the chestnut locks had used to do; and lo! some subtle change had come over his once foolish, faded eyes, leaving them bright with inward fire and blue with the deep blue of the sapphire. A little cry came from Mary Bell's lips as she saw him thus clearly for the first time. Then he would have turned the knob of the door and gone hastening down the steps, but she was too quick for him. In the flash of a moment, she was before him, holding him by both arms, searching his face with a curious, half-frightened, trembling smile upon her own. She was afraid that it was he—so piti-

ably changed! She was afraid that it was not he for whom she had waited these long years.

"Will!" she gasped, incredulously. And again: "Will?" And once again, in an overwhelming of pure, simple joy she faltered faintly: "*Will!*" Now she was swaying back and forth, her face as white as death, and of a sudden a terrible fear came upon him. What if at this moment of their finding each other, she should slip away from him into that land which lies across the borders of hope-deferred?

"*Wife!*" he called out and seized her in his arms; and again: "*Wife!*" as he kissed her fiercely on the lips. Then something within the fool's brain burst and he was a fool no longer. Once again, he said: "*Wife!*" tenderly, softly, with sane, strong sweetness, and Mary Bell came back into her own. They looked at each other, these two, each with tremulous, uncertain smiles, as if to say: "Can it be true?"

And then, gently, he placed her in a chair, and one by one he began to remove the decorations from his breast —the fireman's badge, the silly frying-pan, the Prohibition button—all the trappings of the late Knight of Gentle Folly. He laid them on the table and when the foolish pile was complete, he lifted his chest high and breathed deep, smiling with ineffable tenderness at Mary Bell.

At last she found her voice:

"Now, sir," said she with an attempt at sprightly cheerfulness as she arose from her seat: "I'll get my bonnet and we'll start right off for the Poor House. Hey? What's that? Yes, I am agoin' with you!"

He caught her two hands and held them fast, smiling down at her with tears in his eyes, tears of gratitude for her devotion. He shook his head in the negative that he was unable to speak—shook it again and again, and at last he muttered: "No—no!" Another pause and again, chokingly: "No, no! I'm not a-goin' to take Mary Bell to the Poor House. I'm a-goin' to work! I ain't a fool any longer—look at me!" Mary Bell looked and drooped her eyes as she had been wont to droop them so long ago. "I'm young!" he cried: "Young!" There was a triumphant pause while she glanced up and saw the miracle of Youth's return a-sparkle in his face. So much of his substance was still unspent! So much had he still of life before him! And Mary Bell, ah, she was young, too, for during the passing of all the years she had kept her youth alive with the daily food of youthful love and youthful hope.

He was talking now in new, energetic tones: "There's a job as caretaker in the old Powell house up the road. They told me only yesterday that if I wa'n't sech a durn fool they'd give it to me; an' I ain't a durn fool any longer."

How they laughed, these two, who had not laughed freely for so many years. "The caretaker's house," he went on, "is jest about the size of a band-box. Mary Bell"—his voice trembled and his hands gripped hers tightly—"Mary Bell, when I git the job—mind, I don't say *if—when* I git the job, will you come and keep house in the band-box for me?"

Mary Bell could not speak. Back she went to that old, old feeling of safety and security which she had felt in the long ago when he had first put his arms around her. She looked at him a long while in joyful silence, thinking of all that life must yet hold for them and thinking—oh, wonder of God's eternal wonders—how Love had made her husband whole.

Two Problems

SUBURBANITE—Some of my plants don't seem to flourish. I wonder why?

CITY FRIEND—But others do. I wonder why!

The Abuse of the Homestead Law

BY HUGH J. HUGHES

THE commutation clause of the Homestead Law is like the famous wooden horse by means of which the ancient Greeks entered Troy—fair on the outside, but within full of deceit and treachery. And, to continue our parallel; the hidden Greeks in this modern wooden horse are the private monopolizers of land.

Apart from an inconsiderable number of people, the private ownership of land is agreed upon among men to be fair and just. It is only when private ownership abuses its trust that doubt enters and we begin to question the wisdom of allowing one man to own and withhold from use what another man desires, but cannot obtain.

A new country affords especially favorable conditions under which to study the methods by which lands pass into the hands of individual or corporate speculative holders, and are by them "watered" in value before they are passed on to the public. Here the methods are simpler and more direct, even if not more profitable, than in the more thickly settled parts of the country. The ways by which the public lands are used as a means to exploit the former are clear and known to all. The degree of exploitation is fairly measurable. The results are already becoming apparent.

Briefly, the commutation clause of the Homestead Law provides that after fourteen months' residence the homesteader may commute for a cash sum, avoid further residence requirements, and become the absolute owner of 160 acres of land at a total expense, outside of residence and other improvements, of not more than $450.

Since the average "claim" is worth not less than $1,000, and many of them $2,000 and upward, it is evident that the commutation clause will be eagerly seized upon by those anxious only to get the cash value of their lands to invest in other lines of business. Those who take advantage of the homestead laws are not as a rule men and women of large money-earning power, and the fourteen months' residence becomes profitable—or at least way-paying—by labor for older settlers, teaching school, or, in many instances, by working in one of the many small towns springing up along the line of the railroad. The cost of a claim-shanty is, or may be made, very small. A building meeting the official requirements need not cost to exceed $75. The net gain to the commuter, selling after fourteen months' residence on his claim, is from $400 up, according to location and desirability of his claim, and his ability as a salesman.

The commuters come from many walks of life, but the larger proportion of them are men and women from the country, settled ten or a dozen years ago, where the memory of lands secured easily and sold at a handsome profit still lingers. Sons of these earlier settlers, men who have not as yet used their homestead rights, teachers in the public schools, clerks, day laborers—all these are to be numbered among those who take up government land for the purposes of speculation.

In some parts of the country com-

panies owning timber lands encourage married men to take up claims, the companies building houses and making the required improvements, for a consideration—a subsequent sale to them of timber and land.

The commuter justifies his action by saying that as a citizen he has an equal right with any and all other men to the government lands. Undoubtedly the money so secured has started many an enterprising young man in business. He would resent the idea that he is not fully entitled to the land he has entered upon, or that he has in any way been party to a fraud.

The original intent of the Homestead Law was to furnish free homes to the people. The minimum of labor and of realty improvement was required, in order that even the poorest man could meet the conditions of home making. The framers of this law, however, had builded better than they knew—no loophole was left through which the speculator could exploit the public lands. So the commutation rider was added to the law—and, presto! the deed was done, and the speculator's days were lengthened indefinitely in the land.

Barring the accidents of sickness or death, the genuine settler has no need for the commutation clause. He is better off, having no taxes to pay, to let title rest with the government the full period of his homesteading term. It is true that he cannot mortgage his land until the title is in his own name, but that is not a disadvantage. In fact, it is a very real and valuable protection to a new man in a new country. If he lives closer, he also lives safer than the man who buys all that joins him and everything going with it.

The real settler builds his shanty—I knew one that was a covered wagon with the sides sodded up in winter—gets out his breaking-plow, and goes to work. The first season he puts in a little garden, a few acres of flax and oats, and breaks as much more as he can. The second year he harvests a wheat and flax crop and begins to pay for his improvements. He goes ahead, some men, of course, faster than others, giving small heed to land values, except as they indicate gathering neighbors and better markets. He starts a school and sends his children, and often drives with them from over three to six miles of wind-swept prairie in order that they may have the benefits of a common-school education. He gathers with his neighbors at the school-house and begins a church. He taxes himself heavily for his schools. He puts the grading machine on the trail of the bison. He builds bridges, and barns, and houses. He strings the telephone wires across the prairies. He builds elevators for his grain. In time he becomes influential, respected, if not a leader—we cannot all be leaders—that better thing, one of the common people, of whom Lincoln said: "God must have loved them, because he made so many of them."

And the commuter—what of him? He builds his shack as cheaply as possible—one window, one door, single board walls, his household goods, a second-hand stove, a chair, a bunk and a bench on which to eat his meals. He hires a man to come and break the ten acres required by law. He attends to his business, which, if it does not call him away from his claim, is to sit and watch the days go by. He has no community of interest with the real settler. A school near his claim is a good thing because it will enhance the value of his land. Roads are desirable for the same reason. The broader reasons why men labor and get homes do not appeal to him. His effort is to gain the maximum amount of wealth with the least possible effort.

Wittingly or not, he plays into the hands of the land speculator. Sometimes this is a neighbor whose prosperity enables him to enlarge his farm. Oftener, in fact usually, the speculator is a real estate agent whose business it is to buy up commuted claims, and induce men to commute their claims in order that he may buy them.

There is a word to be said even where a farmer enlarges his farm by buying a commuted claim. The fact that he

is able to purchase, establishes beyond question his ability to make a living without purchasing. He secures, by the payment of five to ten dollars per acre, land that has an annual earning power of nearly 100 per cent. of its cost price. While this is a legitimate transaction, it is clearly to be seen that this farmer, rather than the commuter, is the real beneficiary of a grant intended, not for the landed, but for the landless. It is not the original intent of the law to make *larger farms*, but to make *more homes;* not to give more to him that has much, but to give something to him that has little.

The real-estate agent is the representative of land plunder. He is not often more than the figurehead—the agent simply—through whom the real-estate business is done. Back of him are the banks and the moneyed interests. First the local bank, then the metropolitan bank situated in the twin cities, Chicago, or the East, and back of these again the trust companies, the insurance companies,the great industrial trusts.

The real-estate agent is a commissioned representative of these allied forces. He is the boy over the fence ready to pocket the apples when Johnny Commuter has shaken them from the Government tree. He is a good fellow—popular; that is part of his business. He is ordinarily "square" in his dealings—barring some generally winked-at lapses from strict business morality. He works industriously, spends money, and makes it. His methods are worthy a separate paper. It is sufficient for our present purposes to say that he is in the market to buy what the commuter has to sell, and that he buys it as cheaply as possible.

Instances are frequent where collusion is shown between the land agent and the commuter, the former furnishing to the latter the cash necessary to make final proof, upon conditions of sale expressly understood. It is generally known among men taking up land that they can secure commutation money whenever they desire to make early proof, *especially* if they desire to sell.

When the land passes from the ownership of the Government to the commuter, it generally happens that soon afterward another deed is recorded transferring the title to some land company. The company, at this stage of the transaction, wisely enough refrains from advertising its business very largely or booming the country. While it will sell lands, it prefers to buy. It is only when a large number of individual holdings have passed into its possession that the second phase of its activities, the "booming" and selling of the lands, is definitely undertaken.

A year, or two, or ten, may have elapsed since the first settlement. To money, time has no meaning, save as it represents interest. Money can wait, men cannot. They must be clothed and housed and fed. Their *must* is money's opportunity.

The scene shifts from the great West to "back East" in Iowa or Illinois or Wisconsin. There a neighborhood of men have gained a living by hard work and close figuring. Almost without their knowledge, land values have risen and risen. Their farms are productive. They are prosperous. There the Western "boom" begins.

An eastern branch of the real estate firm begins to flood them with circulars, special editions of papers, reports of phenomenal crops, tales of twenty, fifteen, ten dollar lands that will pay for themselves out of the first crop.

The new land *is* good. The soil *is* productive. The price *is* low. So they sell out to the "Dutch," who buy—and in time pay for—their sixty, eighty one hundred dollar lands, and locate in the new region, buying lands at fifteen and twenty dollars an acre,that cost the real estate firm possibly five to eight dollars—frequently less than that—and which have not turned into the wealth of the nation one cent of revenue. The well-to-do buy for cash, getting each from 320 acres up to one and two thousand. The poorer men buy on "crop-payment"—that is, they agree to furnish everything, pay all ex-

penses, and turn in one-half the crop annually until the land is paid for. Since the rate of interest is high, usually 8 per cent., and the prices of crops and the yield of crop per acre are seldom up to the high-water mark of the circulars, the crop, or two, that was expected to wipe out the debt and leave the man owner of a 320-acre farm runs into six or seven or ten before the debts are paid and the farm is clear.

This, briefly told, is the story of the alienation of the public land from its intended purpose. The real estate man, through the commuter, is enabled to hold up the genuine farmer for from $1,500 to $2,500 per quarter section of land. He has added nothing to its value, real or imaginary. He took raw prairie, and in the main he sells raw prairie. If he broke the land while awaiting a purchaser he got his pay back in crops, thereby lessening the available fertility of the soil, and when he comes to sell, he sells at "improved farm" prices, which range $5 to $10 above those of adjoining raw prairie. His value to the community has been negative. He has retarded rather than fostered immigration until such time as he could profit by it. He has held lands out of the market, and forced men to take up with less desirable lands. He has done this, and more, to levy a tribute on the farmer, the settler who desires and will have a home.

All along the border line of settlement, wherever it has gone, wherever it is, the real estate man is present, and the commuter, like one of old, comes also. The short-sightedness of the one turns to the profit of the other, and the cupidity of both becomes a tax upon honest labor.

Nor is it the settler upon the frontier who is the sole loser. The landless eastern man, the tenant, sees prices in general going up. He attributes it to mixed and dairy farming. Mixed and dairy farming are the *result* of high-priced lands, not the cause. He will see that clearly enough if he comes out to my North Dakota home where land values are now forcing us to abandon grain farming and become dairymen and mixed farmers.

In another locality perhaps he attributes it to "the Dutch." He is pretty certain, because of his limited knowledge of conditions, to see in the rising values some local, temporary cause, and so is the more anxious to sell, if he owns a farm, and buy in a cheaper locality.

But the landless man finds lands and rentals steadily rising in the East. Local causes operate to this end. Once the La Crosse valley, in western Wisconsin, was a grain-growing region, then it became a dairying section as prices advanced. Then someone discovered its splendid adaptation to small fruit growing. Lands sold for taxes twenty years ago are today worth over one hundred dollars per acre. But these local instances, numerous as they are, only emphasize the fact that the lessening area of free lands in the West, coupled with the steady advance in prices of Western speculators' lands, forces up the level of prices in the East, as the raising of the crest of a dam raises the level of the stream for a long distance back.

Someone will say: "But the farmers are the gainers from these increased values." They are not. For the genuine farmer, money invested in land represents just so much sunken capital. The productivity of the farm is not increased in the slightest degree by the fact that the values have trebled. Better methods give better results, but the added yield goes to meet the rental charges. A farm worth $10 will produce as much—probably more—of the cereal crops per acre than your one hundred dollar Illinois land. If there is no advantage due to closer markets, better school facilities, social advantages and the like, then $90 per acre represents "water," upon which the farmer has to pay interest in the form of rental before he can begin to lay aside wages for himself.

But, taking our twenty-five dollar land as representing fair farming values, let us compare land values with the Easterner. It is worth while to state

right here that the value of lands in my home county have been inflated not less than ten dollars an acre. But at twenty-five dollars per acre we have daily mail, the telephone, a 40-cent per 100 pounds freight rate to our base of shipment, 300 miles distant, and a price for our grain averaging 12 cents under the market quotations of Minneapolis and Duluth.

Wherein is the Illinois farmer favored *four times* more than we? Tell me, if you can, where he has *twice* the advantage. He has an advantage in markets, in schools, in society. We admit that. Agree that it doubles the desirability of his land. It does not, but I agree that it does. Then his land is worth, actually worth, $50 an acre—providing ours is worth $25, and, as I have stated, ours is two-fifths fictitious value.

If his land be worth but fifty dollars per acre, and I think he will agree with me when I say that it will not earn him four per cent. interest and fair wages on a higher valuation, then $50 per acre, or one-half of his total valuation, is "water," pure and simple.

Well, what of that?—Much of it! When a corporation creates fictitious values by issuing common stock it does not thereby increase the "visible" wealth. Take, for instance, the case of a railroad—mileage, rolling-stock, terminals, all remain as before. The taxable value has not been increased. And so with other corporations—an increase of the capital stock is unattended by a heavier check to the state for taxes. Not so with the farm. Let real estate advance, and the rate of valuation advances, the rate of tax remains as before, the tax is increased. If the values of the farms of Illinois be 50 per cent. water, rest assured that the taxes of the Illinois farmers are not.

So much by way of trying to make this point clear: that watered values of farms throw the burdens of taxation away from the large corporations and upon the farmers. South Dakota admits of an increase in its farmers' tax bill within the past few years of a total now aggregating $500,000 per year.

The money power, by watering the values of farm lands, has succeeded in throwing upon the farming classes much more than their share of local and state taxation.

Another result of the watering of land values is the creation of a class of men living from the soil but not owning it—tenants, we call them. Every dollar of fictitious value you add to the farm means by that much a separation between the man and ownership of the land he works. Tenantry is not a good thing. It is bad for the land—wasteful and impoverishing. It is bad for the tenant. It puts him in the position of an underling. It is bad for the landlord. It makes him arrogant. It is good only for organized wealth, which hopes, by means of a landed class, to perpetuate its reign of power.

This menace to our freedom is becoming more and more evident as the area of the available public lands narrows down. The eagerness with which the public lands are seized upon; the extent to which the commutation clause of the homestead law is being exploited by the land plunderers; the far-reaching consequences of land monopoly, only the most evident phases of which have been touched upon in this article, all demand from the American people and from their representatives in Congress a thorough study of the facts in the case—and their *action*—action that shall remove at once this commutation clause from the statute books. Other land-law reforms are needed—are urgent—but this is imperative!

"IN Austria the express companies are called 'Lebensmittelexportexpresszugsgesellschafts'."

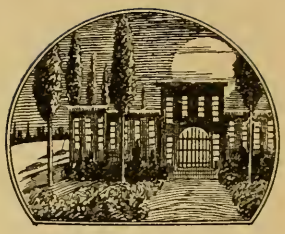
"Whew! What a round about way of saying 'robbers'!"

UNDAUNTED!

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW

BY

HELEN TOMPKINS.



"SHALL you be gone long, dear?" The governor climbed a little stiffly from the carriage before he answered.

"Only a moment, Edith, I think. I must confess, my dear, that I look forward with some dread to the interview."

"It is to please me, you know, Francis," she said brightly. "I thought that the woman could speak to you more freely perhaps in her own poor home. It is a very sad case, and I—never interfere with your official affairs, you know. I only want you to see her—to talk with her."

Governor Leonard sighed with as much impatience as he ever displayed toward his charming wife. "I will see her, of course," he said with some constraint. "I came here for that purpose, Edith. But I tell you now, just as I shall tell the mother a little later, that it will do no good. The lad is hopeless—utterly so. I think I never saw a case of such sullen obstinacy. He does not deny his guilt."

"I am sure that he is all that you say," said his wife in a lower voice. "He has no claim upon you, dear—upon anybody—not even upon the woman who bore him. Perhaps that is why I feel—as I do. Be very gentle with her, Francis. Poor soul, her burden is very heavy!"

The governor, tucking the carriage robes carefully about his wife, touched her fingers caressingly and for a moment his hand closed over them. "I will not be long," he said, and turned away.

Edith Leonard leaned languidly back in her carriage and looked about her. It was growing colder but her warm wraps made her indifferent to the change of temperature. The carriage, the splendid horses, even the driver, who looked about him in a slightly-bored fashion, served to accentuate the contrast between them and the narrow, dirty street—the shabby houses—the few pedestrians all branded with the hall-mark of poverty, who stared a little curiously as they passed at the well-known face of the governor's beautiful wife. She was very prominent in philanthropical circles and she nodded brightly more than once in answer to a gesture of recognition.

The house before which the carriage had stopped was even more shabby than its fellows. It was set farther back from the street, and the board walk that led from the sagging gate to the house was little more than a mere trap for the unwary. The crazy door, propped in place by a bit of broken board, was slow to open to the governor's knock.

The governor knocked again, and had just begun with a feeling of relief to fancy that the house was empty when he heard heavy, lagging steps crossing the loose boards and the door was opened.

It was rather dark inside the room so that at first the woman, framed in the fading light, was a little confused. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked at her visitor a little curiously, and then past him at the waiting carriage.

"My name is Leonard," said the governor gently. "My wife told me that she promised you I should come to see you."

She looked at him dully. She was thin and angular, with grayish hair twisted in a tight knot on the back of

her head and her heavy gaze met his reluctantly. He looked at the rounded shoulders, the flat, shapeless figure, the coarse, not overly-clean frock, with a thrill of disgust. The difference between women such as she and Edith was a difference as wide as the world.

"Yes, she told me she thought you would come," said the woman slowly, as she opened the door a little wider. "I guess I didn't believe her. Anyway, I haven't set much store by your coming."

The words were ungracious enough, but something in them, or in the voice, turned the governor cold and made him entertain for the moment a childish longing for flight. An instant later the door closed behind him and he took the rickety chair which she handed him and looked about the room a little curiously.

It was a very poor, scantily-furnished room, not overly well-lighted now that the door was closed. There were a few scraps of shabby furniture and one or two paneless windows stuffed with rolls of faded rags. The chimney smoked abominably and the sting of the reek got into the governor's eyes and made them smart.

He was trying to master his sick repugnance—for Edith's sake. "I would like to help you, Mrs. Hensley," he said, and there was something more than a touch of formal pity in his voice. "Mrs. Leonard tells me that you are a native of Tennessee, too—my own state. So if there is anything that I can do——"

The deliberate ignoring of the fact that there could be any connection between his visit and her son's trouble broke down the woman's slender self-control. She began to cry helplessly. For the first time the governor forced himself to face her squarely and then——

"Mary Lou!" he said thickly, his face paling a little. Mary Lou—*you!* Oh, my God!"

The woman, startled by his agitated cry, ceased her sobbing and looked at him, at first wonderingly, then with a dawning stain of color in her thin face. "I believe that it *is* Frank!" she said, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

The man before her thought of his position—the gentle woman waiting for him in the carriage outside—and steadied himself suddenly. But the color did not come back to his face and his hands, grasping the table before him, trembled oddly.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said in a queer, shaken voice. "It is Mary Lou after all—Mary Lou, whom I thought dead and buried these twenty years!"

She looked at him defiantly, and yet with a touch of trouble in her gaze.

"There is no use in denying it, I reckon," she said slowly. "I would like for you to know, though, that if I had had the least idea—I am not so bad as that comes to, I guess——"

He tried to speak, but somehow the words would not come. In some vague way the very horror of the situation appalled him. Mary Lou here—Mary Lou, whom he had thought dead and buried——

"You needn't look at me," she said gently.

"It's not of you I am thinking," he said honestly. "It's Edith, Mary Lou—Edith, my wife."

"You needn't worry about her, I guess." The tired, faded eyes grew suddenly moist. "I guess likely you don't know much about how I feel about *her.* She has given me the only kind words that I have heard for years. I'd have my right hand cut off rather than see her suffer."

A new gentleness in the haggard face stirred him with a faint curiosity.

"Why did you leave me, Mary Lou?" he asked suddenly.

The woman looked at him quietly—the well-fed, well-groomed figure—the high-bred face—the immaculate linen—the sparkling gem in the ring upon his finger—then her eyes fell.

"It's so long ago," she complained wearily. "I just got tired, I guess. And my people were moving to Texas and I didn't want to be left behind. My mother talked to me a lot. She always said that you'd never be able to make a living for me."

He looked at her quietly—at the tired figure—the shallow face which even now had little strength in it—and his heart sickened. "Did you *ever* care anything for me, Mary Lou?" he asked gently. "Even at first?"

"Not much," she confessed frankly. "You were too old for me and too solemn, I guess. And that last day, there was a dance out at Abe Goodlett's, you know, and I guess maybe you was more than a little jealous. Anyway, you wouldn't let me go. I made up my mind then that it wasn't any use—that we couldn't get along together."

He groaned a little. "And that was the reason that you broke my heart," he said stupidly.

Her eyes fell before his. "I didn't know that you was going to take it so hard," she said in a lower voice. "I thought that maybe you was as tired as I was. So I waited until you went off that morning and then I slipped away myself. I stayed in the station almost an hour—the train was late—and I cried until I was nearly blind. I guess if you had come in then it might have been different."

"And after that——"

For the first time a little flush crept into the man's face. "We had thought Mary Lou, that maybe—I think that *that* hurt me worst of all." The flush grew deeper. "And Edith and I have never had any children——"

A faint shadow of confusion crept into her voice. "After that, of course, I went to Texas with the others," she said a little hurriedly. "My brother brought my ticket—And after I got to Texas I was sick a long time. I guess that's all you want to know."

"I heard that you were dead," he whispered. "That was after your brother wrote to me and said that you wanted a divorce. He said that there was another man— So I gave you your freedom, Mary Lou."

She moved restlessly so that he could not see her face. "It's a long time ago," she said again, without meeting his gaze. "I guess that there's no use talking about it any more. *That's* not what brought you here, I guess. And you needn't be afraid of me giving you any trouble. God knows, I have caused you enough of that now—first and last! I've got a brother living in Fort Worth. He'll look after me if I can get out there. And I am going—just as soon as I can."

Governor Leonard stared at her for a moment dully. "You are a widow," he said. "Your son told me that your husband had been dead for over a year. And he told me that—good God, Mary Lou! have I got *that* to bear, too? He told me that Hensley was his stepfather. In God's name, is it my son—your's and mine—that sullen, degenerate rascal lying in jail now, waiting for the gallows?"

Her face grew scarlet, but she did not answer him. She was thinking deeply, and she was not clever. Her mind worked slowly.

"Your wife will be getting cold," she said. "You had better go back to her, I guess. I am not asking any favor of you—and neither is Zack. We don't want anything at your hands—except justice." She looked up sullenly and met his anxious eyes. "I've got a woman staying with me and she works at the factory," she added defiantly. "I heard the whistle a minute ago—she will be coming in soon. I guess that it would be just as well if she didn't find you here."

She turned away, but he caught her roughly by the sleeve. "You don't understand," he stammered. "Justice! Why, the lad is utterly depraved! It would be a flagrant outrage for me to help him cheat the gallows. Yet if what I suspect *is* true—for God's sake, Mary Lou, you owe me something, you know——!"

"Suppose he was your son," she asked suddenly—sharply, "what would you do?"

"What would I do?" The governor laughed bitterly. "There is only one thing I *could* do, Mary Lou—betray the trust committed to me—sign a pardon for that unhappy boy—and then resign the office which I shall have disgraced. We have sinned against him enough, Mary Lou. I

would not send his soul to hell before the time. God knows, with more time he might repent."

She still faced him, a little eagerly now. "And if he is not your son," she asked. "Suppose he has no shadow of a claim upon you. What then?"

A touch of resentment crept into his face. "You can hardly expect me to feel very deeply interested in Hensley's child," he said simply. "The boy is guilty, Mary Lou; confessedly so. It would be unpardonable in me to interfere."

She turned her face away. "I thought that I had trouble enough to bear before," she said, her face working oddly. "He may be all that you say—Zack may—but still he is my baby!" She choked a little. "Lord—*Lord!*" she said drearily. "I *wanted* to die that time I was sick so long. I wish to God now that I had!"

The man was drawing his gloves on without being conscious of what he did. But his eyes never left the woman's face.

"You must tell me," he said, stupidly. "I tell you, Mary Lou, I have a *right* to know!"

The door behind him fell open and a woman entered. She looked at him a little curiously and then back over her shoulder at the restless horses—the coachman whose outraged dignity had suffered cruelly in this long wait before the shabbiest cottage on West Second Street, and the fair woman muffled in her warm furs who faced the failing light—and waited.

The governor rose to his feet. He had grown older; his face more careworn and sordid, as if with the reflection of the trouble in the face before him.

"I will hear from you again," he said miserably. "I am sorry that there is so little that I can do."

The woman did not answer him. She only held the door open dully for him to pass.

Four days until the time set for the execution. The prisoner still kept the old, insolent attitude with which he had faced the jury. Guilty of murder? Yes, he supposed he was. He had quarreled with the man over a game of cards; had gone home for his pistol; had returned and shot the unarmed man who was trying to conciliate him—deliberately. The only anxiety which he exhibited during the early days of his imprisonment was an anxiety lest his victim should after all recover. Governor Leonard had, after his interview with Mary Lou Hensley, seen the lad more than once—had gazed into his face searching for some half-hidden resemblance to his own—and had sought in vain.

With the pallor that his incarceration brought, it is true, Leonard saw glimpses more than once of the frail, wild-rose beauty of the woman who had made him play the fool to his own undoing so long before. It appealed to him even now in a vague way, and yet——

And from Mary Lou Hensley herself there still came neither word nor sign.

The day before that set for the legal execution of her protégé found the governor's wife lingering in the little tumble-down cottage while the carriage waited again without. Mary Lou's face had grown colder, harder, these last few, hard days—the look of dumb suffering more pronounced. Edith Leonard's eyes filled at sight of her.

"I thought that there might be *something* that I could do," she said helplessly. "Oh, you poor, poor woman!"

"I am glad that you are here," said Mary Lou Hensley quietly. "There is something that I want you to do."

Her hands were trembling a little as she loosened the cotton skirt that had been pinned tightly back. The loose boards of the floor were clean and wet and smelled of soap. On the bed, which was covered now with a coarse cotton sheet, were several masculine garments which had been cleaned and pressed neatly. Near them was a tiny baby frock of faded pink calico, and a cotton cap with a wide frill of starched lace. The woman touched these

last a little caressingly before she sat down.

"Somehow I can't fret any more," she said wearily. "I have seen so much trouble that it does look like it ought to have killed me long ago. And it's my baby they—are going to hang tomorrow, Mrs. Leonard. My *baby!* Oh, Lord God!"

There was nothing in the least irreverent in the half-crazed words. It was simply the cry of a suffering soul tasting the extremity of torture—a cry to the Infinite, the Unknown, the Juggernaut that had crushed it until the power, the capacity, for suffering was almost gone. She looked at the sorrowful face before her, then turned her head aside.

"I am so sorry for you—so sorry!" said the gentle voice. "And I have tried so hard. It is almost the first time that I have ever tried to interfere. And it is not that he—my husband—does not feel it. He has never been the same since the day I persuaded him to come and talk to you. He has changed in some vague way—even to me."

The face of the woman before her altered suddenly. She was still touching the faded frock caressingly.

"He hasn't been good to me—Zack hasn't," she said simply. "I have seen a sight of trouble with him. He beat me nearly to death once—Zack did—when he was drunk and I had money and wouldn't let him have it. But, Lord! he didn't know what he was doing. If only I could remember him though—that a'way, But, oh, I can't! Somehow, it seems like I can't see him only as my little baby, so funny and cute with his peart little ways—Lord, honey, I do wish to God I had died that time that the doctors were so sure I was going to!"

Differences of caste, of education, had gone down in the flood of feeling that engulfed her. She huddled at the other woman's feet with her face hidden against Edith Leonard's knees.

"I am going to leave here soon," she continued. "My brother in Fort Worth has sent me some money and I am going to him. I want you to tell your husband that I don't blame him either—not a bit. I don't blame anybody. He sent me word that I could have Zack—afterwards. I am getting ready for him and the burying now. And I have a heap to be thankful for. You see, Zack professed last night."

Edith Leonard looked at her uncomprehendingly. "Professed!" she repeated a little blankly.

"Yes, last night. Professed a hope, you know. He never would listen to a preacher before—not even when he was little. And he never would pretend—Zack wouldn't. He was like me about *that.* I guess I have been bad enough, but I never told a lie in my life."

She waited a moment, then wrung her toil-hardened hands. "I have seen so much trouble!" She went over the familiar phrase dully—stupidly. "Maybe that is why I have always set so much store by heaven. And my old mother always told me that no liar or thief could ever go *there!* It says so in the Bible somewhere, don't it?"

Edith Leonard nodded.

"Will you read it to me?" asked the woman feverishly. She took the book from a trunk and laid it reverently in her visitor's hands.

"Dogs and sorcerers—and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie," she said slowly, a little later. "There it is, you see. I don't know what the other words mean, and it don't much matter, I guess. Maybe they're for the rich, educated people. And I don't see why dogs or any other dumb brutes—. But He knows best, I reckon, and there it is in black and white to show for itself.

"I remember that once when Zack was little I left him in the house one day and went out in the field to hoe cotton. He couldn't walk then and I had tied him to the bedstead and locked the door. And I turned back once and looked behind me and everything was all right. And then I hoed to the end of the row and turned and looked again and there was the whole house in a blaze and me a quarter of a

mile away and not a soul within five miles of me and the baby!

"I don't know how I ever got to the house. Seems like the only thing that come to me was the knowing that my baby was locked up in that hell, and I heard him crying and calling for his mammy—I'd lost the key, too, in my hurry, and I wasn't strong then like I am now. But I tore that door off its hinges like a bit of pasteboard. The baby's dress was blazing when I got to him. There is a little scar on his neck now where——"

She broke down in a passion of dry, tearless sobs that shook her like a tempest. The other woman was crying as helplessly as she.

"Seems like it wouldn't hurt me none now for Zack to die a *natural* death. It's the thought of the other that's killing me. I would face any kind of suffering for him now, and face it gladly, God knows. But he sent for me yesterday. He has got some sort of a wild idea in his head that I could help him——"

"You help him? You poor woman!"

Mary Lou Hensley's face grew hard again. "Do you believe in a hell, Mrs. Leonard?" she asked. "A sure-enough hell—like we used to hear the preachers talk about when we were children?"

Edith Leonard shook her head. "I don't believe in a literal hell of fire and brimstone—no," she said decisively. "Modern thought——"

Mary Lou Hensley looked at her a little disappointedly. "I have heard of that, too," she said sharply. "Well, I do. I believe in a place where sinners are roasted in terrible fires forever and forever. And that all liars go there, *sure*. If it wasn't for that——"

Edith Leonard drew back a little.

"Oh, I know just what you are thinking, and I don't know that I blame you—much. You don't know, though, what terrible fancies I have sometimes——"

"I must go now," said the governor's wife gently. "I will see you tomorrow. Mrs. Hensley—after it is all over. And you must look on me—as a sister, you know. A sister who is more rich—more fortunate—than you are, poor thing, but a sister who loves you and is longing to help you——"

The woman had turned back again to the bed.

"I guess there can't anybody do *that*," she said sullenly. "Not even God!"

So the visitor went lingeringly away.

The day lengthened and the night came again, warm and brooding and restful like a great, shadowy Presence from the Unseen. Once,—she lived not very far from the jail,—Mary Lou Hensley heard the sound of hammering and knew what the men were building. "Hell!" she whispered to herself. "Hell and a soul that *burns* in torment forever and forever! Lord, I just *can't* do it! Seems like I am so tired I am just *bound* to rest! Lord, I just *can't* do it—! Not even for Zack!"

After that, she folded the little frock and laid it away in the trunk again. And then, the night still young, she walked up and down the floor for a long time—tearless.

The night deepened—wore on. The wide, black void above the cottage was thick-sown with countless stars. Once the woman stood in the doorway a long time and stared out in the darkness. "I thought that I heard a baby crying," she said to herself under her breath. "It's crying like it was hurt or lonesome. Maybe Mrs. McGhee has let Benny fall against the stove again. There ain't no hurt in the world like a burn, somehow——"

She shuddered a little and went inside and closed the door again.

It was after that that she began talking to herself before the dying fire.

"Seems like I could stand just anything for him—Zack. Anything but hell!

"Wonder if he suspicioned any thing yesterday when he cursed me and said that he knew that I could help him—if I wanted to. Could Frank have said anything to him, I wonder——

"Lord, how long ago it has been since *then*. Of course, Frank Leonard was a fool and I was another, just as my mother told me I was. And they said so much about Texas and the good times they was going to have that it just about turned my head, I guess.

"I haven't got anything against him, God knows! And I can see well enough just what it would mean for him and for her, too——"

It was then that she noticed the knock at the door—noticed it with the dull consciousness that she had heard it more than once without noticing it. She had sent the woman who lived with her away that she might be alone. Had she come back?

She opened the door a little reluctantly. A half-grown lad stood outside.

"Here is a note that Mrs. Leonard sent you, Mrs. Hensley," he said, "and here's a box that goes with it,"

She took them both and closed the door again in his face. She tore the note open feverishly.

"My husband is ill," wrote Edith Leonard. "For the first time in our married life he has shut me out of his confidence. I am not complaining of this, you understand. I trust him and I trust you. I have only one thing to say to you. If there is anything that you can say that will save that wretched boy tomorrow, for God's sake say it! Do not allow any personal solicitude for yourself—for my husband—for me—to influence you for a moment. I would have laughed an hour ago if any one had told me that the fate of Zack Hensley could touch either me or mine. Now I am full of doubts. My husband sends you this message. 'Tell her,' he said, 'for the sake of the man whose life she wrecked so long ago, to tell the truth now.'"

Mary Lou Hensley was not an educated woman. It took her a long time to spell through the brief note which Edith Leonard had written, and when she had finished it and laid it aside, she knew that the battle she had fancied she had fought to a finish was hardly yet begun.

The candle beside her, guttering in the melted tallow, wavered a little drunkenly and the smoking wick fell upon her hand. She uttered a feeble cry.

The fire grew low and the woman replenished it from a pile of broken boards just outside the door. And again the restless walking began—up and down—up and down—over the rough, uneven floor that creaked even under her light tread.

Midnight came and went and the stars that ushered in the early hours of the morning paled in the gray shadows that crept toward the zenith. Mary Lou Hensley had lingered in the Garden of her Gethsemane until the sun-rising.

There came a time at length when the slender thread of strength that had survived her cramped and narrow girlhood and the later hardships of her married life snapped under the strain. She cared nothing, less than nothing now, for the man whose life she had ruined—whose heart she had broken. She cared less than nothing for the woman who had tried so hard to help her bear her cross. Zack—her baby—filled her narrowing horizon.

A fever of unrest claimed her. Even yet it was not too late. A word to Governor Leonard, and her boy would be free. If only she could give up the dreams that had been her solace more than once when her hard life had grown unbearable. If only, after all, there was not a judgment and an *everlasting* hell!

After a long time had passed she opened the box that the boy had brought. It was filled with spicy, white carnations. She fell upon them in a sort of a fury. What had she meant, to send them with their message of a swift-coming spring when she should—be worse than childless? She laid them one by one on the glowing coals and shivered a little as she watched them, pale and moist and fragrant and full of life, shrivel into nothingness.

The sun came up and the light creeping through the broken shutters fell upon the woman's haggard face. Some

one knocked on the crazy, ill-hung door; knocked again, then went away. The bell from a passing milkwagon rattled and jangled in the narrow street outside and she heard a door open and close and the insistent crying of a little baby.

Suddenly the woman who had so feared death and hell and the judgment did a very curious thing. She knelt beside the fire, and taking a bit of flaming board from it, laid it upon her naked wrist.

It sputtered there for a moment and a little smell of scorched flesh filled the room. "What *is* hell?" said the woman suddenly, in a strangled, awful voice. "What do I *care* for the pains of hell? Oh, my baby—my little baby!"

She shook aside the bit of burning board presently. Then with a terrible look still on her face she took the cleaned and mended garments from the bed and laid them away.

She opened the door wide. "John!" she called. "Oh, John—John!"

A woman looked at her curiously from across the street, then went inside the house and closed the door. A man was chopping wood in the next yard. He paused in his work and stared at her rudely, with his mouth open. "That is his mother," she heard him say to another man who was passing.

She called again in a sudden terror. "Oh, John!" she screamed. A sudden panic lest she be too late after all—lest something should have happened—chilled her. Was it ten o'clock——?"

John, a freckle-faced boy with kindly eyes came running breathlessly from across the street. The sun shone in her face and blinded her a little. She did not see him at first.

"I want you to go to Governor Leonard's for me, John," she said. "I haven't any pencil or paper or I would write a note. Tell him that I said—No, get a pencil for me. I must write!"

He came back after a little and she felt rather than saw that the woman with a wailing baby tugging at her skirts across the street was staring at her again and that her eyes were red and swollen.

"I have done my very best for you," she wrote, "and it's no use. You'll have to sign the pardon!"

"You must give it to the governor or the governor's wife yourself," she said. "Do you understand?"

The boy nodded and vanished down the street.

She watched him out of sight, then laughed a little drearily. "What do I care?" she whispered. "He was the peartest baby—I ever saw! And me in hell *forever and ever!* Lord, I wish that I *had* died that time when I was sick! I wish to God I had!"

"Mrs. Hensley——"

She turned sharply. "Did you speak to me?" she asked.

The man bowed courteously. "I am Governor Leonard's private secretary," he said. "He is sick and he asked me to bring you a message. I hardly know, under the circumstances, whether the news will be good or bad. Your son died with a hemorrhage of the lungs two hours ago. He was ill early in the night but would not allow us to send for you, and they hardly expected that it would prove so serious——"

His words, unintelligible, seemingly, in themselves, came apparently from a measureless distance. "I must stop John," she said stupidly. "Will somebody try to stop him—please!"

"There was some talk of a pardon earlier in the evening," went on the secretary. "Governor Leonard is ill and I understand that his wife made a personal appeal so strong that he could hardly have resisted it. Even had your son been pardoned, however, his life would, of course, have been ruined. Under the shadow of the law——"

She pushed him away from her roughly and tore the soiled piece of paper which John had given timidly back to her to bits in her stiff fingers. "It's too late!" she said to nobody in particular. "Too late for Zack—too late for me—too late for everybody!"

She went inside the house again and closed the door behind her.

MRS. BONTICUE AND ANOTHER LANDLORD

BY CHARLES FORT.

NOTE: For a complete acquaintance with Mrs. Bonticue and her clan, we beg to refer readers to "Ructions," by Charles Fort, in the May number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE.—*Editors.*

A ROW of tenements with fire-escapes painted white! Pretty attractive, those white fire-escapes. Certainly are! See the red house trimmed with limestone? But you're fooled there; the stone trimming effect is only white paint. And in another house, see the white keystone of the arch over the door? But the "keystone" is only painted on the bricks. One landlord painted a limestone border on his house and other landlords imitated him, so that, up and down the street, you can see similar effect without expense.

And the little Dutch-brick house—yellow, light-brown, and dark-brown bricks, in parquet-flooring designs! But, stand at the side of the house and look up its edge. You see nicks where bricks are set one upon another, but the nicks are between pairs of the little Dutch bricks, you'll notice. Little Dutch bricks only painted on the big red kind from Haverstraw!

Three floors, and two families to a floor; that's the house. Here's the landlord, one Dunphy, standing on the crooked stoop.

Hair smoothed and even polished, one would think, down to his ears, and parted in the middle. A burly man of fifty. Face spattered with red spots, as if every one-thousandth drink had rung up and registered itself there. Very black mustache, with ends cut off, smoothed and polished down so that it was just like the cut of his hair, in miniature. The irregular features seem made to express good nature. And he is a good-natured man! Listen to him.

Second-floor woman standing on the stoop, talking with him. "If you put me out, Mr. Dunphy, there's no place for me to go."

A joke and a laugh, for that was Dunphy's way of turning off every appeal to him. "A fine, likely woman like yourself?"—a poor, dull, emaciated creature. "Don't be laughing at us! Why you'd have no trouble; any good man'd marry you."

A feeble, flickering smile reflecting from his own wide, good-natured grin. Dull pleading. Dull pleading eliciting nothing but:

"Sure, woman dear, it must be your own obstinacy has brought you to this condition! I'd take me oath you could have as fine a home as any in the land if you'd but consent to make some good man happy!" Landlord hanging up a sign of rooms to let.

"Then I must go, Mr. Dunphy?"

"Why, anyway, a woman like yourself is lowering herself consenting to live in this old tenement."

A fine fellow, this landlord! Grind you down and laugh and flatter you; push you to the wall and enjoy it hugely and do his good-natured best to make you enjoy it; put you out in the street and make you feel it was for your own good, and you deserved better than to live in his ugly old tenement.

Rooms to rent in second floor, east. Here are the remaining tenants: The Pagloni sisters, in second floor, west; skirt binders. Bare rooms; bologna, weak tea, and stale bread; it means that to be skirt binders. A tall, thin sister, with neither enjoyment nor interest in anything. A younger sister with interest in life still flickering in

her. An imitation gold tooth that showed when she smiled at any male tenant—elder sister clutching her, for life is for skirt binding, bare rooms, and weak tea only. Top floor! The Hammers, a young couple, who could quarrel and sing and be as lively as anybody. Beside them lived old Hannah, scrubwoman and street preacher, who never sinned and would tell you she had a strong pull with heaven.

The first-floor tenants are standing in the front hall. Mrs. Flack! A young woman who had always looked old. Premature wrinkles. Chin resting forward on her collar bone. She had a child of five. Flack had flown; he had married her in haste, but had repented more hastily.

Mrs. Flack exclaiming to a draggled beldame, first floor, east:

"I'm sure it was Flack I saw, last night!" gesticulating excitedly, as excitedly as she would gesticulate if remarking only upon the weather. "I'd recognize him anywheres. It was your father, Josie; I'm sure almost I remember what he looks like."

Beldame, mouthing and muttering, raising a scrawny arm and shaking it at a rear window. All the rear windows of the house were darkened.

"My nine man childs!" mouthed the beldame. "If they were alive, they'd tear that down and give us light! I'd have light and air and food if my nine man children was spared me!" Striding back and forth in the hall. A curious creaking sound accompanying her in her striding. Striding and mouthing. And with her went a twittering as if from a very big cricket.

A fulisade of oaths! Beldame stooping and snatching, from the floor, a wee Easter chick that had been fluttering along with her. Chick chirping affrightedly. A muttering of oaths. Then tenderly:

"Ah, chick, chick! It's mother! Little chick, chick!" Opening her dress, gently placing the chick against her bosom. Little chick closing its eyes contentedly. Beldame staggering to her rooms. The grumbling and mumbling of oaths. Then, "Sleep, little chick, chick!"

Look out the rear window at which the forlorn creature had shaken her scrawny fist. You'll not look far. A foot from the window you see a structure of galvanized iron upon a strong wooden framework—the fence that clouded the house! Look down at the foot of the structure. Garbage, ashes, rags; an old mattress, old hats, shoes, tin cans, boxes, decaying matting and moldy oilcloth! And you wonder that Dunphy had built this fence? If you go around, by the way of the alley, you will see, on the other side of it, a well-paved courtyard and the rear wall of a very respectable flat house. And this had been the way with dwellers in the Dutch-brick tenement.

Oh, standing at a window with a pailful of ashes, you know, and who could be bothered going all the way to the barrels? Why, just sling 'em down in the courtyard, of course! May land on clothes on lines there—oh, someone else's clothes! Peeling a quart of potatoes. Don't quite see where to put the peelings—why, to be sure, let 'em go out the window!

To shield his flathouse, Dunphy built the fence that darkened his tenement.

There were rebellions sometimes. Everybody out in the halls, excitedly discussing the fence. Old Hannah crying, "Oh, it would be sinful to tear it down, and I won't take any part in it—but you go ahead and I'll make it all right for you! Pull down the fence, and I'll use my influence to have you forgiven!" Rest of the house, arming with flat-irons and hatchets, rushing boldly to the fence—making a tiny dent in the iron of it or cutting off a chip from the wood of it. "See that!" proudly exhibiting a speck of rust or a chip of wood. "Tore it off bodily! There ain't nobody going to coop me up!"

So the fence stood and was useful to the tenants of the very respectable flathouse, for their clotheslines went from their windows to hooks in it.

But now! Oh, just wait till Mrs. Bonticue appears in this situation! Oh, ho, but will Mrs. Bonticue stand any of a landlord's nonsense! I wouldn't bet four cents on that fence's longevity, for here comes Mrs. Bonticue!

A rainy day—surely the gloomiest of days to move into a darkened house—but wait! There were unusual circumstances in this moving of Mrs. Bonticue's—she was not put out this time. A letter had come. It told that Cousin Polly was dead. Then what would become of Cousin Polly's childer? A month or two months they might stay with other cousins in Dublin, but then?

"Be the Laird!" from Mrs. Bonticue, "but no one of me own flesh and blood shall ever go to any stranger! Let us, then, Aleck and Willie and Mary Ann and Mary Ellen, move into cheaper rooms and all of us save up to bring the childer out to us!"

A rainy day! The hollow plunk, plunk of horses' hoofs on puddle-strewn asphalt. Street filled with smoke sagging down from factory chimneys. Keepers of small stores looking drearily out at whoever was passing: a little, trudging boy delivering saturated newspapers; a wee child under an unusually large umbrella, hands holding the iron framework, tiny feet tripping over the handle—windows up and down the street filled with unhappy, listless children, whose despair seemed to make the day even more depressing; one lolling on a window sill, beating her own eye with her fist, just to do something; others tearing bits of paper and sticking them on window panes, or blowing on panes and tracing designs in condensed vapor, or, with chins in hands, blankly, hopelessly staring.

The Bonticues! Just coming around the corner. Can't afford a moving van. Hadn't seen Cousin Polly in twenty years. Had never seen her husband. Didn't even know the children's names. But, oh — abhorrent thought — any creature of Bonticue blood eating the bread of strangers!

Cousin Willie and William, the Bavarian gentleman, bearing the stove between them. Mary Ann Thornton capering ahead of them in the rain, waving the mysterious dictionary-holder as a baton. Mrs. Bonticue's voice, Mrs. Bonticue herself not yet having turned the corner:

"Come back here, Mary Ann Thornton, and have none of your fooling, and, be the Laird, I'll not put up with your nonsense!" Behold Mrs. Bonticue! Sturdiness, I tell you! Long roll of oil-cloth under one arm, and dragging pictures under the other arm, and stove-pipe for a musket, musket setting a bedraggled hat wobbling from one eye to the other.

Animated children at windows clapping their hands, pointing gleefully at the Bonticues' moving! Cousin Mary Ellen coming up on the other side of the street, carrying a clothes-basket full of kitchen utensils, an umbrella lashed to the handle; trying to look as if she were not of the disorderly procession. Up the stoop of the Dutch-brick tenement.

Young Hammer, home from work on rainy days, greeting the new tenants pleasantly.

"And who do you think you are?" from Cousin Willie. "Out of the way of a college-bred man when you meet one!" And then to Mrs. Flack, coming to call across the street to her small daughter: "Aw, shut up, you with your mouthful of busted teeth! Out of me sight! I can't bear looking at ugly women! You're a lot of ill-bred amadons, and who you staring at?"

"Don't mind him!" from Mary Ann Thornton to the startled tenants. "All he needs is a good licking! It's going on two weeks now since he had a jolly good hiding." She led the way upstairs, climbing backward, waving the dictionary-holder as if keeping time for an imagined band with it.

Mrs. Bonticue coming blindly up the stoop, dripping hat away down over her forehead: "Be the Laird, I'm that beat out! Me poor heart is faint for a bit of a drop, but we'll wait till the moving is over."

Back for another load! And such a scurrying out in the halls. Such indignation. These new people had better

be careful or—just wouldn't young Hammer show them!

Back with another load! Mary Ann Thornton, little, old, bedraggled elf, capering up the stoop, carrying a teaspoon. Mrs. Bonticue, half a block behind, roaring that she should put up with no such shirking nonsense; taking up the whole sidewalk; hat down to the tip of her nose so that she was guessing her way; arms full of pillows, hassocks and mirrors. Cousin Mary Ellen crossing over, looking worried, looking about casually, as if saying, "Don't think for a moment that I belong to this disreputable procession!"

"Be the Powers above!" Mrs. Bonticue had discovered the fence. "Praises be to the Laird, William and Willie, do you see that obstruction? And bad luck to me and where was my sense, hiring these rooms at night and never seeing it! And I'll put up with that defiance to me birthright of freedom?" Forcing her way to the head of the procession and running up the stairs. Whole procession following, running to the rear window of second floor, east.

"Who dared build that fence?" roar from Willie. "Who dares shut me out from the sunlight?" Willie running back to the stairs, running up and down the stairs, running amuck, head turned with rage, pounding on doors and kicking on doors. "Show me the man put that fence up! Who thinks they can coop up a man of seminary breeding?"

Mrs. Bonticue sitting limply on the stove. "William! William, what do you think of it? Ah, thank the Laird I always have poor, good, honest William to advise me! Sensible and sound as the day is long! What do you think of it, William?"

Bavarian gentleman thoughtfully squeezing his beard.

"Take your time, William!"

"I think it's a fence!" from the sound, sensible gentleman.

"Ah, sensible and sound as the day is long! And what shall we do about it, William? Thank the Laird, I always have poor, honest, good William to advise me for the best! What shall we do, William?"

Bavarian gentleman squeezing his pointed beard harder. Weighing the matter seriously, thinking very carefully before speaking.

"Speak up! what shall we do, William?"

"Get a pint of beer!" said William.

"Oh, the good, poor, honest fellow!" Kissing him full on the lips, so delighted with his good sound sense was she. "What would I do without William to advise me?"

And, from the drooping, jeering corner of her mouth, Mary Ellen whined:

"Mrs. Bonticue is so good to the men! She's so fond of poor William!"

Mrs. Bonticue wheeling around. "Be the Laird, if you mean to torment me, Mary Ellen!" But a benevolent smile on the other corner of Mary Ellen's mouth quite denied that she meant jeering.

"Oh, me poor cousin, to be shut up in darkness!" from Mary Ann Thornton, dancing behind Mrs. Bonticue's back, keeping behind the broad back, as Mrs. Bonticue tried to turn to her.

"What's that you say, Mary Ann?"

"Oh, me unhappy cousin, who's persecuted!" Fingers to Mary Ann's nose. Fingers wriggling at the broad back derisively.

"Ah, you have a kind heart, Mary Ann, and your sympathy consoles me. You're full of knavery, but the kind heart is in you."

"To persecute me poor, unhappy cousin, who's so good to everybody!" darting around so that Mrs. Bonticue could not see her, grimacing, mocking, and mimicking.

"Ah, yes, you have a good heart, Mary Ann—but, Willie!"

"Is there a man amongst you?" Cousin Willie running in from the stairs. "Are you a man like meself, William, or are you only a Dutchman? Sure, he's only a Dutchman and's not got the fiery soul of a true-born Irishman. Are you with me, William? Are you a man or only a Dutchman?

"Where's the oil-can, Mrs. Bon-

ticue? Pour kerosene on his wood framework! Burn it down and, be the heavens above, we'll have light for true-born Irishmen who can't never be shut up in darkness! Give me that can, blast you, Mary Ann Thornton! Burn it!" Seemingly somewhat excited, the gentleman seized a strip of matting and tore it in his teeth, butting his head against the wall, wildly.

"Willie," with austerity, "'tis incongruous with cultivated instincts to adopt such incendiary methods." Very severely, "It may be permissible to tear down the fence and jump on it and throw it out in the street. We may show our independence and contempt for landlords by battering and pounding and ramming it, but—oil and fire? You are hasty, Willie!" Willie tearing off strips of matting with his teeth, chewing them violently.

"Then speak up, William! It shall be what William suggests!" Bavarian gentleman feeling his responsibility. Squeezing his beard so as to concentrate his faculties.

"Then speak! What do you suggest, William?"

"Have a dash of mulligan in it."

"My own good, honest, poor, sound, sensible William!" Even Willie paused in chewing matting to glance approval.

"Then go out for a pint, Mary Ann Thornton, and have a dash of mulligan in it, would you?" For, you may be sure, Mrs. Bonticue would not permit a man to go out in the rain when there were women to run his errands. He might catch cold. And to both men: "Now, do what the old mother tells you! Go in the front room and put dry clothes on yourselves. William, you will find a coat of Aleck's! The old mother! You must obey the old mother!"

"So motherly!" bitterly from the jeering corner of Mary Ellen's mouth. Other corner smiling, smiling pleasure in the beautiful virtue of motherliness, as Mrs. Bonticue turned combatively. Mary Ann Thornton, behind the broad back, mimicking motherliness, then going out for a pint of beer and a dash of mulligan in it.

Mrs. Bonticue went calling. Oh, no, not while the pint lasted—what do you think?—but after the third or, perhaps, the fourth, pint, when the faintness in her poor heart was relieved somewhat. And, oh, dear me, but Mrs. Bonticue was not looking her best! One cheek smeared with stove-polish, bedraggled bonnet over on one ear, short old black skirt patched with yellow, her son Aleck's boots on.

Rapping on the door of ground floor, east.

A droning:

"Come in, come in! Or stay out, or stay out!"

Beldame in a rocking-chair, leaning forward with arms on knees, body swinging from side to side. Staring at the floor, as Mrs. Bonticue entered.

"I beg your pardon, but I desire a little information relative to this obstruction."

Mutterings and curses. Head down, eyes staring at the floor, body monotonously swinging.

"It seems to me, madam, that by a little concerted action——"

"Nine man childs! All gone!" A mouthing of profanity. Little chick pecking at bits of corn meal on the floor and pecking where there were no grains, chirping incessantly.

"A little concerted action——"

"I'd have light and air if they was spared me—so brave and so strong and nine of them—what do I care? Gawd Almighty, sorrow comes to everybody!" Swinging and staring and blasphemy and obscenity so that the chick fluttered affrightedly. A swooping, scrawny hand, and: "Come in my bosom, little chick, chick!" Little chick fast asleep almost instantly. Swaying, staring and cursing.

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me!" said Mrs. Bonticue. She went to the other first-floor rooms.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Flack, excitedly, "you are the lady just moved in? Won't you come in?" running ahead to take out a chair, pulling two chairs from the corner, excitedly offering a stool as well.

Ragged, dripping, smeared, Mrs.

Bonticue sailing into the room magnificently. A little girl sitting in a chair, pretending to read a book, forefinger going along the printed lines.

"Oh, this is your little daughter, ma'am? How much she resembles you!"

"Arrah, girl, not at all! She do be the dead image of her father, only his hair was—yellow? 'Twas the loveliest—brown?—the loveliest brown hair he had. I'm sure I'd know him if I see him this blessed moment. You can't forget!" raising her hands, pushing out with them for emphasis. "'Twould not be natural to forget what the father of your child looks like, though I can't say he stayed long enough for us to be acquainted."

"Ah, sure not! I'm a mother meself, and one is always more or less acquainted with one's husband. You haven't seen him in some time, ma'am?'

"Not since he went out to have his shoes shined have I laid eyes on him — but he'll come back, and I'm raising Josie in the meantime, and the two of us trudging the city, looking for work. He'll come back to me some time, and I think he was a very agreeable man to get along with—it seems to me he was——"

"This fence, ma'am!" Mrs. Bonticue had come upon business. "Can't the lot of us do something about it?"

"With old Dunphy? What ails you, girl! Sure, nobody can do anything with old Dunphy!"

"No one?" Mrs. Bonticue had made more than one favorable impression upon old gentlemen. "He's the gentleman I rented the rooms off of? He seems a most agreeable gentleman."

"Agreeable! Lord preserve us from such agreeableness! If you call his way agreeable, of course he's agreeable."

"Then," said Mrs. Bonticue, confidently, "it will be all right. "I'm glad he's an agreeable gentleman."

Next morning. And Mrs. Bonticue! Oh, dear me, there was a feather a yard long in her hat. Real ostrich feather, too. And a long tiny-linked gold chain down the front of a pink silk waist. Yes, indeed! Silk skirt, too! Oh, dear me, such magnificence!

Calm majesty and silken manificence out on the front stoop, waiting for the landlord. And then Dunphy coming along.

"Hello!" said Dunphy. "Moved in all right?" Didn't look impressed. Didn't tremble with awe, not Dunphy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dunphy, but may I have a word with you?" A curtsy to him and then again stateliness.

Oh, sure! Anybody could have a word with Dunphy. "Out with it! What's biting you, Mrs. Bonnycue, or whatever your name is?"

"*Vox populi, vox Dei*, Mr. Dunphy!"

"Yeh? That's good. How you making out this morning?"

With severity: "I beg your pardon, but I remarked *Vox populi, vox Dei*, Mr. Dunphy!"

Dunphy sitting on the railing of the stoop, an amused twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"It is customary for me to exchange references with new acquaintances, sir." holding out to him a bit of parchment with "King Edward the Fourth" faintly discernible on it. Explaining: "Me pedigree!"

And a number of ancient letters:

"These will show you who I am, sir. Letters from the Lord Mayor of Dublin!" Chin away up, letters and "pedigree" held out, eyes too far aloft to see them. Eyes coming down, for Dunphy was paying no attention. Astonished eyes seeing Dunphy examining his little Dutch bricks, caring nothing for ancient lineage.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dunphy, but these will show you who I am."

"Sure, woman, dear, anybody can see who you are, and a credit you are to any man's property and a good recommendation for the house to be seen on its front stoop, you are!"

"*Vox populi, vox Dei!*" repeated Mrs. Bonticue falteringly. It was new to her not to impress and awe old and middle-aged gentlemen.

"Well, what's the kick?" asked Dunphy.

Oh, dear me, and Mrs. Bonticue had spent hours arraying herself! How hard she had thought for something effective to say to him! And here "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" had not stunned him. Back into their leather bag went letters and bit of parchment.

"*Hic jacet!*" said Mrs. Bonticue, trying again. "*Hic jacet!*" she repeated, feelingly, fluttering her hands toward him. Oh, wouldn't he understand that she was a very superior person and that, if she did live in tenements, she had not always lived in tenements? Why, Dunphy, like a good fellow, be impressed! Can't you open your eyes just a little when a lady is trying so hard to impress you?

"Geezers leaning against this doorway has got the paint all wore off!" grumbled Dunphy.

Then Mrs. Bonticue came to the main issue and abandoned ornaments.

"I wish to speak to you about that fence," said disheartened Mrs. Bonticue. "'Tis a menace to our health, sir. Can't it be invalidated?"

"Tore down? Sure, woman, dear, 'tis there for my own protection. Did any of them old bachelors I got in the flats see you, at your window, I'd lose a tenant."

"Be the Laird, sir, you'll not baffle me that way!" spirit flaring.

"Baffle you? Ah, Mrs. Bonnycue, I can see you have too much native cleverness for me to attempt such a thing."

"But the fence, sir!"

"Ah, blame only me own jealous disposition, ma'am. I'd not have any of them old bachelors seeing you." Nodding carelessly to her. Going on his way.

"*Veni, vidi, vici!*" murmured the defeated Mrs. Bonticue.

But, oh, be the Powers, when Willie heard of it. Show him Dunphy! Out the way, ye lot of amadons, and let Willie get at Dunphy! Who's Dunphy, anyhow, to deprive a theological-seminary graduate of light and air? Let a true man and a real man and no Dutchman get at this Dunphy!

Whoop!

But from mournful, discouraged Mrs. Bonticue:

"Willie, let William speak. Thank the Laird, I always have poor, good honest William to advise me. Speak, William! What is your suggestion?"

"Have a little ale in it!" was poor, good, honest William's prompt suggestion. "And snatch a handful of pretzels as you go by!"

And Willie was so pleased with this readiness that he seized the poor, good Bavarian gentleman's hand, exclaiming:

"You're a real man and a true man, after all!"

"Me unfortunate cousin's been treated with scorn!" Mary Ann Thornton, safely behind the broad back, fingers to her nose, wriggling derisively.

"Ah, I have me friends around me. You have loyalty, Mary Ann. You're full of knavery, but I can forgive anything in them's loyal to me."

"Oh, me unhappy and scorned cousin!" mocking and mimicking.

"Thank you, Mary Ann!" said Mrs. Bonticue, emotionally. "You're me true friend. Then let the hand of scorn and contumely weigh heavy upon me as it may. Me tried and true friends is with me! With all me heart, thank you for your loyalty again, Mary Ann Thornton!"

Mary Ann Thornton wiping one eye and winking the other. "Me poor cousin who's so good to everybody!" Handkerchief before her face so that Mrs. Bonticue should not see the winks and grimaces to the others.

"Ah, well!" sighed Mrs. Bonticue, "we'll drop the matter and say no more about it. We must live here so we can lay by a bit and bring out the childer. Did anything overtake me this night, I'd not rest easy in me grave and think of anybody of me own eating the bread of strangers."

Even dry, sour, old Mary Ellen was affected. "I'm sure," she whined, "while I have me two hands no one belonging to me will ever go to strangers."

Same clannish feeling in Mary Ann Thornton. But she had her own way

of expressing everything. Dancing up to poor, good William, seizing him by his pointed beard and singing:

"Boys, won't you marry me, marry me, marry me? Boys, won't you marry me? What the divil ails you?"

Dancing to Willie, seizing him by his hawk-beak nose, singing:

"No, I won't marry you! Why should I marry you? How can I marry you? You're nothing but a stranger."

"Blast you!" Willie wheezed through his pinched nose, drawing back his arm as if to strike her. The others repeating, with loathing:

"With strangers!"

"Here's every cent I have, Mrs. Bonticue!" cried Willie. "Count on me for every cent I can earn. Let no black strangers have the childer—" But show him Dunphy! Whoop! Out the way and let a college-bred man at old Dunphy!

But, really, no one helped Mrs. Bonticue with the fund she was raising. For hard times came to the second floor east, in the house of little yellow bricks from Holland that were big red bricks from Haverstraw. It was in April, and almost every day was a rainy day, so Willie, with his half days and his quarter days and the divil a day at all, could only intermittently practice his profession, which was hod-carrying. Mary Ann Thornton, who was a second cook, never lasted more than a week at any job. Mary Ellen, cranky and insulting, never lasted long anywhere, either. Then Aleck Bonticue, steady, serious fellow of thirty, lost his job of elevator running, for the office building in which he worked was to be torn town. And then fate pounced upon the Bavarian gentleman, who did general housework in a brownstone-front boarding-house. Sure, 'tis no harm to slip a bit of chicken into one's shirt bosom when one's cronies are in need of a bit of chicken! But the Bavarian gentleman was so incautious as to go about his duties with a drumstick protruding. So it was that a poor, good, Bavarian gentleman was seen to leap into space from a boarding-house window—and a very pretty leap it was, too!

Gloomy, darkened rooms, and Mrs. Bonticue sewing all day in them. Fine sewing, too, for Mrs. Bonticue was none of your botchy dressmakers—but she was slow. Eyes were not what they had been, and, though at seventy, one may be as fiery and as sure to battle with oppression as ever, at least a little difference must be seen in the suppleness of one's fingers. So Mrs. Bonticue worked very hard, but for not very much, on account of her slowness. Gloom and depression and disease-breeding of the fence! Several times Mrs. Bonticue tried to prevail upon the landlord to remove it. A joke and a laugh and firmness unassailable!

One morning. In the front hall. Mrs. Bonticue meeting the landlord.

"Good morning to you!" heartily from the hearty, genial landlord. "And how spry you're looking, and let me throw open wide the front door, for you're looking a credit to any man's property!"

"Be the Laird, I want none of your soft-soaping!" But how could she be very stern with such an appreciative, middle-aged gentleman?

"But who gave you permission to sublet your rooms the way you do, Mrs. Bonnycue?"

Better look out for yourself, Mr. Dunphy! Good deal of steel hardening into that gray eye upon you.

"Sublet, is it? Is it sublet, is it? And me with only me own around me, with the exception of one very estimable foreign gentleman, who is at liberty at present, through no fault of his own, but the big human heart he has!"

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bonnycue!" carelessly, genially. "I was just thinking that if any of your men aren't working, they might come around and see me tomorrow——"

And how Mrs. Bonticue melted! How she always melted at the slightest sign or fancied sign of kindness!

"Oh, I'm sure that's very good of you, Mr. Dunphy!"

"Not at all, woman, dear! I gener-

ally have work on some of my houses—yes, I have a job for them——"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir! Sure, the poor lads have been a bit unfortunate, what with the rain and the big human hearts they have." Mrs. Bonticue almost weeping, thrilled with gratitude.

"Well, send them around to me, tomorrow." And Mrs. Bonticue could not answer, so emotional was she in her gratitude.

Ah, but her peculiarities! Back in her room. Sewing on a skirt. And money for this work would make it possible to save Polly's childer from the awful threatening of black strangers.

"Ah, William, and you, Mary Ann and Mary Ellen, never a word from you again about that fine gentleman, Mr. Dunphy! That grand gentleman, Mr. Dunphy! I'd lay down me life for him, this moment, and would go to the ends of the world to nurse him back to health, did sickness overtake him, and my last shilling would be his did he ever need it. Kindness itself he was! 'Send the lads around to me!' he says, so hearty and cordial. 'Twould do your heart good to hear him! Grand, fine gentleman!"

But her peculiarities! Only a few minutes later, Mrs. Bonticue was mumbling to herself. Sewing, but losing all interest in her sewing. Trying to force herself to sew, but face becoming harder and harder. Suddenly:

"He needn't think he can slick me over that way!"

Some minutes later:

"He can't take advantage of our circumstances to slick us over that way! Oh, well, I'll say no more." Morning wearing on. Afternoon passing. More and more worried was Mrs. Bonticue. In a burst of wrath:

"He thinks he can shut us up like little mice by giving us work when we need it? Ah, but me spirit is too high and untrammeled for that! I'm as firm as the Rock of Cassian! Me own father could do nothing with me: no one could ever control me proud and independent nature! I'd be long sorry to think any landlord, with his smooth, slick ways could win me over. 'I have work for you!' he says most insolently to me. 'Then keep your work!' is the answer I should have made him."

It was evening, and Aleck Bonticue was home. His manner was languid and his words mild, but, as if feeling a futility in himself, he grimaced ferociously when speaking, as if that would cause a seeming of force he had not.

"Mother!" said Aleck. "Can't you be quiet, mother?" grimacing as if uttering a murderous threat.

"Quiet! Is it quiet, is it? Willie, would you be quiet? Willie, what are you going to do to this hand of oppression hovering over us? What'll be done by our bold Willie?"

Willie nervously drawing his knees together. Drawing back from the light of the lamp. No answer from Willie.

"Are you with me to combat the tyrant's power? Are you, Willie?"

"Oh, don't, please, go causing any ructions!" Willie pleaded, timidly. "I don't like having any trouble."

"You! me own cousin and a true-born man, talking that way?"

Willie trembled and drew his chair into a shadowed corner.

"Are you with me to tear down the oppressor's structure?"

"Can't you—just speak to him about it?" suggested trembling, timid Willie.

"Speak, is it? And me speaking the tip off my tongue to him about it, and only palavering and blarney from him? Where is your spirit, Willie?"

Willie drawing his shoulders together and crouching back in the shadow. For that was his way after every jolly good licking. The night before he had run amuck in Grogan's. And Grogan was a scrapping man of renown. Willie would remain highly civilized until, in a week or two, the remembrance of Grogan's coarse, red fist should wear away.

"Then I have no one but William! Ah, when others are far away, I shall always have poor, good William to

advise me. Speak, William! What shall we do?"

"Rise the house and pull his damn fence down!" the poor, good, honest fellow suggested.

"Oh, Mrs. Bonticue, be careful!" quavered Willie.

"William!" from delighted Mrs. Bonticue. "He always advises me for the best! Sound and sensible as the day is long! Poor William's advice is always for the best! Then this night's work will bring the sunshine to us!"

She ran to the hall and rapped on the door of the next-door rooms.

"Who's that? Who's there?" Maiden ladies, having no one to protect them, hesitating to open the door. "Who's there?"

"Be the Laird, who would it be? a man to eat you? 'Tis not so fortunate you are, and no man, but only meself calling on you. Open the door! 'Tis only a poor, lorn widow woman, who will not eat you!"

Door reluctantly opened.

"How scared you are with your padlocks!" from resentful Mrs. Bonticue. "Or are they to lock him in once you catch him? How scared you are!" Maiden ladies moving toward each other for mutual support. "But I have business this night. Have you boldness and independence in you? Prove yourselves this night! Come!" Running to the rear window. Darting back to seize one maiden lady; then seizing the other maiden lady; dragging both to the fence.

"You're to stand here! You see? The whole house is to stand at its windows and all hammer and push together."

"But why?" asked the dazed maiden ladies.

"Why? You can ask why when you feel the hand of oppression upon your brows? You're to push! All of us push this fence down!"

"Oh! push like this?" asked the maiden ladies. Each daintily extended a slim forefinger and gently tapped the fence.

Oh, be the Powers, such work! Upstairs with Mrs. Bonticue to enlist the top floor! Old Hannah summoned to her door and coming to peer over her spectacles. Old Hannah exclaiming:

"Oh, it would be wicked to destroy property—but I'll make it all right for you if you do it! I couldn't be so sinful, but the fence ought to come down, and you go ahead and count on me to see you be forgave in heaven for it——"

Oh, tut, tut with such talk! To top-floor, west, with Mrs. Bonticue! "'Tis only the old mother come to you, Mrs. Hammer, dear! 'Tis only the old mother come with the best of advice to you! We're to tear down this murdering fence this night!" wheedling, her hands fluttering in motherliness. "Heed what the poor, old mother bids you, which is ruin and destruction, like you was me own children, and me old heart, me poor, old heart, warming to you!"

Then a quandary. For young Mrs. Hammer had good sporting blood, but, also, she had biscuits in the oven. Yes, she would join in an attack upon the fence! Seizing a flatiron and running to the rear window. But biscuits in the oven! You can't be bold and fiery and fight a tyrant's sway, and bake biscuits, too.

Mrs. Bonticue down in the front hall, calling upon the muttering beldame to rise in rebellion. Beldame shrieking curses, little chirping chick hopping along at her heels. But, by the walls of Jericho, mere curses will never pull a fence down. Mrs. Bonticue in first floor, west! Oh, yes, Mrs. Flack would help, but she only pecked at the fence from her own window. It was a murdering fence, and bad luck to it! But she didn't care much about operating from her own window, where her own handiwork might be traced.

But how she flew up the stairs after Mrs. Bonticue! And how she flew to Mrs. Bonticue's window! And, there, of what marvels of destructiveness was she capable!

"Out with the lot of you!" cried Mrs. Bonticue, sweeping Mary Ann, Willie, William, all of them from the room, arming them with hatchets and

Willie's spades, driving them to the basement and setting them at work chopping down and unearthing the fence's framework.

And a torrent of blows echoing upstairs! A demon of destructiveness was little Mrs. Flack—in someone else's room! Mrs. Hammer joining her. The younger maiden lady coming in to push with a slim forefinger. Oh, how fiery and awful you and I and everybody can be—at someone else's window!

But a condition developed that might save the fence after all— a condition that has saved many a thing from doom—too much work! The beams in the fence were strong and thick. The Bavarian gentleman could make beds and wait on table with anybody—couldn't beat the Bavarian gentleman in his own line, but this was not his specialty, and he gave out first, discovering that he had pains in his elbow.

And timid Cousin Willie, skulking and self-effacing, was only too willing to throw down his spade when he saw someone else throw down a hatchet.

Mrs. Bonticue crying: "Chop it down! Do like the old mother bids you!"

Old Hannah crying: "Oh, it's wicked to destroy property—but I'll use my influence for you!"

"Ah, but you're the weak-livered crowd!" from disgusted Mrs. Bonticue. "Had I the strength of arm that I have of spirit, there'd be no murdering fence there now! Then over to the Rileys with me! From one end of the city to the other I'll hunt up me own flesh and blood and bring it here. And then how long will the fence last, with the Rileys and the Tooles and Josephine Elizabeth's family and the Boyles and the McGraths and me first cousins and me second cousins and me third cousins and all the rest of me own flesh and blood to baffle the oppressor's tyranny?"

Aleck Bonticue crawling back from the thin strip of space between house and fence. Scowling terrifically. Appealing, weakly:

"Mother! now don't go bringing all that crowd here. Now, don't go out this night, mother, for 'tis going to rain."

"Then pull down that fence for me and show you're the boy after his mother's heart and not taking altogether after his father's people!"

"Oh, mother!" pleading feebly, "can't we all go up and have a nice cup of tea, and have a quiet evening?"

"A quiet evening?" echoed Willie, timorously.

"Be the Laird, you want me to go out and bring me flesh and blood back with me?"

"I'll have to do it, then!" unhappy Aleck sighed, wearily. It was the recurring of his problem, "How to keep mother home nights?" He went dejectedly to the basement door and to the street.

"Ah, if I was only me own son, and had meself for a mother!" from valorous Mrs. Bonticue. "I'd have that fence down and prone while the rest of you were looking at it, if I was only me own offspring and had a man's arm to back up me own proud and independent spirit!"

A scraping at the other side of the fence. Evidently a ladder placed against the fence. Up and down the fence, on the other side of it, Aleck Bonticue could be heard doing something. What it was, no one could divine, but it took him a long time.

Chopping is too much work. Willie, creeping away, shuddering with the lawlessness of property-destroying. The Bavarian gentleman's lame elbow needed attention, so all returned to second, east. And, there, Mrs. Hammer and Mrs. Flack, demons of destructiveness, were still pounding holes in rusted iron. Oh, such spirit! Couldn't call them off! "What, are you afraid? We ain't!" Such boldness and such a torrent of blows! And the elder maiden lady coming in, looking for the younger maiden lady. Crossing herself when she saw horrid men in the room. Clutching the younger maiden lady, and taking her away, for life is for bare rooms, skirt-binding, and bologna only. Younger maiden lady flashing an imitation gold tooth

at Willie, whom she thought real nice and quiet. Chastened Willie politely opening the door for her, and then creeping to his favorite shadow. Mary Ann Thornton mocking them, clutching Mary Ellen's arm to protect Mary Ellen from possible designs of the Bavarian gentleman.

And then Aleck Bonticue returned.

"'Twill be done, mother!" he said, languidly, scowling piratically. "It is starting to rain. It won't take long, once the rain starts. Do sit down. Do make me a cup of tea and do stay home nights, mother."

"Rain! Is it rain, is it? And what can rain do that your hatchets can't?"

"Call them off, mother!" said Aleck, weakly, pointing to the demons of destructiveness. "They make my head ache with their noise."

Oh, yes, call them off! 'Tis easy said. The only way those demons could have been stopped would be to place them at their own windows, and, there, tell them to go on destroying.

"Oh, Aleck, Aleck, 'tis your father's spirit — Gawd rest his soul! — you have, and not mine. To tear down a fence with a bit of rain! You can't baffle me and pull the wool over my eyes, that way! Be the Laird!" rolling up her sleeves, grasping for a hatchet, but seizing a frying-pan, "I'll do the work meself!" Brandishing the frying-pan, rolling sleeves up higher.

"Mother! Don't you know when I say a thing, I mean it! You promised me you'd stay home if the fence fell. 'Twill fall, if you but give it a few minutes."

"Sit down! Sit down!" Mary Ann Thornton forcing everybody into a chair, then, with hand to her ear, derisively pretending to listen for signs of the fence's falling. "Of course it will fall, if Aleck says so! It's raining hard. He says the rain ——"

The fence began to creak. And Mary Ann Thornton was really listening. Everybody except listless Aleck listening. The demons scampering from the window, crying, "The fence is falling!" A creaking and a groaning!

"But, sure, how could a bit of rain——"

A rending of wooden supports. A loose sheet of iron crashing down upon the courtyard pavement.

"Aleck, what is it you've done! Sure as I'm living, the fence is falling!"

Listlessly: "Yes, I done it, mother. I don't know what the consequences will be, but I must do anything to keep you home nights."

An avalanche of a crash. "The fence is down! Oh, me own!" Mrs. Mrs. Bonticue running to her son, embracing him. "He's proved himself me own flesh and blood this mortal night! Aleck!" holding him from her, proudly surveying him. "'Tis not your father — Gawd rest his soul! — I see, but me own bold and soaring spirit I see reflected." All the others crowding at the window, seeing a mass of fallen wood and iron, by the light of lamps held in the flathouse windows.

"Me head aches, mother," said Aleck wearily. "No, don't give me any beer, but a cup of tea."

"Ah, a cup of tea, how are you! 'Tis his father — but no! 'tis me own free and valorous spirit was this night demonstrated!"

"But how?" Everybody running back to the kitchen, after a little very gratifying jeering at protests from the indignant flathouse. "And how could you pull down the fence with a bit of rain? 'Tis like the days of miracles over again!"

Languidly:

"Oh, we had the supports weakened a good bit, didn't we? I knew of the ladder, didn't I? Then all I done was climb up and tighten all the clothes-lines on the other side of the fence. You make my head ache, Mary Ann Thornton."

"But what of that if you did?"

"Oh, the rain wet the lines, didn't it? They swelled and drew and pulled the fence down." And, fretfully, "Don't make the tea too strong, mother."

Tea, how are you, indeed! Out with the can and celebrate the triumph of Aleck Bonticue, who was not altogether of his father's people! But can,

how are you! Out with the boiler! Where's the boiler! Some one find the boiler! Bavarian gentleman and Mary Ann Thornton going out with the wash boiler between them, Mary Ann Thornton wildly drumming on it with a potato masher.

But the next morning that seems to have a way of following last night! When one pulls a fence down, one may have to explain a little.

Mrs. Bonticue was arrayed and waiting for the landlord. The lily in all its glory was never arrayed like Mrs. Bonticue, with shabby old Solomon away down in third place. But Mrs. Bonticue was troubled. Oh, that troubled feeling when it is next morning! Mrs. Bonticue looked down at the wrecked fence. Couldn't bear to look at it. Looked again and wondered how much a fence costs when the same material may be used over again. One might brazen it out, deny it, or move hurriedly—common, ordinary persons might have this choice of courses, but, for the direct descendant of the Knight of Kerry, there was only one thing to do. Only one sentiment! This:

"I have had me bit of a ruction. Now let me pay for it."

Troubled Mrs. Bonticue fingered ten five-dollar bills, all she had in the world. How magnificently she could say and stifle coarse evidences of landlordly feeling:

"Why, take this, my good man, and buy yourself a new fence. It's been raining considerably lately, hasn't it?" The temptation of it! How Mrs. Bonticue was tempted to be magnificent! But strangers! Black strangers! If, in the lordly way her heart was set on, the fence should be paid for, childer of Bonticue blood would eat the bread of strangers—black strangers!

Then awful fear of the landlord possessed Mrs. Bonticue. For she could not be magnificent. She could not say contemptuously, "Take this, my good man, and we shall consider the incident terminated." To be sure, she could, and she wanted to, and, if you are magnificent yourself, you will realize just what a temptation it is to be magnificent—but Mrs. Bonticue went to a branch post-office and sent a registered letter to Dublin.

Mrs. Bonticue returning to the little Dutch-brick tenement. And exclaiming to herself, "Gawd be with us!" For on the front stoop was the landlord. Mrs. Bonticue's head high and back straight. Marching to battle with ostrich feather flying and gold chain swinging bravely. Up the stoop with her. And now what about it?

"Mrs. Bonticue!" exclaimed the landlord. "Mrs. Bonticue, I am informed you can explain this matter to me," pointing back at bright, sunshiny rear windows.

"I can, sir!" faintly, but ostrich feather waving bravely.

"Well?"

"What can I say, sir, but that we tore down the fence on you?"

"What I want to know," said the landlord, "is, how long did it take you?"

"About half an hour, I should say, sir."

"Half an hour?" said Dunphy, reflectively. "Now, I should figure that half an hour's work at what you want to do is about equal to two days' work at what you'll be paid for. I'm sorry you've lost anything, Mrs. Bonticue, but your lads seem to have lost two days' pay by this."

"But I don't understand, Mr. Dunphy!"

"Why, I've sold the flats across the way," said Dunphy. "Then why should I darken my own house to protect another man's courtyard? 'Twas to pull down the fence I wanted to hire your lads. It seems I got it done for nothing."

Oh, the bitterness of it! Mrs. Bonticue could not repress her distress. "I've lived to see a landlord get the better of me!" Still—"Still, it's a Dublin man done it."

Crushed and defeated. But—"'Twas a Dublin man done it!" And Mrs. Bonticue was comforted.

Phases of the Liquor Question

BY DAVID A. GATES

AT one time or other during the past thirty years, the liquor question has been a live issue in nearly every hamlet in the United States. Politicians, great and small, have lain awake at nights trying to solve the "whisky question," or at least trying to guess the popular side of it, and inability to guess rightly has brought thousands of aspiring statesmen to their Waterloo.

National prohibition, state prohibition, local option, high license, and the dispensary have all received consideration, and, with the exception of national prohibition, all have been tried.

Kansas, Maine, and North Dakota have state prohibition. In Iowa and New Hampshire prohibition nominally prevails, but statutory modifications the last few years have given these two states what is practically local option. In Delaware, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, the law fixes no limitations except a license fee; there are no statutory provisions for local prohibition. In South Carolina the liquor traffic is under governmental control, through the dispensary. County dispensaries created either by special or general laws also prevail in certain counties in Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. In other parts of the last four states named and in all the other states in the Union, local option, in some of its numerous forms, exists.

The United States, through the Internal Revenue Department, issues what is designated as a "special tax stamp" to persons who deal in distilled spirits, wines or malt liquors. The law providing for this tax, and authorizing the collection of it, is a revenue measure strictly. It exacts $25 a year of a person who deals at retail in the beverages named. The Government issues, upon the payment of the tax due it, simply a receipt for money; it grants no licenses. The question of licensing or not licensing the sale of whisky is left to the several states. In localities where the state laws prohibit the sale of whisky, the Internal Revenue Department goes in and demands of the person who sells whisky, its tax, and, if that tax is paid, the interest of the Department ends. Collecting, as it does, from both the illegal and legal sellers of whisky, its records are, to an extent, a measure of the quantity of whisky consumed in each state.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that, for the year ending June 30, 1905, 241,239 retail liquor and 14,976 retail malt liquor dealers' stamps were issued in the United States (including Alaska), total, 256,215 stamps. On a basis of an estimated population of 85,568,759 in continental United States, a special retail liquor dealer's stamp was issued for every 345 persons. For purposes of comparison, the following statement, showing the number of dealers in the several states, etc., will be useful and interesting.

It will be noted that Nevada heads the list with a special taxpayer for every 49 inhabitants and that Mississippi is the last with a dealer in liquor for every 3,240 persons. Nevada has something like 66 times as many liquor sellers as Mississippi.

State.	Number of stamps issued.	Estimated population 1905.	Number of persons for each stamp.	Foreign population to the 1,000 persons.
Nevada	1,313	65,000	49	238
California	15,455	1,750,000	113	247
Montana	2,247	265,000	118	275
Arizona	1,271	175,000	137	197
Wyoming	635	101,816	160	182
Wisconsin	11,943	2,228,949	186	249
New Jersey	10,679	2,171,500	204	229
Colorado	3,426	700,000	204	169
Illinois	24,009	5,000,000	208	200
Ohio	19,259	4,427,545	229	110
Idaho	1,072	250,000	233	152
New York	34,080	8,160,000	239	261
Oregon	2,229	550,000	246	159
Alaska	403	100,000	248	198
Maryland	5,010	1,250,000	249	79
Washington	3,467	874,310	252	215
Rhode Island	1,916	485,000	253	314
Minnesota	7,461	1,979,912	265	288
Michigan	9,230	2,670,000	266	223
Connecticut	3,376	1,000,000	296	262
Utah	989	300,000	303	194
Indiana	9,818	3,000,000	305	56
Missouri	10,196	3,324,131	326	69
Louisiana	4,679	1,550,330	330	38
Pennsylvania	22,269	7,562,538	339	156
North Dakota	1,322	450,000	340	354
Dist. of Columbia	974	324,000	350	72
New Mexico	865	325,000	375	70
New Hampshire	1,070	432,622	404	214
Iowa	5,186	2,210,389	426	137
Delaware	439	188,000	428	74
Nebraska	2,866	1,250,000	436	166
Kansas	3,041	1,575,000	517	85
Kentucky	4,346	2,361,891	543	23
West Virginia	2,164	1,200,000	554	23
Massachusetts	5,025	3,003,635	599	301
Florida	934	625,000	669	45
Texas	5,442	3,650,000	670	58
Maine	1,051	736,131	700	134
Oklahoma	1,136	800,000	704	39
Virginia	2,332	1,854,000	795	10
South Dakota	525	464,288	884	215
Vermont	354	347,500	980	130
Tennessee	2,180	2,200,000	1,009	8
Alabama	1,862	2,030,000	1,090	8
Arkansas	1,425	1,750,000	1,226	11
Georgia	1,744	2,600,000	1,490	6
North Carolina	840	2,000,000	2,380	2
South Carolina	535	1,500,000	2,803	4
Mississippi	611	1,979,912	3,240	5

But in order that no misleading inferences may be drawn it is best that explanations be made. A retail liquor dealer's stamp in some states means considerably more liquor consumed than in others. In high license states and municipalities, the percentage of saloons is less proportionately than in low license states and municipalities, and, in order to do business, the high license saloon sells more liquor than the low license saloon.

The average dispensary sells at least five times as much whisky as an ordinary saloon, hence, in dispensary states the number of special tax stamps issued is not a fair measure of the whisky consumed, for there is but one Government tax stamp issued each for a dispensary or a saloon. The following statement shows the number of dispensaries in the several states where dispensaries exist:

Virginia	11
Alabama	49
Georgia	21
North Carolina	31
South Carolina	143

The holding of a Government special tax stamp as retail liquor dealer does not necessarily imply liability on the part of the holder to a state tax. The druggist who sells alcohol, no matter for what purpose it may be bought, must pay the Government $25 a year. A large percentage of drug stores carry the Government tax stamp, and yet in the conduct of their business very few of them violate any state law.

The number of Government special tax stamps issued in a state therefore represents, in the "wet" sections, the number of saloons and drug stores which find it necessary to carry the stamp, and, in the "dry" localities, the number of "blind tigers" and drug stores. The percentage of special tax stamps issued to drug stores that do not violate the state laws is probably uniform throughout the United States. It is not possible to estimate what the percentage of stamps so used is, but, being uniform, it is fair to assume that for purposes of comparison the total number of special tax stamps issued fixes the relative status of the state as to its number of dealers in alcoholic drinks as a beverage. The number of such dealers cannot always be accepted as a fair test of the quantity of whisky consumed. But when two states are practically prohibition of one variety or the other, the number of special tax stamps issued in each is, relatively, a fair measure of the quantity of alcoholic liquor consumed in each.

By reference to the above statement, it will be noted that in Kansas the government sold 3,041 special retail liquor

dealer's stamps—one stamp for every 517 persons. In Mississippi the number of stamps sold was 611, or one for every 3,240 persons. In Kansas there were over six times as many dealers in alcoholic drinks as there were in Mississippi.

State prohibition prevails in Kansas; alcoholic drinks cannot be legally sold as a beverage anywhere in the state. In Mississippi, local option prevails. Of the 76 counties in the state, 66 are "dry," 6 others are dry in part and but 4 are "wet." In at least eleven-twelfths of the state, prohibition prevails. Of the 611 special tax stamps issued in that state in 1904–1905, probably 250 were issued to licensed saloons, 50 others to drug stores and the other 300 to illegal dealers. Of the 3,041 special-tax stamps issued in Kansas, not exceeding 200 were to dealers who did not violate the state law. The other 2,841 were to illegal dealers.

There are many points of resemblance between Mississippi and Kansas. They are nearly equal in population, both are agricultural states and have a comparatively small urban population. Mississippi has practically no foreign population, 5 to 1,000. Kansas has but 85 to 1,000. Mississippi unquestionably consumes less liquor per capita than any other state in the Union. A liquor dealer for every 3,240 people—250 licensed and 300 unlicensed booze sellers cannot do the business of the some 2,800 unlicensed "joints" in Kansas. And this proves that local option accomplishes more than does state prohibition. In Mississippi the legal sale of liquor is confined almost altogether to the "black" counties along the Mississippi river and to the Gulf Coast towns. Away from the thin strips in the western and southern borders of the state, local option has given as nearly absolute prohibition as can be found anywhere on the globe.

Any one who has seen an unlicensed liquor establishment in action, no matter whether it is a Mississippi "blind tiger" or a Kansas "joint," will agree that of all the instrumentalities for evil outside of Sulphurville, the illegal liquor dealer is his Satanic Majesty's most powerful ally. The licensed saloonkeeper does not wish to offend public sentiment and observes some of the laws regulating his business. The unlicensed dealer defies all law.

Oklahoma, supposed by some to be the wildest and woolliest of wild and woolly western communities, has fewer liquor dealers than its prohibition neighbor. Kansas has one dealer to every 517 persons; Oklahoma has one to every 704 persons. And Kentucky, the land of bourbon whisky, the state wherein one tenth of the whisky consumed in the United States is produced, the "dark and bloody ground," whose citizens are said to "go forth in the morning half shot and to come back at night on a shutter shot," even Kentucky falls below Kansas in the number of dealers in her own product.

In the three prohibition states of Maine, Kansas and North Dakota the government sold a stamp for every 510 inhabitants. In Texas, Oklahoma and Kentucky, one stamp was issued for every 614 persons. I have taken these three states because their inhabitants are supposed by a great many unenlightened people to be unusually lawless and uncivilized.

It is not insisted that because Kansas, Maine and North Dakota have more grog shops in proportion to the population than Oklahoma, Texas and Kentucky there is more liquor consumed per capita in the first than in the last three states, for all the grog shops in the first three are illegal, while only a part of those in the second three are illegal, and an unlicensed liquor dealer usually sells less liquor than a licensed one. But when the quantity shipped in Kansas, Maine and North Dakota direct to consumers is added to that sold by the unlicensed dealers it is probable that, in the consumption of booze, prohibition Kansas, Maine and North Dakota are not far behind local option Oklahoma, Texas and Kentucky.

A look at the situation in one or two other southern states will be instructive. In Arkansas nearly every kind of local option is provided by law. A

statute enables the people to vote at every general state election upon the question of issuing licenses. If a majority of the votes cast in a county are in favor of license then a license may be issued; otherwise it is not lawful for the county court to grant a license in the county. Another law provides that a majority of the adult inhabitants, including men and women, may petition the county court to refuse license within three miles of any church or school house. By invoking this statute the sale of whisky is prohibited in many sections of "wet" counties. Then there are many special statutes prohibiting the sale of whisky within certain territory, some church or institution of learning being taken as a central point.

Under these various general and special laws 52 counties of the 76 in the state are "dry," and at least half of the territory in the other 24 is "dry." There are 436 saloons in the state. Of these, 165 are in ten counties in the "black belt," 223 are in the cities of the state, and the other 48 are in eight "white" counties.

The liquor laws in Georgia are very similar to those in Arkansas. The Georgia Cracker, always sensible, has dealt with the whisky question in the way that he deals with every question considered by him. With a population of 2,600,000, the United States Government sold in the state last year but 1,744 special retail tax-stamps. Of these, some 800 were sold to saloons and dispensaries, the others to drug stores and to "blind tigers" in the "dry" territory. Where are the saloons? Practically all of them are in a dozen cities. In the entire mountain section of the state there is but one saloon. Local option has driven the saloon from county after county, until, with the exception of Atlanta and Augusta, three dispensaries and one rural saloon, prohibition prevails in the entire northern half of the state. In the cities and towns and "black" territory in the southern half of the state there are in some 20 counties 18 dispensaries and 500 saloons.

The tabulated statement heretofore given contains information along several lines. Among the things noted will be the striking fact that in the states of Louisiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Mississippi, with a population of 26,051,133, there were but 30,230 special tax stamps issued last year, or one stamp for every 861 persons. Louisiana is the only state in the list whose average of one dealer to every 330 persons is anywhere near the average in the United States of one dealer to every 345 persons. South Dakota, with a dealer for every 884 persons, and Vermont, with one for every 980 persons, are the only states whose percentage of dealers to the population falls below this average of one to 861 in the South, taken as a whole.

In the single state of New York there are something like 3,500 more liquor dealers than there are in the entire South. The six states of California, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, with a population of 29,128,072, have 127,005 liquor dealers,—over half of the special-tax payers of the United States. Local option, to an extent, prevails in all of these six states, but it is not doing for them what it is doing for the South.

Taken as a whole, at least seven-eighths of the territory embraced in the fourteen southern states named is "dry," and a large majority of the voting population is in favor of prohibition. They would probably not vote for state prohibition if the question should be submitted, but when it is a question of saloon or no saloon in the particular locality in which the voter lives, two out of every three voters the South over will cast their ballots against the saloon. If put to the test today the South would vote for national prohibition. No well-posted man doubts this. Local option prevails in that section simply because the people believe that, as against state prohibition, local option means less whisky and more temperance. They believe that state prohibition is impracticable, and

national prohibition, without other issues to complicate and becloud the situation, has never been presented to them.

At each national election, when prohibition candidates for President and Vice-president have offered for votes, other overshadowing issues have crowded out the prohibition question, and when the final test has come, the Democratic prohibitionist has dropped into his party's ranks and the Republican prohibitionist has gone to the polls and voted for his party's candidates. Multiplicity of issues has kept the anti-saloon people within their party alignments: the saloon people have always stood together. As long as there is a tariff, a currency, a railroad rate, a municipal ownership, or a trust question to divide the ranks of the Prohibitionists there is no probability of Old King Alcohol being given the knock-out blow that would be surely coming his way if the people were short on issues.

How does Prohibition happen to be stronger in the South than in other sections of the country? Go back to the tabulated statement for the answer. In the fourteen Southern states named there are sixteen foreign-born persons to every thousand inhabitants. In Ohio, California, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, and Wisconsin, where there is a government special tax stamp for every 229 persons, there is a foreign-born population of 5,194,367, or 178 foreign-born persons to every 1,000 inhabitants. Saloons are less numerous and prohibition is strongest where genuine Americanism is strongest.

Going a step further, it will be noted that in the mountain sections of the South, where there is practically no negro population, where the percentage of foreign population is exceedingly small, and where there is more old-fashioned Americanism than there is anywhere on earth, prohibition is almost universal. There are saloons in such places as Asheville, North Carolina; Knoxville, Tenn.; Middlesboro, Ky., and Eureka Springs, Ark., but there are not twenty open saloons in all the rural sections in the mountains of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Arkansas. In the city of Atlanta, Ga., there is one saloon to every 1,000 population; in New York there is a saloon to every 324 persons. Atlanta is one of the most American cities of the most American section of the United States.

"But," it will probably be asked, "how does it happen that in the sections where saloons are least numerous moonshine stills are most numerous?" Last year over 300 stills were raided in that part of Georgia north of Atlanta. This was nearly a third of the total number raided in the United States. "Blind tigers" are one result of prohibition; "moonshine" stills are another. While there are many blockade stills in the mountains, there are few "blind tigers" operated independently of these stills. A blockade still usually operates but a short time and the output is insignificant. "Moonshining" has really furnished more material for story writing than it has whisky for consumption. There is unquestionably less whisky sold illegally in the mountain sections of the southern states, where moonshining prevails, than is put upon the market in sections of these states quite remote from illicit stills.

A curious fact in connection with the whisky question is the effect that woman suffrage has had. Without doubt women are more strongly inclined than men are to prohibition. Unrestricted woman suffrage prevails in but four states, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Colorado. In three of these states, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, there is no provision for even local prohibition. The towns and villages are all "wide open." It is simply a question of the amount of license. Going back to the statement, it will be observed that, in number of drink shops to the population, Wyoming is fifth in the list of states, Colorado is eighth, Idaho is eleventh and Utah is twenty-first. The drink shop is scarcest in the South where there is no woman suffrage and where suffrage is most re-

stricted. It would seem, therefore, that woman suffrage has done nothing toward advancing the cause of prohibition.

Another interesting feature of the whisky question is the establishment of an institution that is peculiar to the South—the dispensary. The dispensary has passed the experimental stage, and it is now possible to pass judgment upon it. From an economic standpoint, it can be stated as a fact that the dispensary is a success. If the affairs of the dispensary are administered honestly, and the county or municipality gets the profits of the business, these profits amount to more than what saloons would yield in licenses. The expenses of the county are often paid by the dispensary and no county tax is levied. In Terrell County, Ga., no county tax has been levied for four years.

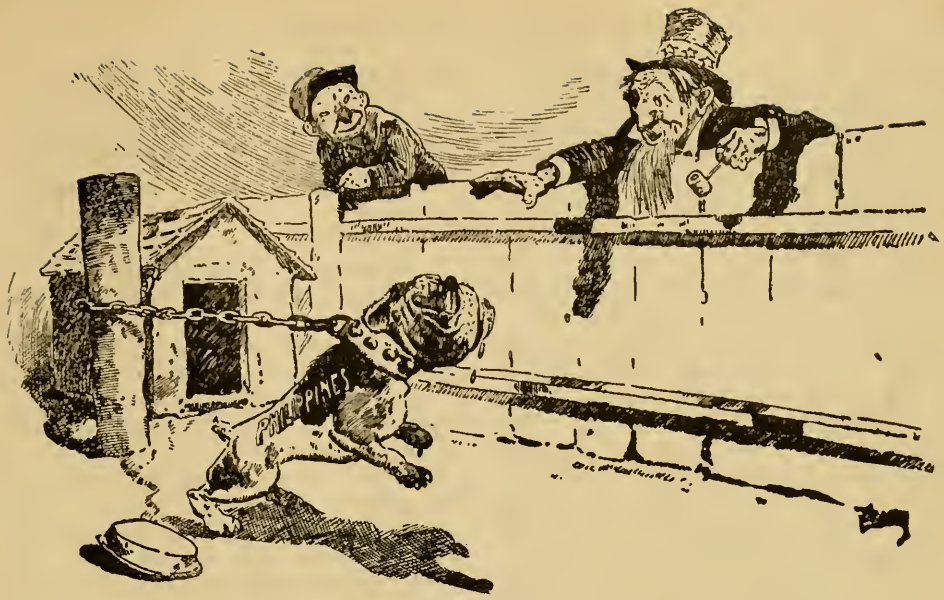
Viewed from a moral standpoint, however, it is doubtful if the dispensary is an improvement over the saloon. It is as easy for a man to get enough whisky to kill himself in a dispensary town as it is in a town full of saloons, the only advantage being, that bought from a dispensary the whisky does not come so high and the cost of killing is not so dear. The chances are that a larger estate will be left to the widow and orphans where the dispensary does the job. Probably the only argument that can be urged for the dispensary is that it abolishes to a large extent social drinking and has none of the attractions of the saloon. The dispensary takes the business that comes its way; the saloon goes out after business.

Unquestionably, however, there are some strong arguments against dispensaries. They stand in the way of prohibition. Few towns having dispensaries would have saloons if they did not have dispensaries. The dispensary pays a man's taxes and appeals to his selfishness. Many a man who would not under any circumstances vote for saloons can persuade himself that it is all right for whisky to be sold by a dispensary, for the dispensary pays his taxes and saves him money.

Again, the dispensary offers many opportunities for graft. The recent developments in South Carolina proved how fruitful of fraud and dishonesty the dispensary has been in that state.

A pertinent inquiry would be: What is the situation in the matter of temperance? Are the people of the United States more or less temperate than formerly? In 1892, domestic distilled spirits withdrawn from government warehouses for consumption aggregated 97,148,447 gallons. The population was then 65,000,000 persons. The average annual per capita consumption of domestic distilled spirits then was 1.49 gallons, or, 149 gallons for every 100 persons. Last year 85,000,000 people consumed 116,808,974 gallons of the same class of spirits, an average of 1.38 gallons to the person, or 138 gallons to every 100 persons. In 13 years the quantity of distilled spirits consumed annually by 100 persons has decreased 11 gallons. The quantity of imported distilled spirits consumed in the United States is insignificant. The annual per capita consumption of wine and fermented liquors has remained about the same. It is in the liquor strong in alcohol (distilled spirits) in which there has been a decrease in consumption. But while it is true that there are as many *gallons* of the weaker beverages—wine and beer—sold as formerly, a large percentage of these drinks put upon the market today is weak in alcohol, manufactured for consumption as "temperance drinks" in "dry" localities. As a matter of fact, there has been as great a decrease in alcohol consumed in the weaker beverages as there has been in the consumption of distilled spirits.

The Anti-Saloon League is probably accomplishing more in the work of driving saloons out of business today than all other organizations combined. In some states where the saloons are strongest the work of this organization has been most aggressive and effective. Local option is its method of fighting saloons, and that, without doubt, is the sane, practical manner of handling the whisky question.



Japan: "How much you take for 'im, Sam?"
"Oh, he's such a gentle critter I'd hate to part with him!"
Donahey, in Cleveland Plain Dea er

SOCIALISM
Mr. Smallcatch: "Let's pat our fish together and go halves."
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle

The Girl At Splayfoot Thompson's

By Hugh Herdman.

ALL day long the round-up outfit had reveled in luxury. After a night of cold wind and rain the morning had broken bright, cloudless and warm. Spring, all the more welcome for her tardiness, had burst upon us. We could hear it, smell it, see it. The rolling hills seemed to turn from a sodden dull to a sparkling green before our eyes; the air, laden with the new life, fanned our faces and turned our thoughts youthward; and the sun smiled down with rejuvenating blandness. It had been one of those days when a man would rather muse of the past than live in the present, when the days of his boyhood return to him and claim him with the sadness of a departed joy, when everything appears idealized because his blood runs free and bold and his heart is tender.

That night, after supper, as we sat in a circle about the campfire, an unwonted quiet pervaded the group. No one suggested poker or seven-up; no one chaffed Gunny, the elongated, cracked-voiced cook. Each seemed perfectly content to smoke and dream. Only Dick, the foreman, appeared not to be completely under the spell. He made one or two remarks, which nobody heeded, and then relapsed into silence.

Finally, after half an hour of unbroken quiet, he straightened himself up and looked slowly from one to the another round the circle. When he had completed his tour of inspection, he sank back and sighed deeply.

"Gunny," he whispered across the fire to where our artful cook sprawled his huge length, "you needn't cook any breakfast in the mornin'. The boys have all got wind on their stomicks, and it wont do to feed them too soon."

But Gunny, with his feet almost in the fire, was absorbed in a reverie of his own and did not hear the instruction.

"Great bob-tailed wolves!" Dick exclaimed aloud. "Gunny's got it, too!"

"Eh? What's that?" Gunny squeaked. "Got what?"

"Why, what all the rest of these brave buckaroos have got—a bad attack of the first-girl-I-left-behind-me-itis."

"Oh, no, not me," Gunny replied, "chilblains is all I've got. Get 'em every year jest before spring comes."

"Well, I'm glad to know that there's one other man in this outfit besides me who hasn't clean lost himself. Gunny, get up and look at 'em."

"I can see without gettin' up. What done it, do you reckon?"

"I told you. They're all thinkin' of their happy boyhood days. They're all young again, Gunny, goin' to school on week days and Sunday-school on Sundays, and choppin' wood and spadin' the garden, and plantin' redishes and onions and lettuce on Saturdays. But most of the time they're laid up with bad cases of puppy-love and can't do nothin' but write notes to the girls they're stuck on. They're playin' drop-the-han'kerchief, or post-office, or London bridge, or some other kissin' game. They're thinkin' of their first kiss, Gunny, from the first girl they ever loved."

"By jimminy, I remember the first girl I ever loved, Dick," Gunny said, sitting up and showing interest.

"No!" Dick exclaimed.

"You bet I do. Um-m, but she was purty!"

"Did she love you?"

"Well, if she did she was too proud to show it. You see, I was only four-

teen and she was 'bout thirty, but awful purty."

"What happened? It didn't kill you, I see."

"No, I got over it. One day she licked me for not havin' my lesson, and——"

"Aw, uh cinch!" Dick interrupted. "That kind don't count. We all have that. It's the kind that old Bill Simmons is thinkin' about over there, the kind that makes you go hot and cold all the time, the kind where there's a sweet, pretty little girl who is just your age, but 'bout ten times wiser than you in playin' that game and who keeps you guessin' every minute—that's the kind they're thinkin' 'bout. Look at Bill now. He's just about to get his first kiss. His mouth's all puckered up ready for it."

"Seems to me," old Bill growled, "you made fool enough of yourself last night tellin' all you knowed and more too. I'd think you'd keep the hobbles on that tongue of yours for a week and let serious-minded folks do the talkin'."

"Well, you know what happens to sheep herders, don't you, Bill, when they've been away from the sound of human voices for a long time? They go plumb locoed. I'm boss of this outfit, and I'm responsible for what happens to it. If you think I'm goin' to let a deep and abidin' solitude light on this camp waitin' for serious-minded folks to do the talkin', you're twistin' the wrong steer by the tail. I'm havin' a hard enough time as it is, without tryin' to run an outfit of locoed cow punchers."

"Well, go ahead with your story, then," snapped Bill, who silently enjoyed Dick's yarns, provided they didn't concern him. "I know you're achin' to tell one."

"This is a story 'bout a girl that used to live at Splayfoot Thompson's," said Dick, who understood Bill and accepted the invitation in the way it was meant.

"She was a niece of Splayfoot's wife, and, bein' an orphan, had come to live with her aunt and uncle. She wasn't one of these Eastern, city-bred, stall-fed girls. I don't recollect jest where she did hail from, but wherever it was, it was the kind of a place where she could see nature, both human and the other kind, with jest its everyday clothes on, and where she could live like a real, flesh and bone girl and grow up into a healthy young woman with strength enough to stand up straight without the help of a corset and things.

"She was as pretty as the first real spring day. She knowed it, too, but she was too square to take advantage of it. Now, I don't mean she was a saint, 'cause I've lived a few years myself and I've met some women in my time and the only signs of wings I've ever seen are shoulder blades stickin' out of backs that have been bendin' too long over wash-tubs and cooking-stoves. What I mean is that she wasn't always workin' her face for compliments and dances and horseback rides and tryin' to make the boys shine up to her. Course, if they got soft on her and hung 'round like sick kittens, she couldn't help that, and bein' good-natured and kind-hearted, she tried to doctor them. But it seemed that the more she nursed them, the worse they got. And by the time she had been at Splayfoot's 'bout three months, this part of Montana didn't have a sound cowboy in it anywhere. The fact is, they were all kind of corralled 'bout Splayfoot's or somewhere within easy ridin' distance.

It happened that Splayfoot had to have a lot of hands that summer and he started out by hirin' all that came along. It wasn't long before his place looked more like a hospital than a ranch. Everywhere you went or looked, you'd likely see a love-sick cow-puncher mopin' round, rollin' the whites of his eyes about and smokin' a cigarette a minute. Well, Splayfoot was drove pretty nigh out of his head and didn't know what to do. He was too wise to cut into a game when he wasn't invited, and I reckon he kind of thought he might start something 'mong the boys if he did. So he jest tried to content himself with growlin' at his wife 'bout the mess he was in and set 'round growin' paler and thinner every day.

"There were four of the boys leadin' the bunch, Honey Timmons, Bricktop Shorts, Silk Smith and Babe Showers. As I say, they were runnin' first in the pack, but the rest of us weren't so awful far behind, leastwise we thought we weren't. Every feller was jest hangin' round waitin' for a chance to talk to her or to do something for her, or maybe jest to let her see him. We shaved twice a week, too, and wore out a lot of good clothes. But when the dust kicked up by the start cleared away, it became plain to our befuddled understandings that Honey, Bricktop, Silk and Babe had the lead on us. 'Course we didn't give up, 'cause you never can tell when the leaders are goin' to step into a prairie-dog hole and go down. So we kept trailin' 'long behind and hopin' for the hole to show up. And every once in a while one of us would step in a hole and go down and be out of the runnin'.

"Well, we were all workin' night and day hatchin' up schemes to please her. We tried dances, but dances don't go very well when every durn buck wants to dance with the same squaw at the same time and all the time. The last dance we had turned poor old Splayfoot's hair white. Course the rules of the game say that no guns must be carried in the dance hall, and you bet old Splayfoot went slappity-slap round there, seein' that the rules weren't broke. And what's more, he appointed himself custodian of all shootin'-irons. The dance was held in Splayfoot's front parlor, and he *cachéd* all the guns in the bedroom leadin' off the parlor. All the patients were there, 'cept Texas Tom, and he wasn't much expected, 'cause the day before he had got desperate and, roundin' Maggie up, told her he'd been lookin' the bunch over and had come to the conclusion that she couldn't do better than to let him put his brand on her. She allowed that she could choose a brand for herself, and what was more that she could tell him right then and there that it wouldn't be the T-bar-T. That was the dog-hole Texas Tom stepped in; so he wasn't much expected at the dance.

"Well, the dance went along till 'bout eleven o'clock, though things weren't runnin' any too smooth, 'cause all of us fellers were wantin' to dance with Maggie all the time, and of course were mad at each other 'cause we couldn't, and all the other girls were mad at Maggie and us 'cause they were second choice. Pretty soon, between dances, we heard a war-whoop outside and then a lot of shots. We all recognized Texas Tom's wild yell and knowed he was drunk. Course we made a break for our guns. But old Splayfoot was still on guard and wouldn't let us get them. He knowed someone besides Texas Tom would get killed if we ever got started shootin'. So he stood there with a gun in each hand and kept us back. Outside Texas Tom was ridin' round and round the house a-whoopin' and a-shootin'. It wouldn't have been long before he would have been ridin' in the house a-whoopin' and a-shootin', and we didn't dare go out and try to stop him.

"But Maggie did. Jest as Texas Tom was ridin' by the door, a-yellin' like a Sioux with the war paint on, she opens the door and steps out. Texas Tom gets the drop on her quick as a flash. Then he sees who it is, and lowers his gun.

"'Good evening!' Maggie says, calm and sweet as you please. 'Won't you come in and dance?'

"Texas Tom was sure upset. He had come out there to shoot up the place, but her first shot stretched him out cold. He stuck his gun in the holster, took off his hat, stammered and stuttered and finally said, 'No, I guess I'd better be hurryin' back.'

"But Maggie, she wouldn't have it that way. She knowed he was drunk and would likely come back and raise the roof. 'Oh, please do,' she says. 'I've got jest one more dance left and I'd like to have that with you.'

"Well, sir, would you think it? She got him to come in, give his guns to Splayfoot, who eyed them like a cougar does a deer till he had them in his hands and got the rest of the dance off without anybody gettin' killed. But we

didn't have any more dances for Maggie, at Splayfoot's or anywhere else, 'cause Splayfoot set his foot down on her goin' and that busted up the game.

"Well, things run along that way for another month. We were all up against it hard. Naturally, we hadn't been earnin' any money and had been settin' in poker games more than was good for our piles. Splayfoot wasn't anybody's fool, and when he saw the way things was goin', he jest started in to rustle our piles and get rid of us by makin' us go to work. Course, we weren't in condition to play much of a game and it wasn't long before he had corralled nearly all our money. So something had to be done. We either all had to throw down our hands and vamoose the ranch, or else we had to withdraw in favor of someone of the crowd and let him play it alone, with Maggie as the jackpot. But the trouble was that every durn one of us wanted the other fellers to pull out and leave him clear field.

"Babe Showers finally hit on a scheme, and we all agreed to it. He proposed that we get up a bronchobustin' tournament and that every feller that was tryin' to win the heart and hand of Maggie enter. The feller that turned out to be the best buster was to have Maggie. Well, you know, each one of us thought he was the best rider in the country, and begun right away to figure on how he was goin' to spend his honeymoon.

"We told Splayfoot about it and made him promise not to tell Maggie, 'cause she might balk at bein' raffled off that way. The contest was set for two weeks later, and in the meantime we were to scatter and round up all the vicious bronchos and outlaws we could find. There was some trouble 'bout choosin' a judge, but we agreed at last to let Splayfoot do the decidin'. I reckon the reason we agreed on him was because each feller thought he had a pull with him. Anyway, we settled on him and struck out for the broncs.

"Well, by the time the two weeks rolled round we had the toughest lookin' lot of horses corralled at Splayfoot's that a man ever set eyes on. Everybody had brought in the meanest string he could find, because one of the conditions was that no one was to ride a horse that he had fetched. Course the news that there was to be a bustin' contest went all over the country and folks came a hundred and fifty miles to see it. Only they didn't know what the prize was. Some of the buckaroos were sore when they found they couldn't enter, but Splayfoot kind of calmed them down by tellin' them that this was jest a little contest for his own hands and that after it was over they could have one for themselves if they wanted to.

"These were the conditions: we were to draw lots for turns; each man was to rope, saddle and ride any horse in the bunch except one he had brought; he was to ride him twice around the bar pasture; and he was to ride 'slick', which means he couldn't tie his stirrups together under the horse's belly, he couldn't hook his spur in the cinch, and he couldn't bite leather. If he did any of these things, he lost.

"Silk Smith drew number one. After lookin' the bunch over, he roped a big red roan that I had got over near Square Butte. That kind of pleased me some, 'cause I knowed how that son-of-a-gun could pitch and buck. He stood like a cow while Silk was cinchin' him up. But the moment Silk struck the saddle things got sort of tangled up. The roan stuck his head down between his feet, jumped 'bout ten feet in the air, swapped ends, and come down stiff. But that didn't phase Silk—he jest begun to throw his quirt into the roan's flanks and tickle his ribs with the spurs. 'Bout two more flip-flops and Silk had the blood flowin' nice and steady. Then the roan went after him in earnest. He bucked straight and in a circle. He stood up on his hind legs pretendin' he was goin' over backwards; he run a hundred yards and stopped stone still; then he begun his famous, long weavin' pitch. By this time Silk's nose was bleedin' and he was gettin' seasick. Then the roan played his high card. He give a

big, long lunge and come down crooked, his front legs seemed to give way, and it looked as if he was goin' to fall and roll on Silk. But jest as his elbows struck the ground, he recovered quick as a flash, and lunged off at right angles. Course that landed Silk. He thought the horse was goin' down and was ready to jump clear; so when the horse made his last move Silk was bound to go.

"Honey Timmons picked out a cammy-eyed, bald-faced sorrel, and had to throw him before he could get his saddle on. I don't know where that horse come from, but he sure was an educated bucker. Honey managed to ride him out, but what between bumpin' his head against the floor-beams of heaven and the seat of his pants on the saddle, his backbone was 'bout six inches shorter when he got off than when he got on. We could see the sun rise between Honey and the saddle all the time. He didn't ride foul, but he did everything else 'cept fall off.

"Then come Babe Showers. I was a little bit scared of Babe, 'cause I thought he was a better rider than me. He was 'bout five-foot-ten and weighed a hundred and ninety. He was stout as a four-year-old bull, and most of his strength was in his legs. I've seen him tie his stirrups together and make a horse quit buckin', by squeezin' him between his legs. Still I had hopes that Babe would get a bad one and get showed up, if not throwed off. I thought that if that happened, I could beat him, 'cause there was a horse in the bunch I knowed I could ride, havin' rode him before. And he did git one that was some vicious. He begun to bawl and bite and kick as soon as Babe roped him, and kept it up while he was bein' saddled. The first thing he did after Babe swung up was to make for the fence and scrape Babe's leg 'long it for 'bout a hundred yards and then turn round and scrape the other leg. And when he begun to buck he had a sort of a grape-vine double shuffle with a kink in it that sent one ripple after another up Babe's backbone and pretty nigh snapped Babe's head off each time it reached the top. Babe commenced to go farther and farther to each side till it soon looked as if he would sure fall off the next jump. But he managed to stay with the brute, though he went clear of the saddle at every pitch, and once or twice he come awful near reachin' for his last friend, the horn. And when the horse finally stopped, I felt better, 'cause I thought I still had a good show to win. Already I saw myself bein' declared the winner and had a vision of pretty Maggie givin' me her hand and confidin' her future happiness to me.

"But I had something more pressin' than visions jest then, for I was up next. As I said before, there was one horse in the bunch that I knowed, and it didn't take me long to get my rope fast on him. He was an old gray, Open-A-Dot horse, called Marquis, and was said to be a regular wolf at buckin'. But I had rode him once without much trouble and thought I could do it again unless he had learned more 'bout the game since. So I cinches him up tight, grabs the check-strap and swings up. For a second or two he don't move, but I can feel him gatherin' himself. Then all at once hell begins to pop. Everything gets all tangled up, and pretty soon I don't know whether I am a-foot or a-horseback. Say, the first time I rode that horse, he just loped a little high with me. Now he is gettin' even for what I had said 'bout him. I go way up in the air and come down first on the horn, then on the cantle and then on the seat of the saddle. I go forward; then I go back. I spin round and round; then I go straight ahead like I am shot out of a gun, and all at once I decides to stop and go back. Did you ever go straight up in the air fifteen thousand feet and when you were comin' down full speed meet something goin' up forty times faster than you were fallin'? Well, I have. Old Marquis, he shoots me up and then comes after me and meets me half way. He plays 'The Arkansaw Traveler' on my spinal cord in the key of gee whizz. Pretty soon I begins to try to fall off

instead of trying to stick on. But that game don't go with old Marquis. I go to the right, come down and find him waitin' for me; I go to the left, come down and find him waitin' there. Then when I makes up my mind again to stay on, he changes his. He rears up straight on his hind legs, throws me back in the saddle; then up-ends and comes down head first. That throws me forward when he lands. Now, what do you suppose he does? Instead of buckin' forward, he bucks backward, and with me thrown up on the horn, he jest naturally disappears back between my legs and plunks me down kerwallop on my head.

"That's all I know till late that evenin'.

"The rest of the tournament comes off, but I don't see it. I'm layin' in the house, while Maggie and Splayfoot's wife put cold towels on my head."

"But who won the tournament?" Hen asked eagerly.

"Oh, the ugliest feller in the outfit, of course—Bricktop Shorts," Dick replied.

"And so he married Maggie, did he?" Hen asked.

"No, course he didn't, you bullet-head," Bill Simmons interrupted with a growl. "Don't you ever read nothin'? Here's Dick hurt in the head and layed up in the house, and Maggie is nursin' him. Dick marries her, of course."

"It might have turned out that way, Bill," Dick replied, musing, "only it didn't. The next day a young feller from her old home drove up to the ranch, and the next Sunday they were married."

"Humph!" Bill snorted, as he pulled off his boots and crawled into his blankets. "I reckon Dick's heart was hurt worse than his head, and that's still cracked."

The Toad, According to Bobby Jonks

THE toad is an innocent insect that looks like a pocket-book full of hops, but a fat man playing a guitar is a more repulsive spectacle. And there you are!

A horned toad resembles a good many people, and also a bluff. He makes you think he is dangerous just to look at him, but in reality he is as harmless as cold tea. It is said that the oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a drop on a dog's tail will kill a man, but 'most all venerable men drink whisky and chop cords of wood all their lives. Old age is honorable, but it makes a man boast about how much smarter he used to be than the young men of today are. A reminiscence is a lie that has been told so often that it's got to believing itself.

Once there was a man who had a wooden leg, and he was sort o' modest about it. So he went to the slaughter-house and got the tail of a cow that had lately given up the ghost and took it home with him and carefully peeled it. Next day the inhabitants were surprised to see a triumphant man strolling down the street with a wooden limb with red hair on it, and one unfortunate citizen who was walking backwards while he wondered at the sight stubbed his heels and fell full-length into a mortar-bed; and the Irishman who was sooperintending it said begorra that was the time the other fellow got in his work.

I am only a little boy, and of course you could scarcely expect one of my age, but I honestly believe that nobody can fall slap-dab backwards into a jag of soft mortar and at the same time sing a hymn. This is all I know about the toad.

TOM P. MORGAN.

The Common Roads

BY JOHN SEITZ

IT has been said that the true index of a nation's progress or civilization is found in the character of its common highways. Be this strictly true or not, it needs no argument to prove that good common roads, available at all seasons of the year, are of prime importance everywhere. As are artery and vein in the animal organism, so are the highways and byways to the body politic. They are the media through which flows the life-blood of commerce and association. Their presence is needed wherever organized society exists.

Now, since the United States have become a nation with unquestioned power to do many things for the common good, and since good common roads are needed in every state and territory, why should not the general government exercise its admitted power in providing means for road improvement? Has it not indeed become its duty to do so, since most of the common roads have become "post roads" for carrying rural mail? These roads should be made available at all seasons of the year. When the "four reasons" given by Postmaster-General Wanamaker for the failure of Congress to adopt "The Parcels Post" shall find their proper place in the infamous junk heap of selfish class-rule, the rural mail route will become doubly important as an artery of commerce.

To secure good roads labor and material, with skill to apply them, are attainable, but there is still lacking one indispensable factor—money to employ these forces. We have at least one million men constantly idle, who, as such, are a burden and menace to society. These, employed in road-making, would be a public blessing and become self-respecting, useful citizens. John D. Rockefeller, before going into "retirement," told us that by 1907 or 1908 ten million men will be out of employment. Cause, "Overproduction"! The distinguished philanthropist, to avoid a catastrophe, said, "Put them at making good roads." It did not occur to him to suggest an "income tax" on millionaires for means to employ the idle, but through his henchman in Congress, Fowler, he urges the issue to the banks of an "elastic emergency currency" secured by wind. Would the banks then supply funds for road-making? Possibly, in exchange for long-time interest-bearing bonds, provided "emergencies" in Wall Street did not have precedence.

But returning to our premise. Good roads are a national necessity. Congress has the right to aid in making them good. Congress has the exclusive power to coin "money and regulate its value." The court says: "Congress may stamp the money function on gold, silver, paper or any material it may deem best." Hence the authority to create money. The money function being in the legal stamp and not in the material stamped, Congress is the rightful judge to decide how much money the common welfare requires, and, having decided, it is its solemn duty to supply it, but not by indirection, through banks of issue, the government paying perpetual interest on bonds and the people perpetual interest to banks for currency which their fool agents donate to these intelligent middlemen. Since Congress has cre-

ated every dollar of American money in existence, why not go to headquarters, to the creative power for national currency, to make national improvements? For the general purpose of business the nation could lend and receive revenue instead of borrowing and paying interest on bonds it need never issue for any purpose.

By the exercise of its lawful authority Congress could give employment to all able-bodied men out of a job. If indeed there be "overproduction" of trust-made goods, there is none of good roads. Here is an opportunity to solve the labor problem. Private enterprise and public improvements both calling for labor, the law of "supply and demand" would give working men a "square deal" without the aid of "walking delegates." What else besides good roads would follow? Increased earnings from constant employment would increase consumption, making a better market for the farmers' produce, the manufacturers' wares and the merchants' goods, bring early payment of doctors' bills, of ministers' salaries and easier payment of taxes generally.

Should Congress create and appropriate the road currency, it should be made receivable for taxes, but not redeemable in any other kind of money. "Redeemable" currency was invented by Shylock not only to get the contract pound of flesh but the whole man with all his working powers—and he's got him, in spite of all his squirming and protesting.

What better opportunity to break the usurer's unholy mastery of all of business and industry than now, when good-roads conventions are called to carry out a cut-and-dried program for more bonds, more bonds or more taxes with less means to pay them? God give us men with sympathies broad as humanity, men with noble courage and lofty purpose, men who will not lie, will not steal, men who will not compromise with wrong, but stand by truth and justice "though the heavens fall."

High Treason

"NOW, these 'ere congressmen and senators," ominously but somewhat involvedly said Eli Ramsbottom, during a recent session of the Gold Brick Club, "slaves of the railroads, allies of the trusts and bootlicks of the Money Power; these slimy-tongued demagogues who prate of the rights of the people, instead of which they are continually passing laws to hold the noses of the toiling masses harder and harder down on the grindstone of financial degradation, till I ask you, my feller-citizens, why is it, in this enlightened day and time, why is it? —That's the question!"

"That's a fact, Eli!" soothingly returned the Old Codger. "I appreciate just how you feel about the matter. Sometimes when I have taken a leetle too much quinine for my malaria, I get to thinking some mighty queer things—seem sensible enough to me at the time, but I suppose they would sound like blamed foolishness if I was to tell 'em to anybody else. Once, I recollect, I got to conning over the question whether anybody really ever saw such a look of lofty placidity, unwrinkled greatness and philosophical superiority to carking care on any human face as we behold in the portraits of George Washington. And then I sorter answered myself—it was the meanest thought I ever entertained and one for which I can find no excuse except that there must be a personal devil—I followed it up by thinking that there never was such a look in real life except on the countenance of a pet Jersey cow."

Each Bryan (to the other): "Well, howdy—but say, Bill, I certainly wouldn't have known you!"
Warren, in Boston Herald

Secretary Taft Is Going to Take a Seat on the Supreme Bench
McCutcheon, in Chicago Tribune

If We Must Have Theodore I, We Have the Crown Ready
Taylor, in Jacksonville (Fla.) Sun

O'ROURKES WAY

BY

F. R. BECHDOLT.

O'ROURKE was laboring heavily over mental arithmetic. He was a large man and his mind moved slowly.

"Eleven's into a hundred and fifty," he muttered, and his tongue slid into his cheek.

The men of the night shift crowded the locker room. Clad and half clad they brushed their blue uniforms or thrust themselves into them. Stamp of heavy feet and growl of heavy voices filled the place.

None of these things came to O'Rourke's ears. With unseeing eyes he stared straight ahead into his open locker. Mechanically he took his uniform from its hooks, and turned to lay it on the long table in the center of the room. Still intent on the sum, he doffed his citizen's clothes and began to make his change. He paused with one foot half-way down a blue trousers' leg——

"Eleven goes into——"

His name, shouted in his ear, brought down the foot with a jerk that sent the owner's huge bulk lurching heavily forward. He saved himself by the table's edge and looked over his shoulder at Pratt, who with him held in check the city's worst beat. Pratt was too full of something even to smile at the expression of bewilderment he had roused.

"Jump into that harness quick," he said sharply, "an' come out into the squad room. I got somethin' to tell ye."

"They sprung Viola on us," he said when O'Rourke had joined him.

The big man tilted forward his helmet and scratched his bristling crown.

"How the hell could they?" he asked.

The earnestness of his voice irritated Pratt, who snapped:

"How do I know they could? They done it. That's enough. She's marked released by order o' the old man. They sprung her this mornin' first thing, before he left the station."

"I'll pinch her again tonight," said O'Rourke evenly.

The clang of the gong interrupted him. A rush of men, making for the line already beginning to form at the room's end, came between them.

He sought his own place, muttering: "An' every other night I find her on my beat."

Two hours later Pratt came on O'Rourke in an alley. The big patrolman was standing beneath the incandescent light marking a saloon's side entrance. One foot was on the railing and on the bent knee he held his vest-pocket note-book. His thick fingers were cramped about a pencil stub. He sucked its point, occasionally taking it from between his lips to scrawl a figure on the page. Pratt looked at him curiously:

"What're you up to now?" he queried.

O'Rourke carefully wiped the pencil-point on his trousers' leg and set down another figure.

"Thirteen an' some to carry," he said; then straightened wearily. His knit brow smoothed itself. "It's going to take fourteen months to pay that doctor's bill, Mark," he went on. "I been figurin' it out."

"Ye mean it'll take ye that if ye ain't

canned," said the other. "I'm sick o' this. I think I'll quit."

"I'm goin' to jump myself," said O'Rourke. "I got a good chance to take up a farm an' I been talkin' it over with the old woman. She's game. But we got to pay this bill first. Seem's like a man ought to save more'n eleven dollars a month, but we figured it out that was all we could count on." He shoved the note back into his vest pocket, buttoned his coat and shifted his night-stick to his right hand.

"Seen Viola?" he asked.

"No, I ain't seen Viola," said Pratt, "an' what's more I ain't a-goin' to see her if I run right onto her. I'm sick o' pinchin' thieves and havin' Cap Bradley graft off'n 'em. What're ye botherin' yer head over Viola fer, anyhow?"

"I'm goin' to find her now." O'Rourke carried no trace of feeling in his voice, and Pratt knew he meant business. "She can't stay on my beat, nor no other thief."

O'Rourke walked slowly down the middle of the sidewalk. Crowds filled the pavement from buildings to curb. They jostled one another beneath the transparent signs, where men went in droves down the steps leading to cellar music halls, or flocked in and out from saloons whose doors breathed the odor of stale liquor as from the mouths of drunken men.

He passed among them, and as he came they made way before his enormous frame and bulk and muscle. He had walked this beat four years, and during three years of that time had ruled it undisputed.

He walked with that peculiar, slow sway—almost a swagger—that marks a policeman plainer than does his uniform. As he went he nodded to a few who passed. He twirled his leather-covered night stick by its thong, and something in the manner of his carrying it suggested a scepter. His look was grave. His steady gaze, while it carried no menace, showed no sign of compromise. Pasty-faced, neatly dressed young fellows cast shifty eyes toward him and tried to smile as they bade him——

"Good evening, Mr. O'Rourke."

To some of these he gave answer. Others he snubbed as he had done many times before. But all of them spoke to him as he passed. His was a heavy hand, and some of them had felt its weight in days gone by. To them he was a something merciless, slow indeed but inexorable. Those who hated him, also feared him. And he knew it.

He knew he ruled the place. He knew that he had made himself its despot; had done it by dint of hard blows and relentless purpose; by knowing no compromise. It had been a hard, long fight—but he had won. And he knew that his power must be guarded by careful thought and prompt act every moment he walked that pavement.

In a way, he loved the place. His kingdom, ready to rebel at any symptom of weakness on its ruler's part, was dear to him. He loved the transparent signs, with their many colored electric globes. He loved its very smells: the evil odor from beneath the piles a block away; the smell of boiling grease and frying onions in the sandwich wagons; the whiff of stale beer from the cheap saloons. The sound of the thumping pianos was music in his ears. He harkened gladly to the roaring altos from the music halls, and the occasional peals of shrill laughter that floated down stairways.

And yet he had nothing in common with these people. He was a man of simple ways. Often in early morning, when the street was growing quiet, he found a seat in some corner and lost himself for the time; bringing before him the faces of his wife and little boy.

He walked this night, paying no heed save when heed was demanded by something untoward about him. He pushed his way into one saloon and leaped into the middle of a seething crowd, blue-clad sailor-men, fighting as only men-of-warsmen can fight when liquor is in their blood. He scattered them like chaff. He hauled one great burly giant by the slack of his blouse from the man he had been holding to the floor. In a minute he had the

cause of the trouble, and by pure intuition had picked the ringleaders. These he drove from the place with the injunction that if they showed themselves on the street again that evening he would place them under arrest. During the whole proceeding his face was calm.

He walked back to the saloon and got the bartender to one side.

"Seen Viola?" he asked.

"She ain't been about tonight," said the man.

O'Rourke looked into the speaker's face, and the latter hastened to aver:

"Honest, I ain't seen nothin' of her all the evenin', Mr. O'Rourke."

He found the same answer in other places. He did not know that Viola was hunting him. She was a wise little woman, Viola, and she cherished no animosities, where animosities did not pay.

They met on a quiet corner, well away from the transparent signs and sandwich wagons.

A little woman and chic, though shrewdness and age had put lines on her face. She smiled into the face above her.

"I've been looking for you all the evening, Mr. O'Rourke," she said, sweetly. "I want to see you a minute."

"An' I want to see you," said O'Rourke, quietly. "Come on."

She gave him a quick look—part surprise and part amusement.

"For heaven's sake! You ain't going to pinch me again?" she asked.

"Ye guessed right," said O'Rourke. "Come on."

"But—oh, now, look here, Mr. O'Rourke, you can't pinch me. You know it ain't going to do you any good. I ain't grafting here, and, what's more, I know I can stay here. What's the use of trying to hand it to me? Why, I haven't took a crooked dollar since I came to town this time."

She looked into his immovable face; then stamped her foot.

"Why can't you get wise?" she cried. "You're only hurting yourself with them that's been your friends."

He knew whom she meant, and felt the truth of the words, but he said quietly:

"If you ain't going to come, I'll have to take ye."

They started together up the street. Viola stole a look at him; then laughed outright.

"See here," said she; "I ain't bearing any ill-will to you. You ain't wise; that's all that's wrong with you. Now, I've been looking for you all the evening to tell you something. I been on the square here, Mr. O'Rourke; honest, I have. If you don't believe it, ask them that knows. You ain't heard any kicks coming from this block; not a one. All I want is for you to let me alone. I'll make it worth five a night to you if you will, and that seven nights in the week."

They were at the box now. O'Rourke looked down at her quickly as she said it; then swung open the little iron door. She checked her smile.

"Well, what charge are you goin' to make it?" she asked.

"Attemptin' to bribe an officer," he said placidly, and pulled down the lever. "I'll learn you to try an' hand me a piece o' money."

Viola laughed aloud.

Climbing up the wagon's steps, she flashed a smile over her shoulder.

"We'll see, old sport, who'll do the learnin'," she called; then vanished into the cavernous interior.

O'Rourke dispersed the crowd calmly. He had come to like these surly, semi-hostile crowds that gathered round his box; just as they had come to shrink before his uplifted hand. He showed no sign as he walked his beat of the uneasiness he felt at these last words of Viola.

O'Rourke's wife, a plain-faced little woman, had long since learned that his beat was another world. She never asked him of its happenings. Even when his name appeared in police paragraphs, as it did every day, or occasionally in some flash-head article, the subject was not brought up in the household. But when he went about the house after his noon-time breakfast,

she could not forbear asking him what it was that worried him.

"I got to get down to court this afternoon," he said, "and I didn't get good sleep." Which failed to satisfy her, though she knew it was true as far as it went.

He went into the garden and worked among the beds of flowers. They were his greatest pleasure—save Tom. Tom's four years had been full of pain, and his thin little body, whose back bore ugly scars where the surgeon's knives had done their kindly work, was held straight by a plaster cast. The boy loved to follow his father through the flower beds, and the father loved to stop his weeding and sit talking to him. So they were sitting when O'Rourke's wife came and warned him that he must hurry to catch his car. He took the coat she had carried out to him, and kissed her plain face; then the pinched, white face of the boy. He ran heavily to the street corner.

In the court room he put them out of his mind altogether. It was all business with him here, and for some reason he feared it was going to be ugly business this time.

He was right. Viola had been released on bonds. And she did not appear. Nor did she have reason to. The deputy from the prosecuting attorney's office shifted his black cigar to the side of his mouth when O'Rourke entered the judge's chambers. Otherwise the deputy did not make an effort to stir. He kept his feet on the table among the law books.

"What's this about the McCall woman?" he queried sharply.

"I want to sign a complaint for attemptin' bribery," said O'Rourke.

"Yes? What's your evidence?" Jenson took down his feet and assumed the questioner's attitude.

O'Rourke told his story.

"You can't make out a case on that. I should think you'd been on a beat long enough to know that some of you bulls seem to know nothing only grab, grab, and come into court and raise your right hand. I'm getting sick o' this and so's the court. If you want to do anything here you got to make some sort of a case. What you got, Flanagan?" and Jenson turned to one of the plain-clothes men.

O'Rourke walked slowly into the court room. He stayed there during the afternoon from force of habit, and kept his place in the long line of officers waiting to give testimony. Once he saw Captain Bradley and Jenson with their heads close together in the doorway across the room. They were laughing, and he saw the captain's beady eyes turn toward him.

That night he ate supper in silence and smiled a little sadly when Tom tried to amuse him. He kissed the boy good-night and talked quietly with his wife at the front gate.

"I do wish we were away from here," she said at length. "It seems kind o' hard, don't it? We can't do only so little for ourselves. Now there's the Andrewses managed to build a nice new home an' he's walkin' a beat same as you be."

"Yes," he said quietly, "but I don't get my money like Andrews gets his. Now, we'll just plug along an' it's going to come out all right."

She raised her weary face and kissed him.

"I didn't mean to be complainin'," she said. "I know we'll get through it all right."

"I got Viola this time," he told Pratt in the squad room. "I'm goin' to send a man to her with marked money."

His companion looked worried. "Jim," he said, "there's something on tonight I don't like. I seen Johnny Williamson go into the inspector's room with Cap Bradley a little while ago; an' I took a quiet pipe-off in the desk sergeant's office. When they come out, Cap says: 'All right, Johnny; I'll do it tonight.' Somehow it didn't sound good to me, an' the old man give me a hell of a look when he see me. They're goin' to job you. An' if Johnny Williamson's framin' it, he's goin' strong."

After roll-call Captain Bradley looked down the line and said:

"O'Rourke, you take Second down from Madison to James, an' the alleys. Andrews, take Washington with Pratt tonight."

It was a new world to O'Rourke, this business district. He knew little of the beat, save that it was sleepily dull, except at intervals. When something did break it was usually ugly. It was a district of big retail stores, among them several jewelry establishments. To guard its alleys was work for one man. He had these and the street, where open transoms made it necessary to keep fairly good watch after midnight.

O'Rourke had less nerves than many men, but he felt ill at ease. The thought of his own beat wrested from him, because Johnny Williamson had asked it, made him wild with rage. He knew why Williamson had made that visit. He knew that the news of his change—by orders of the ward heeler—had gone out among his subjects, long before he had heard it announced. It was a clever move to shear him of his power—to protect the woman he knew to be a thief. And he had no recourse.

The thing kept him ugly all the evening. And at the same time he had a feeling—he didn't know what it was himself—that something else lay behind it, something that boded ill to him. He fell to thinking of home and the wife he had kissed at the gate. He cursed his hard luck; how easily he could have paid that doctor's bill, had he chosen for one night to adopt the tactics some of them used! And then he could have left this work—work from which he might be carried home any night on a stretcher, or be taken to the morgue. Who would care for the wife and Tom then? He tried to shake it off, and swore at himself.

A shot broke the early morning stillness. He unbuttoned his coat and ran down a side street. In the semi-darkness of an alleyway he caught sight of two figures. As he came toward them they fled silently.

The asphalt pavement made it easy running. On either side yawned deep doorways. He was passing one of these, his hand on his revolver butt, when a man leaped in front of him. The old instinct, gained in conquering a tenderloin with his bare hands, leaped up. He loosed his hold on the weapon and struck out, a sweeping blow that would have dropped a horse.

The man slipped beneath the sledge-like fist, and grasped him about the waist. They fought heavily over the place.

O'Rourke saw the flash of a knife. He caught the outswinging hand and twisted the arm until he could hear the shoulder cracking. The weapon tinkled on the paving. He raised his great fist and beat down on the head. He was holding it close to his own breast now. And as he struck he felt a presence behind him.

Whirling he faced two of them. They had slipped out from the darkness—bent, crouching shadows. They were upon him like a pair of cats before he had fairly thrown their companion to the alley's other side. He shook himself free and plunged toward one. The man gave ground. O'Rourke leaped after him. The other stepped swiftly to one side and back. As the patrolman made his leap the thug raised his arm its full height; then brought it down.

O'Rourke fell, an inert lump.

The man thrust the blackjack in his pocket. All three leaped on the great helpless body and trampled it. Their boots cut ugly gashes in the white face. Footsteps sounded down the alley. They spread and disappeared in the darkness.

At the station Captain Bradley chewed his heavy moustache. When they had taken away O'Rourke in the ambulance he retired into the inspector's room and cursed Johnny Williamson in whispers. His thoughts turned to the victim.

"The damn fool," he murmured. "Well, this ought to learn him something—if he don't die."

O'Rourke didn't die. He mended slowly; but the concussion kept his

brain wandering many days. When they took him home from the hospital his face was flabby and his eyes strangely large.

The weeks that followed were hard weeks for the plain-faced woman, in spite of the fund from the Police Relief Association. The doctor's bill was larger now instead of smaller, and meals were none too sumptuous.

When he was able to walk, O'Rourke spent his time in the little garden with Tom.

"We're both of us down an' out fer a while now, son," he said one day, smoothing the boy's curly hair.

Two months after the assault he went on duty. His wife kissed him good-bye at the gate.

"It'll be two years now, before we can get to the country," she said, just a little wistfully. It was the nearest to complaint she had uttered since the night they brought the news to her.

"I'm afraid to let you go, Jim," she whispered when he bent a second time to touch her lips. "Don't let them get you into any more trouble, will you?"

He smiled slowly into her face and said nothing.

He was still pale. His face looked very white beside those of his companions at the station. But he loomed up big among the crowd who surrounded him in the locker-room.

He looked straight ahead, placid, unsmiling, when Bradley detailed him to his old beat. His kingdom was his own again. When he reached its bounds, he turned to Pratt.

"Mark," he said, "where's Viola?"

The other looked at him, astonished, then grinned.

"You'll not pinch her, Jim," he said. "She flew the coop this afternoon when she heard you was comin' back."

Their Obfuscation

"LONG'bout two yeahs ago, dar was a po'tly pahty over at Timpkinsville dat was High Ram, or whichever dey calls it, of de Cullud Knights and Ladies of Suthin'-or-nudder—I fuhgits what. Well-uh, he done embezzled de lodge funds and died and had a most puhdigious fine fun'al befo' anybody found it out," said old Brother Utterback. "De Bishop, hisse'f, was dar, and puhnounced de edification, while de Puhsidin' Elder held his hat. De choir was disenfo'ced by a couple of elegant gen'lemen dat had dess come uh-towerin' home fum a minstrel show, and dar was some specially good gin for de mou'ners. Altogedder, de whole auspices was monst'ous genteel.

"But,—uck!—when dey done diskivered de late gen'leman's heenyusness, muh suzz, de people dunnuh what in de mischief to do—whudder to dig de scoun'rel up and bury him ag'in wid contempt an retrogression, or leave him stay dar wropped in de pomposity of his ambiguity. And, as a mattuh o' fact, dey are uh-squabblin' about it till plumb yit!"

The Reason

CITY NEPHEW—Good gracious, Uncle Timrod! Why did you fire your double-barreled shotgun at that automobilist?

COUNTRY UNCLE—Aw, just to sorter express my disapproval! Did ye think I was doin' it for applause?

TIM'S MONUMENT

BY

M. G. WOODWARD.

"LORD, ma, pa's done married again, and there ain't been no monument put to yer grave yet."

The boy dropped prostrate on the ground in a paroxysm of grief, and his dirty brown hands grasped spasmodically the tufts of grass that were just shooting up from the warm earth. Scalding tears ran down his dirt-besmeared face and trickled on a flattened grave.

The spring before a few picks broke the mountain earth, and the ignorant and unsophisticated wife of Alec Spratt was laid to rest. The funeral obsequies were simple and commonplace. Sol Bennett, being somewhat eminent for his "larning," was selected to offer the prayer and read the Scripture. The slate-colored dirt was heaped upon the pine coffin; a few kind-hearted dames drew their handkerchiefs across their eyes, bestowed sympathetie glances upon Alec and Tim, and thc funeral was over. The small assemblage, dividing into groups of three or four, went their respective ways.

On the undisciplined heart of the wild mountain child, a poignant wound was made. Rough and uncultured as his mother was, he had lost the only one that had ever seemed interested in him.

During the cold winter nights, when Alec was in the valley selling his apples, Tim, in the cabin far up the mountain, would sit in front of the blazing fire and roast chestnuts, thinking of the time when he would be a man and could have a team of his own. Sometimes his mother would startle him from his ambitious dreams of the future with the words: "Say, Timmie, do you want yer mammie to tell yer the tale o' the b'ars what used t' be in these parts?" Immediately the child was all attention, and expressions of amusement, wonder, consternation and fear would pass alternately across his face as the story was related. When it was concluded, he would invariably curl himself upon a bearskin to dream of hunting bears with a sure-enough gun with shiny barrels. Sometimes his mother would lean over and murmur, as she brushed his tangled hair from his face, "Po' little Timmie, he ain't a very spry chap."

So, when his mother died, the boy felt that a part of his own being was laid in the grave with her, under the large poplar tree. And this was not the first morning that Tim had visited the grave of his mother. He was a constant visitor to it. But today was as sad to him as the day when she was laid there. He could not understand what right his father had had to marry two months before.

"It's a plumb shame," sobbed the child. "Ma never did have no good time; never did go no further than Watigo; never did have no gold watch like Bill Brigg's wife. An' now pa's done forgot about her, an' there won't be no monument put to her grave 'til I gits to be a man."

The boy gazed at a large wood-thrush in a linden tree near, as though he half expected sympathy from the wild bird of the forest, but it only dipped its head into its brilliant brown plumage and thrilled a love song to its

mate across the way. The shrill caw-caw of crows sounded from over a knoll, and a phantom echo seemed to answer far down the Wenona Valley, as the crows settled in a little corn-patch over the hill. The boy bounded to his feet and dashed off in the direction of the endangered field. A few moments later the black birds were again on the wing.

Just then the blast of a horn rang with resonance upon the clear mountain air, and a woman in an ill-fitting red dress stood in the doorway of a cabin and scanned the corn-field. Her visage was stern, and her cold, gray eyes settled upon the little figure clad in corduroy trousers and a small shirt in the last stages of the shrinking process, but across whose bosom neither the shrinking process nor the dirt had obliterated the words: "24 lbs. 2d Patent Flour."

"Didn't you hear that 'ere horn?" screamed the woman, with a rising inflection in each word.

"Yes'm."

"Where you been?"

"Nowheres."

"Don't tell me no lie, Tim Spratt; you've been whimpering over there at your ma's grave. I'm your ma, now, and it ain't respectin' to me. I tol' you to keep them crows outen that corn-field."

The woman turned and began to hang the washing on the line that was already sagging with its burden. Her face relaxed a little, for behind her masculine features the characteristics of her sex existed. She did not intend to be harsh with Alec's boy. She did not know that any reference to the dead mother was like driving a knife into his heart; but, like many of the mountain women, she entertained the idea that to show kindness to a boy, would not only unfit him for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, but would be a flagrant violation of Christian duty. The last garment was pinned upon the line, and Anna complacently surveyed her morning's work, as she wiped the perspiration from her forehead.

Meanwhile Tim had been sitting on a tub, with a thoughtful expression upon his face.

"What are you thinkin' about, Tim?" asked Anna.

"What would a tombstone cost?" replied the boy, ignoring the question.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Anna, scrutinizing him. "Is the boy gone plumb distracted? Child, what's ailing you?"

Tim never answered, but gazed intently at a distant poplar tree that lifted its branches high in the air, as though it were the sentinel of the forest.

"I don't believe in tombstones," returned Anna. "What good does it do dead folks to have rocks with writin' on 'em set up at their graves? 'Tain't no good to them; they don't know nothin' 'bout it."

After delivering herself of this bit of philosophy, and endeavoring to discern its effect upon Tim, Anna entered the cabin to prepare the noonday meal.

The boy remained seated on the inverted tub. The stepmother's reasoning had failed to convince him. His mind went back to a girl from the valley, who had taught the mountain school the winter previous. Tim regarded her as the fountain of all knowledge; and on Friday afternoons when the young teacher devoted the last hour of the day to reading to her pupils, the child sat with bated breath listening to the tales of the great world that stretched away from the Smoky Mountains to unknown boundaries. In his imagination he built a thousand great stone castles upon his native mountains and he extended the boundaries of the little village of Watigo until it approached the size of a metropolis. In his dreams he would be Daniel Boone one day, and the next he would be Custer, fighting Indians in the boundless West; and again, he would be the sole passenger upon a storm-swept ship, braving the fury of the tempestuous deep.

But the problem that was perplexing Tim as he sat upon the tub was, how could he erect a monument at his mother's grave? He wondered what Daniel Boone would have done under

similar circumstances, of whether the happy Hiawatha could have solved the problem. Suddenly there flashed into his brain a new idea. In going over his list of books and placing every available character in the light of a mountain boy who wished to place a monument to one, "who never did go no further than Watigo," he remembered the saying of Franklin, that the gods of success smile only on those who help themselves. The words sang themselves over and over again in his mind. At length he jumped off the tub and vanished round the corner of the cabin.

In the house his stepmother was busy with the dinner. The smell of cabbage pervaded the room. She lifted the tin cover and stirred the pot, saying: "I do wonder what ails Tim o' late; he acts so queer." She looked out the window, but Tim was nowhere to be seen. "Hit's just like a boy, allus gone when you have need of 'em, and forever stuck under your foot when you don't need 'em."

She went to the door, and her shrill voice echoed the name of the child from hill to hill. Then she seized the horn and blew an ear-splitting blast, but the echo only mocked her in the far distance. "If you ain't a mind to come to your dinner, you can jist stay away," muttered the woman, as she angrily hung the horn in its place.

One o'clock, two o'clock passed, and still no sign of Tim. She began to be uneasy. She knew Alec would never forgive her if anything happened to his boy.

"I'll l'arn the young'un how to pester me," she muttered, as she tied the strings of her sun-bonnet and started in the direction of the large poplar tree.

As she neared the place that had such a peculiar fascination for the boy, she saw him seated on the ground, busy with something. She cautiously stole closer. Tim was seated on the ground, and before him was a large soap-stone on which the tyro sculptor was working. It was rectangular in shape, and two of its corners had been cut off. The gray-stone had been polished as nearly smooth as Tim with his clumsy instruments could make it, and he was now engaged in making the letters. The stepmother crouched on the ground and a deathly paleness came over her face.

The boy, unaware that he was watched, went on with his work. The last irregular letter had been carved with the nail, and the stone was set in position at the head of the grave, on which the blue-tinted wild violets bent their heads, as though they were nature's mourners for the dead. The slate-colored dirt was packed tightly at the foot of the stone, and the work was done. Tim stood back some distance and viewed the stone. "It ain't as good as I'd like," he said to himself.

This was the inscription:

MARY SPRATT
DIED LAST WINTER
WIFE OF ALEC SPRATT
MA OF JIM SPRATT
MA, ITS THE BEST I CAN DO

A smothered sob burst from the bosom of the stepmother, a pair of arms clad in red grasped convulsively a small figure, and a trembling voice wailed: "O, Timmie, I ain't know'd you afore. God forgive me for my roughness to Mary's child!"

H'm, Yes!

"SOME rich men's sons"—the Old Codger's rheumatism was hectoring him more mercilessly than common—"are born degenerates, some achieve breach-of-promise suits, and others teach Sabbath-school classes!"

GREENSBORO, ALA.

Hon Tom Watson, New York, N. Y

DEAR SIR: Believing you to be a man fearless in expressing your opinion, I write to ask if you believe the United States is justifiable in retaining the Philippines.

Anything you write will be greatly appreciated.

ANSWER.

This Republic has no business whatever with a Colonial empire; therefore we have no business in the Philippines.

Our record there, ever since Dewey, with his first-class ships battered down those old rotten Spanish forts and old rotten Spanish tubs, has been one long shameful series of blunder, extravagance, mismanagement, rapine, and brutal slaughter.

If this Government could prevail upon Japan to accept the Philippines as "a gracious gift," it would be the act of wise statesmanship to make that disposition of our white elephant.

MILLSAP, TEXAS.

Mr Tom Watson, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Please answer the following questions in the Educational Department of your Magazine:

(1) Give reasons whether the Parcels Post Bill would or would not benefit the farmer.

(2) Same with reference to the little retail merchant.

(3) Could and how would the Government get the same rate from the railroad companies that the express companies enjoy?

ANSWER.

(1) The Parcels Post would benefit every farmer, and every other citizen who sends or receives packages by express. It simply cheapens the rate of transportation. Instead of paying to the express company for carriage one-half of the value of the package received or sent, as we now often do, we would pay the Government according to the real cost of service and therefore save millions to the people.

(2) It would not hurt "the little retail merchant." It would help him. He could keep in stock hundreds of articles supplied by the department stores of the great cities, and his customers would buy these articles from him, at a moderate profit, rather than take the time and trouble to order them direct.

The Parcels Post would hurt no legitimate business or profit. It would simply restore a public utility to the public and would say to the over-fat express companies: "You've had enough; let the people now enjoy what is theirs."

(3) By refusing to pay more. The Government has the power to compel the corporations to give us decent treatment, but the trouble is that the corporations run the Government. Roosevelt's Cabinet is a Corporation Cabinet; the United States Senate is a Corporation Senate; the dominant clique in the Republican House of Representatives is a corporation clique; and the Democratic minority therein is led by a corporation tool, John Sharp Williams. So, you see, the Government lets the corporations rob the people because the Government and the corporations are at present one and the same.

Unless the people rouse themselves and make a change all the way up from the very foundation, the corporations will continue to rule and to rob.

LOUISVILLE, GA.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I have read with interest every copy of your magazine, especially your editorials.

Will you kindly explain to us, through your Educational Department, what Mr Jay W. Forrest means by Direct Nomination, the Initiative and Referendum, Municipal and Government ownership.

ANSWER.

What Mr. Forrest means is that the reins of Government shall be taken out of the hands of wire-pullers, back-room caucuses, star-chamber conspirators, and convention thimble-riggers. He means that *the people themselves shall take hold of the lines*, AND DRIVE.

He means that the public shall not be eternally kept waiting the pleasure of the Legislature to pass a desired law. He means that the power of the corporations to buy up members of the Legislature and thus kill good laws or secure bad ones shall be destroyed. He means that when a certain percentage of the population of a given state, for example, desires a certain law they shall have the right to sign a Petition to that effect, and this petition shall be mandatory

to the extent of compelling the Legislature to submit the proposed law to a vote of the people of that state. *This is the initiative.*

The people begin, *initiate*, their own laws, without having to wait till the Legislature does it. The proposed law having been referred back to all the voters of the state, it is voted for on its own merits, free from all entangling complications. This referring of the law to a direct vote of the qualified voters, to be accepted or rejected, is *the Referendum.*

The principle of the thing is perfectly sound, and no man who favors popular self-government can think up a single objection to it.

Direct nominations of candidates for office is the application of the same principle to the selection of those who shall represent us in the carrying on of our Government.

In theory "we, the people," rule the Republic. In practice, "we, the people," cut no ice at all. Two men, Thomas Ryan and August Belmont, both of Wall Street, control that vast army of our fellow-citizens who call themselves the Democratic Party. What Ryan and Belmont agree on in secret is afterwards shouted for in public by hundreds of Democratic orators, is afterwards written for by hundreds of the doodle Democratic editors.

What E. H. Harriman, J. P. Morgan and H. H. Rogers, all of Wall Street, agree on in private becomes the public slogan of that other vast army of our fellow-citizens which is known as the Republican Party.

The men of the rank and file in either army have no more to do with the line of march, the management of the campaign, and the objects aimed at in the struggle, than the humblest peasant of the Russian empire who was conscripted from his hut, torn from his family, pitched into a cattle-car, carried off to Manchuria, and made to fight the Japs who had never done him any harm.

Mr. Forrest means to do all in his power to give to each citizen of our country that share in the control of the Government which is his right and which his own interests demand that he should have.

ALBANY, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Much was published last year about the "massacres" in Russia of the Jews by the Gentiles. These reports made people believe that Russian Gentiles were massacreing the Russian Jews without cause. Were these published reports true? If they were not, what caused the trouble between the two races in Russia? Please reply in next issue of your Magazine.

ANSWER

There seem to be several causes contributing to the massacres of the Jews in Russia.

Race-prejudice is one of these; religious fanaticism is another. Political differences may likewise be involved.

The author of the book of travels, "Down the Danube," says that the antipathy of the government to the Jew is that the Jew is a money-lending parasite, who feeds on the ignorant peasantry and devours their substance. Some curious and interesting details are given in the book.

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Will you please give me your opinion on the following subjects through your Magazine?

What were the methods used in the arrest of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners? The *Ohio Liberty Bell* says, "Damnable were the tactics employed in kidnapping Moyer, Hayward and Pettibone." Would like to know how it was done.

In your opinion was Samuel J. Tilden elected President in 1876?

Are the English Cabinet officers elected by the people, or are they appointed?

ANSWER

(1) Where a citizen of one state is arrested by virtue of a warrant charging him with the commission of a felony in another state, it is the rule that extradition is applied for and granted. That is to say, one state asks and obtains the permission of another state before taking the citizen out of the one state into the other.

In the case referred to, this rule was not observed. The accused men were arrested in Colorado, accused of murder in Idaho, and immediately taken from Colorado to Idaho for trial. Apparently there was collusion between the prosecution and the governors of the two states, the effect of which was to do away with any technical stay of proceedings in Colorado, and to hurry the accused at once to the court, which alone has the jurisdiction of the case, for trial on its merits.

(2) Yes.

(3) Whenever a majority vote is given by the House of Commons against the Cabinet (Government, as it is called,) on a matter of importance, the Cabinet hands in its resignation to the King, and the King calls upon the most prominent leader of the majority party to "form a Government."

This leader then selects from the majority faction the influential men to fill the various Cabinet positions.

Sometimes when the King has called upon a leader to form a new Cabinet, he is unable to do so, in which case the former Cabinet resumes the helm until something more decisive occurs.

Again, the Cabinet may be the result of a combination of two or three smaller political parties against one which is in itself larger than any one party composing the combination.

Thus the Salisbury administration (Aristocratic) was able to maintain itself against the Gladstonians (Liberals) by forming a combination with the extreme radicals of Joseph Chamberlain.

Thus Great Britain was ruled for many years by a Cabinet which in some respects

was the essence of Toryism and Imperialism, while in others it was almost, if not quite, socialistic.

In other words, the British Cabinet stands or falls upon Parliamentary majorities. Therefore the Government more nearly represents the people than ours, where a Trust-made Cabinet and a Trust-made Senate override the House of Representatives, and override the people.

ELLAVILLE. GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

(1) Do you believe the farmers, through the Cotton Association, ever control the price of cotton, or the wheat farmers control the price of wheat, by simply organizing, under the present monetary system?

(2) Won't it be necessary for the government to issue the money (gold, silver and non-interest bearing government notes, as the greenback) for supply and demand to control the prices of cotton, wheat and other things?

(3) Don't the trust control the price of cotton and wheat?

(4) Can't the bankers increase the amount of money in circulation and make the money market so easy that speculation will become rampant and values rise, then contract it or decrease the amount of circulation, thereby making it so tight till prices take a tumble?

(5) Is it not useless to try to fight the trust, with the present monetary system?

ANSWER

(1) No matter what the money system may be, if the farmers refuse to sell cotton and wheat below a certain price they will surely get that price, for the reason that the world cannot go on without food and clothing.

(2) In order for the law of Supply and Demand to control the cotton and wheat market absolutely, two things would be necessary: First the Trust, which can limit the *home* demand by limiting the output of manufactured articles, would have to be smashed, and the Speculation in Futures would have to be stopped. One great trouble with the cotton situation is that our damnable Tariff shuts out foreign goods, thereby limits the purchasing capacity of our people and the selling capacity of foreign people, and *thus* reduces the demand for cotton all over the world. If it were not for our high Tariff on foreign goods, manufactured products would be cheaper, a greater amount could be bought, a larger crop of cotton consumed, and therefore a better price obtained.

The volume of money controls the price of products, but has nothing to do with the law of Supply and Demand, as applied to those products. In other words, when the volume of currency is once fixed, be it large or small, the law of Supply and Demand applies to *cotton and wheat* just as well under the small volume as under the large.

But, of course, the law of Supply and Demand *applies also to money*, and when the volume of money is small the demand for it is greater, and therefore the amount of cotton and wheat which you must part with to get a dollar is greater than when the volume of currency is large.

All other things being equal, a doubling of the amount of money in circulation doubles the prices of products, and *vice versa.*

(3) Only to the extent already indicated in No. 2.

(4) Yes.

(5) No. The two great levers by which the Trust has moved the commercial world have been the favoritism shown them by the transportation companies, and our Tariff system, which shuts out the competition of foreign capital, while the open door of immigration lets in hordes of foreign laborers.

If the government owned the railroads and ran them without favor and discrimination; and if we had Free Trade in the necessaries of life, the Trusts would collapse.

EL RENO, O. T.

Honorable Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

RESPECTED FRIEND: Referring to your answer to your Georgia correspondent in your Magazine for March that "the South had a right to withdraw from a voluntary compact *whose terms had not been kept,*" in regard to which I desire to emphasize your later statement, without any intention to add to the fierce and unreasonable contentions of that period.

For the reason that the future has in store public problems needing intelligent solution, identical with the question under consideration, I desire to call your attention to an item that, so far as I am aware, has been overlooked.

I concede as reasonable the view that the Constitution of that time recognized slavery, although the farmers hid that provision behind the words *persons* and *service;* that the agitators of the North were unlawfully demanding the abolition of slavery without "just compensation," and that a number of Northern states passed laws in violation of the Constitution, that in general a spirit was manifested in the North that was violating the spirit and the letter of the supreme law of the land.

But, was the South justified in going to the other extreme by haughtily refusing to consider any compensation—in effect denying that *that* part of the Constitution could ever be changed; when, in fact, Article 5 provides for the right to amend the whole instrument, with two exceptions then in force, but subject also to change by a reasonable construction?

Such spirit in the South was bad enough, but it is even worse. One of the pledges of the Treaty of Ghent of 1814 solemnly entered into was that both parties to the treaty engaged themselves to abolish slavery within their territory as soon as possible; and history informs us that even "perfidious Albion" did so do in about 1835 without any bloodshed.

Now, here I arise to inquire were those in authority from 1814 to the Civil War so careless as to not know this, or were they so vicious that they did not want to know; for the Constitution declares that all treaties in harmony with the former shall be as binding as the Constitution itself, and yet I have not found any record on the pages of history that any national Executive of that time had called the attention of Congress to such obligations, or that Congress has debated the matter from that standpoint, nor were any efforts made by the proper authorities to abrogate that part of

the treaty—nay, even the highest representative tribunal of the land going so far as to declare that the slave "had no rights which white people were bound to respect——"

In all candor do I admit that the slave of that time and under that law had no other right than the right to *Life*, but such a sweeping decision, denying *all* rights, was an act of partisan insanity.

Thus did North and South violate a solemn pledge to earth and heaven. Such unreasonable positions on both sides would have led to bloody strife even after peaceful separation and thus widened the gulf between them; wise will be the coming generations if they profit by the bitter experience of the past to avoid the errors thereof.

O Columbia, that thou hadst harkened to God's commandment! Then "had thy peace been as a river, and they righteousness as the waves of the sea!"

ANSWER

It is true that the Treaty of Ghent contained the provision referred to, but it is also true that this provision was never regarded as creating a binding obligation upon the two nations concerned. It was recommendatory, only.

First. the Commissioners who were sent out by the United States and Great Britain, respectively, to arrange terms of peace had no authority to deal with the subject of slavery at all. That subject had not been one of the causes of war, and had in no manner become an issue between the belligerents.

Consequently the Agents of the two nations had no more authority to bind their Principals on the subject of slavery than they did to change the land-laws, or to establish free trade, or to declare that the two nations should at the earliest practicable moment abolish the liquor traffic.

Second. While it is true that our Senate ratified the treaty and thus made it a law, this law, like all others, was inferior to the Constitution.

In other words, the Constitution is our supreme law, and it cannot be changed by the senatorial ratification of a treaty.

Third. Great Britain, the other party to the contract, alone had the right to enforce it if it was a binding obligation; and Great Britain never did pay any more attention to that clause of the treaty than the United States did. Upon the contrary, when our deplorable Civil War broke out, Great Britain sympathized with the South, and her most enlightened statesman, Gladstone, was a pro-Southern sympathizer, although personally in favor of Emancipation.

Fourth. England abolished slavery peacefully, just as we would have done had not the aspirants for political power aroused sectional hatreds over the question, but Great Britain did not abolish slavery *because of the Treaty of Ghent.* If any of the British agitators for Emancipation—Wilberforce, Macaulay, Clarke, etc.—even so much as mentioned the Treaty of Ghent, I never heard of it.

Fifth. Although the legal recognition of, and legal protection to, slavery was made a condition *precedent* to the adoption of the Constitution, and although it would have been rank perfidy to have violated this condition precedent, yet the requisite number of states could, by Constitutional Amendment, have decreed the freedom of the slaves—just compensation being provided for.

But, so far as I know, the North never proposed to abolish slavery in that way. The Abolitionists claimed that *Congress* had the power to do what they wanted. Admitting that the supreme law of the land was against them, they denounced the Constitution, and appealed to what they called "the higher law."

It was this attitude of lawlessness, this determination to have their own way *anyhow*, regardless of contract or law, which created the furious hatreds which germinated the Civil War.

That there were hot-heads on both sides, is true. The reckless politician who stakes his own fortune upon the game of human passion, is not peculiar to the North or to the South, to England or to America. History knows him well.

Sixth. It is not true that the "highest tribunal of the land" went so far as to declare that the "slave had no rights which the white people were bound to respect."

That statement is merely an old campaign yarn which I thought had been cast aside decades ago.

The Dred Scott decision, to which reference is made, contains no such language as that, and no language from which such a conclusion can be legitimately drawn.

The Dred Scott case was brought to test what is known as the Missouri Compromise.

Stripped of law phrases, the court's decision amounted to this: that the slave, Dred Scott, did not become a free man (and therefore a citizen) by reason of the fact that he had been carried to what was claimed to be the "*freedom*" side of the alleged Compromise line.

The court having found Dred Scott a slave left him a slave: it did not hash up a bit of "judge-made" law, as is often done, and transform him into a citizen clothed with the rights of a free citizen.

That is all.

But the extreme Abolitionists were so incensed by the decision that they denounced in the most savage terms Chief Justice Taney, one of the purest men that ever wore the ermine, and declared that he had decided that "a slave had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

Seventh. It is not true that the slave "at that time and under that law" had no other right than the right to life.

Both in practice and in law—*especially in practice!*—he had other very precious rights which were universally respected; and the statutes of the South as to slave labor will not suffer very much when compared coolly

and carefully with the statutory regulations, which New England applied to the *white servants*.

The letter which I have thus answered at length interested me deeply, for, unless I am much in error, it was written by a well posted gentleman, who has been honestly misled on certain important points, but whose mind is open to conviction and whose heart is free from sectional hate.

My sincere respects to him!

Under cover with this I am sending a marked circular I received from a prominent banking firm of New York, Boston and Chicago. It is generally supposed that National Bank currency is all backed up by United States bonds. I was surprised to learn that such was not the case, as is publicly announced by this banking firm. Now what I desire to know is: Is there law for this and, if so, when was it passed; what are the restrictions or limitations of said law (if any)? Also what power or official has authority to say what bonds or securities are available for National Bank issues? If Chicago Sanitary District bonds are good security for National Bank currency, why not first-class farm mortgages and other unperishable property? Again, if only favorites are used in this way and "high financiers" are given a monopoly of this queer business, who can say how much currency is afloat based on steel, ship builders and other Standard Oil, Wall Street bonds? Please enlighten me on these points and by so doing I feel confident you will at the same time enlighten many others as ignorant on these points as myself.

ANSWER

The notes issued by the National Banks *must* be secured by government bonds. No other security than the bonds of the Federal Government can be used.

But when the Secretary of the Treasury lends money out of the Treasury to his National bank pets, he accepts as security for the loan any kind of bonds that are satisfactory to him.

It was *thus* that the Chicago Sanitary District bonds got into the clover.

The Pets now have $66,000,000 of Treasury money which they borrow from the Secretary, paying no interest and secured by any sort of collateral that Mr. Shaw thinks good.

DOANS, IND.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I read the Educational Department of the Magazine and get much valuable information therefrom. Will you please give a few strong points on the affirmative of the following question: Resolved, That the United States will perish as other great nations have done. Are there any factors or influences which caused the downfall of other nations to be seen at work now in the United States?

ANSWER

History teaches us that the ruin of nations has been caused by misgovernment, the concentration of wealth, the abuse of Special Privilege, the unequal imposition of taxes, the exercise by favored classes of the powers of government to oppress and plunder other classes, the consequent impoverishment and degradation of the working classes, together with the increase of the idle rich who become immoral and imbecile.

If you will read Mommsen's History of Rome you will be struck by the similarity of social and political conditions which preceded the downfall of Rome and the conditions which now prevail in our own Republic.

Nothing can be more certain than that we are following the beaten track of Class Legislation and reckless class-rule which entombed the great nations of antiquity.

NEW CASTLE, PA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York.

MY DEAR SIR: I happen to be one of those yaps who helped organize the People's Party at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892. I was again sent to St. Louis in '96. I was bug-house enough to be for Norton and Watson, for which I have never had sense enough to offer any apology. At date I happen to be a rural mail carrier I would like to know how I could get your speech on rural mail delivery which you made while in Congress, or I would prefer to have you express yourself on the subject in your Magazine.

ANSWER

The speech referred to merely called attention to the injustice of delivering the mails free of charge to the people of the cities, while the inhabitants of rural communities were deprived of that benefit.

You will find the debate in the Congressional Record of February 17, 1893.

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

Honorable Thomas E. Watson.

Can you find out for me the cost of carrying the mail from Amarillo to Pecos through Pecos Valley? Roswell is the largest town in the Valley. I have stated, if it could be known, that the Government paid the Santa Fé for carrying the mails enough to pay cost of the train. Hope you can give the information, as it will aid me very much in advocating Government ownership, which I think is growing here.

ANSWER

The Government pays $25,548.72 per annum for the carrying of the mail once a day each way, excepting Sunday, over the line referred to—a distance of 371.07 miles.

VINCENT, ALA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Being a subscriber to your Magazine, and very much interested in the Educational Department, I request answers to the following questions:

(1) Was King George III of England any more humiliating to the American people in 1770-1779 than John D. Rockefeller in 1900-1906?

(2) If any, give the difference between "Government ownership" and "Socialism"

(3) With their present progress how long will

it take for J. D. Rockefeller and other financiers to own the United States?

(4) Can a man be a Christian and support a system which permits him to charge his fellow-man rents?

ANSWER

(1) No.

(2) "Government Ownership" is a term applied to the ownership by the state of such *Public* Utilities as railroads, telegraphs, telephones, etc. "Socialism" is the term applied to the doctrine of collective ownership of both public and private utilities and property.

(3) Couldn't answer this unless you put some limit to the "other financiers." If the system of big fish eating little fish keeps on at its present gait there will come a time when there will not be any "others."

(4) If he tries right hard he can. "Rent" is nothing more than the hire which you pay for the use of something which belongs to somebody else.

Does a Christian fall from grace because he charges his fellow man a reasonable price for the use of his mule? If I use your team to do my hauling, should I have you reported to the church because you want me to pay you for the use of your team?

Suppose I have no horse to plow my land and that you have a horse which you are willing that I should use to make my crop. Don't you think you can charge me reasonable hire for the horse and still be a lover of the Lord?

Well, the hire of the horse is but another name for *Rent*. Words ought not to be allowed to muddy the water. Rent is hire and hire is rent! When you bear this in mind you will perhaps realize that no good Christian would want to dead-beat his neighbor out of the use of his ox, his donkey, his mule, his horse, his house or his farm.

Good luck to you.

DUBLIN, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I am trying to get at the truth of this money question. I see no reason why the Government cannot make paper, gold or iron money, and, believe, with you, that the Government should issue the money. And I can easily see that paper would answer every purpose and be vastly better and more economical than gold or silver. I can understand that, because of the demand for gold due to the world-wide use of it as money, we can have unlimited coinage. But I cannot understand how we can have unlimited coinage of silver any more than we could have unlimited coinage of iron or of paper. If the Government is to take silver from the miner, that is worth approximately fifty cents, and by stamping it and giving it the legal tender quality and return it to him, why not do as well by the men who produce copper or nickel? Why not say to the copper miner, "Bring us your metal and we will stamp it and return it to you with an exchange value increased 100 per cent."?

I am in hearty sympathy with your work, and this free coinage is about the only point where I cannot agree with you.

If we had a sufficient legal tender paper currency I can see no reason of having free coinage of gold, but so long as the whole world accepts gold I can see no harm or danger in free coinage as long as we do not increase its value or purchasing power by the coinage.

ANSWER

There is no difference, *in principle*, between the free coinage of gold and the free coinage of silver, *or the free coinage of copper*.

The "custom of nations" gave the preference to silver and gold for money uses, the use of silver as a medium of exchange preceding that of gold. "The money of the merchant" was first silver, then gold. When our forefathers came to frame our own government, after the Revolutionary War, they adopted what was then the "custom of nations"—the use of both silver and gold as money metals *upon equal terms*, according to the mercantile proportion of value then prevailing. All political parties agreed to this. Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Morris worked together in harmony to fix the monetary system which gave us the Bimetallic Standard, with the silver dollar as "*the unit of money*." This monetary system, embedded in the Constitution, was practiced by the United States for nearly one hundred years. Then the British financiers secured by underhand methods the omission of the silver dollar from the Coinage Acts of 1873-1874, and ever since that time our financial system has been more or less unsettled. We cranks and fools—us Pops—merely say that the money system of the Constitution should be restored to the status fixed by our forefathers.

As to the value of silver and gold it must be evident to all that if Great Britain and the United States—to say nothing of other nations—declare by law and custom that an ounce of gold *shall be* coined, freely, into a certain sum of legal tender money, the ounce of gold will always be worth that amount of money as long as the commercial world can absorb that amount of money.

Why?

Because *the law* creates a *Demand* for gold *at that price*. Now if the law did precisely the same thing for silver the results would be precisely the same. And as to copper, or any other metal, the same thing would be true, for the reason that the situation would be controlled by a law which is as undeviating and irresistible as that of gravitation.

ARAPAHOE, NEB.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

I wish to know what kind of a head this government has, any way. Our Uncle Samuel made an exhibit at the Portland, Oregon, Fair. He had a showcase labeled "Legal tender coins of the United States." It contained the copper cent, the nickel five cent, the silver dime, quarter and half dollar pieces and, of course, the gold coins. But the silver dollar did not appear to my gaze.

I understand that the last two administrations at Washington have coined about 400,000,000 of

dollars. These same silver dollars, the present administration says by that exhibit, are not a legal tender. Will you please find out and tell us why the great McKinley and the greatest Teddie have coined so many of these worthless coins? What kind of a trust-busting, trust-supporting head is our Uncle wearing? What authority has this administration or any other for coining silver that is not legal tender?

And lastly, what authority have they for omitting the silver dollar in the exhibit?

ANSWER

No exhibit of legal tender coins can be complete which omits the silver dollar.

All standard silver dollars are legal tender for all debts, public and private, excepting where otherwise stipulated in the contract.

From the beginning of President McKinley's administration down to December 31, 1904, the number of silver dollars coined by the United States mints was $123,954,219. These silver dollars are coined from silver bullion purchased under what is known as the Sherman Act of July 14, 1890.

The silver dollars take their place as a part of the circulating medium of the country.

I do not know why the exhibit of legal tender coins at Portland Fair does not include the standard silver dollar, any more than I understand why the Government, in scaling the postal expenses, pinched a million dollars off the Rural Free Delivery service and added .three millions to the loot which the railroads get.

Walla Walla, Wash., December 3, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: I am a constant reader of your political Magazine. Will you kindly answer following questions: If the Trust Monopoly could be brought to realize the absurdity of their electing U. S. Senators to promote their interests, would any harm result in having the people themselves elect U. S. Senators by a popular direct vote?

(2) Is it right to purchase home-made material for the Panama canal construction if foreign material is to be had of equal quality at a far less expense?

Will the resources of our nation warrant procuring home-made material?

If you have time and space in your political Magazine you would indeed oblige undersigned by explaining those two questions.

Very respectfully,

ANSWER

(1) Whenever the Trusts realize that it is absurd to elect Senators to promote their interests they will certainly quit it. But while the wickedness of the thing is apparent to all, there is no absurdity about it. The Trust Senators do just what the Trusts want them to do. The Trust method of filling the United States with their own lawyers, directors, shareholders and corrupt politicians is very wicked, but it is very successful. In that way the Trusts govern and rob the people.

(2) There would be no harm in having the senators elected by popular vote. It would be the very best thing that could happen. But it isn't going to happen until the common people get so thoroughly aroused against the despotism of the Trusts that the Bosses become alarmed, and grant reforms lest Revolution descend upon them.

(3) In the construction of the Panama Canal it is not right to purchase home-made material when foreign-made material, equally good, can be had much cheaper. But the home-made goods will continue to be bought, all the same. The Trusts which control the manufacturing establishments will see to that, for they control the administration. Mr. Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance distinctly declared in favor of Tariff Revision; but the stand-patters have got control of him now, and he is standing very pat, indeed.

(4) The resources of the nation do not warrant the purchase of home-made material when we have to pay more for it than foreigners have to pay, and when the system under which this is done has already given us a pauper list of *three millions* and a millionaire list of five thousand.

CALHOUN, GA.

Honorable Thomas Watson.

DEAR SIR: I have been told that in Germany, whose government controls the railroads, the freight and passenger rates are higher than in the United States. Is this true?

I am delighted with WATSON'S MAGAZINE. It grows better with each number.

ANSWER

In Germany the service is classified and the rates vary accordingly. If you ride first class, where it is said that "noblemen, Americans and fools" ride, you will pay more than the ordinary fare in this country. If you ride second class where the accommodations are just as good and where the average citizen rides you will pay less. Besides, *you will ride safely.*

German railroads are not in the business of human butchery as ours are. During the last five years in which our railroads slaughtered forty thousand men, women and children—not counting those wounded—the German roads killed *less than a hundred.*

But our roads are run for dividends. The Wall Street rascals who operate them find it cheaper to murder their passengers by criminal negligence than to equip their roads according to the European standard of safety.

MAGNOLIA, LAKIN COUNTY, KY.,
October 14, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson.

DEAR SIR: Will you be so kind as to answer in the Educational Department of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE for November, the following question or questions?

In 1848 to 1850 there was a great output of gold from the mines of California and Australia, and it became so plentiful that many of the European governments demonetized it in 1856 and 1857 because it had depreciated in value. In 1904 the

Democratic Party, and W. J. Bryan has since, contended that the gold standard should be continued because there is such an enormous output of gold at present, particularly from the Klondike mines and other places. If it was demonetized in 1856-57 on account of the great output, why should it not be demonetized for the same reason at the present time?

Most respectfully,

ANSWER

If the output of gold should continue to increase, you may be sure that the Masters of High Finance will soon take steps to counteract the natural consequences of this inflation of the currency.

Already they have partially neutralized the effect of the increased gold supply by compelling the Government to keep $100,000,000 of idle gold in the Treasury. Thus they render it useless and non-competitive. The recent Convention of the Bankers Association suggested that the sum of idle, useless gold in the Treasury be increased to $150,000,000.

In this manner they expect to kill off the competition of that amount of "real money" (see the orthodox Press) with their own "rag money."

Nothing is more certain than that the sudden discovery of such an additional amount of gold as would increase the currency to $50 per capita would again cause the financiers to declare war upon gold and demonetize it.

All the arguments which cuckoos, parrots, monkeys, idiots and party-fanatics made against silver would be made against gold. The word silver would take the place of the word gold as "sound money"; the word gold would take the place of the word silver as the "dishonest dollar" which was worth but fifty-three cents, and the frazzled loafer of the one-hoss town would again voice his indignant demand for a currency "good in Europe."

And the argument against the gold would be just as sound as was the argument against silver.

Shipwrecked Hopes

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

SOMETIMES world-weary hearts will turn
To a land where ghosts of their youth abide,
A land where sunset memories glow,
And shipwrecked hopes drift in with the tide.
Where sad eyes strain through the Straits of Death
For a Ship that sailed to an Unknown Sea,
Laden with laughter and love and faith,
Bringing answer to wistful prayer:
Joy or Sorrow for days to be.

But never the brave Hope-Ship comes home,
Nor ever out of the darkened west,
Gleam of a far white sail shines fair.
Alas! We stand on a wide gray beach,
With empty hearts where a joy has been,
And outstretched hands that groping reach
For the shipwrecked hopes that the tide brings in.

About the Size of It

LITTLE ELMER (*who has an inquiring turn of mind*)—Papa, what is a divorce like?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD—Well, my son, it resembles hash to a considerable extent, being made principally from scraps around the table.

HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE Home Department welcomes suggestions, recipes, useful hints, brief articles, short accounts of what women have done in their homes and home towns, and brief, *true* stories of "Heroism at Home." We are all working together and we want to put into our Department anything that will make the housewife's life brighter and more useful. We, all of us, are the editors of "Home": let us make it as good as we can.

Every month there will be a *prize of a year's free subscription to* WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, *for the best contribution.* There will also be, every month, a *prize of another such free subscription for the best true story of "Heroism at Home," and another such special prize for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."* No two of these prizes will be given to the same person.

The names of those contributing recipes and suggestions will be printed with what they send in, unless they request to have their names omitted. The names of those contributing stories of "Heroism at Home" will *not* be printed unless in exceptional cases. In printing the addresses of contributors only the state will be given, so that they may be spared having all kinds of circulars sent them from business firms who are on the watch for names and addresses.

There is no need to worry about "not knowing how to write." What our Department wants is the *facts*. If any corrections are really needed, they can easily be made. We are n't trying to be "authors" —we're just women trying to help one another

The Editors of the Magazine tell me that it will simplify matters very much if we make a few simple rules for sending in contributions. Let us see how the following will work out:

1 *Make all contributions short and to the point.*

We have only a few pages altogether; there are a lot of us to contribute, and there are many things to talk about.

2. *Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller, Watson's Magazine, 121 West 42d street, New York City.*

3. *Write on one side of the paper only.*

4 *No letters or manuscripts will be returned.*

Make a copy of everything you send if you want to keep it.

July Number.—What women can do for the people of their town, city or district by making the community more healthful and beautiful to live in—sanitation, smoke-nuisances, advertising nuisances and eye-sores, parks, playgrounds, trees, grass, flowers, public baths and so on.

August Number.—What women can do for the community in other respects—establishing circulating and stationary libraries, hospitals, lecture courses, rest rooms, reading rooms, lunch or dinner clubs for factory girls, college settlements and so on, and in securing better schools, better laws and ordinances, needed reforms and desirable improvements.

September Number.—Our fruits and fruit trees. How varieties and species are created and preserved. (A glance at cross-breeding, grafting, budding and selection) A word on our grains and nuts.

Once again we have more material for our Department than our space permits. That doesn't mean that we have more contributions than we want or can use. Far from it! The trouble was that I didn't expect so many as came and wrote more myself than I should have done if I had known. And our subject last month was such a big one that it was really impossible to cover it at all without writing a good deal. However, it was all set up in type, so it will be used later.

The Department is now pretty well under way. I hope still more contributions will come in from now on and that the rest of you will be writing a larger and larger part of each number. Not that I don't enjoy my part of it! But it belongs to *all* of us, and *all* of us should be doing it.

OUR COMMON ORNAMENTAL FLOWERS

THIS would be a very big subject, indeed, if we tried to cover all the ground. Instead we will just take up the simple side of it, getting all the practical, yet, in a way, scientific information we can. Volumes could be written on the beauty of flowers, alone, but anyone ought to be able to appreciate this beauty without help from our Department. Many of you already know the elementary facts about plants, and some of you know a great deal about them. To make sure, we will consider briefly the general way in which a plant is made.

The parts of a plant are root, stem, leaves and flowers.

The root takes up nourishment from the chemicals of the soil and the water in the soil and transforms these chemical elements into matter suitable for plant growth. Before the root takes hold of them they belong to the mineral kingdom; when the root is through with them they belong to the vegetable kingdom. If it were not for this work that the roots do, we shouldn't have anything at all to eat—except salt, which is, I think, the only thing in the mineral kingdom that serves the human race as food in any quantity. And we wouldn't last very long on a diet of nothing but salt. Of course there wouldn't be any animals to eat, either, if it weren't for the roots, for animals, like us, depend on the vegetable kingdom for their food. Some animals live on other animals, but these other animals depend on plants and would starve without them

Some roots are like hairs and some are big and fat, like bulbs. These latter, and roots like those of trees, store up nourishment for the plant to use the next year. Mulleins and turnips, for example, live two years, not making flowers and seeds the first year but merely storing up food to make them the second year. When you see a big, fat root you can generally be sure that the plant lives at least two years.

Of course, the one object of a plant is to bloom and make seeds which will carry on the species after it is dead. It will give one a good foundation always to remember this, and consider the various ways in which plants accomplish it.

Stems are a good deal like roots. They don't take up much nourishment and they serve also to support the leaves and flowers, but they do store and carry nourishment. Sometimes it is hard to tell a root from a stem. For example, the Irish potato is a stem, not a root, and the sweet potato is a kind of cross between the two. It is convenient to consider the root as the plant's stomach and the stem as its arteries for carrying blood.

The leaves might be called the lungs. Scattered over the surface of a leaf, particularly over its under side, are many little mouths through which the plant does most of its breathing. Let us consider what this means. First, we see here the reason for washing the leaves of plants kept in the house. These little mouths become clogged with dirt so that the plant would be smothered to death if they were not cleaned out. Out of doors Nature attends to this by the rain. Second, plants don't breath the same part of the air that we and animals do. They divide it up with us. What we take from the air is poisonous to us and what we take is poisonous to them; what they throw away we seize on, and what we throw away they need and take. Thus the whole world is a great balance, working silently, but without which both plants and animals would all die in time. This is one reason why cities are not so good to live in as the country is—there are not enough plants in the city to keep the air pure for us by taking from it what is injurious to us. And this is the reason why plants are good things to have in the house during the winter when the windows are closed and the air inside not often changed. Some say that at night plants do not act this way and are even injurious to us, but this is not established, and it *is* clear that on the whole they are not only beneficial, but absolutely necessary to us.

Remember this when we come to our subject for July and August, and are considering the value of planting more trees, grass, and flowers in our towns and cities. (Of course, trees, grass and everything else that grows are plants, and are governed by the same laws of Nature.) This also explains why people put growing plants in aquariums with their fish. Water and air both contain what plants breathe. A water plant takes it from water just as the others do from air. And fish take from water what *they* need, just as we and animals do from air. That is why fish have gills—they take water in at their mouths and discard the parts of it they don't want through their gills The animal kingdom takes oxygen from both air and water and throws off carbonic acid gas: the vegetable kingdom does just the opposite. Food for one is poison for the other. Working together they keep each other alive.

The root does not work all the chemical changes. The stem and leaves also do this, and one change is particularly to be noted. Without sunlight, direct or indirect, plants would not be green. They will grow without it to a certain extent, however, as is witnessed by a potato in a dark cellar. It will send out long, whitish shoots with tiny leaves, without even a ray of sunlight. Celery, too, is "bleached" by keeping the tender leafy tips covered up. It takes light to make plants green, and the green color is the result of chemical changes induced by the sun within the stem and leaves.

Before we consider the flower, it may be as well to note that all parts of a plant are composed of cells. A plant is like a honey-comb full of honey, only the cells are so tiny that you need a very strong magnifying glass to see them, the juice in them passes from one cell to another, and all of these cells are alive and able, by that wonderful process we call life, to create more cells like themselves. Cut a plant stem across and you will see many very minute fibres and divisions, but these are not cells. Each one of them is composed of many, many cells! The reason that so many plants "turn to the sun" is that the sun shrivels the cells in some places and enlarges those in other places, so that the whole plant is bent. When flowers are cut for vases and begin to wither, you know you can freshen them up by cutting off a little more

from the ends of the stems. You see, the tiny cells at the very end have been injured or die, and can no longer take nourishment from the water. Cut above them and you place fresh cells in contact with the water and the flowers show renewed life.

This brings us to the fact that all parts of a plant, being made of these cells, are essentially very much alike. You cut a flower and its stem from a plant and put it in water. Those cells in the stem had been spending their lives almost entirely in merely carrying nourishment, but as soon as the root is no longer there to get nourishment for them to send on to the leaves and flower, they at once begin to do the work of the roots and take up nourishment from the outside. Generally they can't do it very long, but in many plants they can do it until they manage to do something else. You know what the little stem cells do in an oleander cutting if you put it in a bottle of water, or what they do in a bit of geranium stem if you put it in wet sand. They set to work to make new roots!

You may know, too, that if in the early spring you bring in some little branches of pussy-willow, apple, peach, or other common fruit tree, the stem cells will act as roots and take nourishment from water for the willow to send out a lot of little new branches, and for the fruit branches actually to burst forth into blossom weeks and weeks before those outdoors have shown any sign of renewed life. Of course, there is a little nourishment already stored up in the stems. A twig of lilac, treated in the same way, will come into full leaf, and some claim to have made them blossom, but I never saw this done. If you will try some of these experiments next spring you will not only find it a very interesting experience and afford friends a surprise, but you will have a most charming decoration for your home, and a beautiful promise of the coming spring long before there are any signs of it outside.

Now, let's look at the flower. The real purpose of a flower is merely to produce seed for next year, but many flowers make themselves very beautiful and bring much pleasure and gentleness into the world while they are working. An admirable example for us to follow! They are also the most important part of a plant in finding the name and the family to which a plant belongs.

Take the apple blossom. At the base of it you will find five little green leaves grown together in a little cup which holds the rest of the flower. These five little green leaves are called *sepals*; taken together, a *calyx*. Then come five colored leaves, called *petals;* taken together, the *corolla*. Inside the petals are many little spikes with bunches of yellow on the end. These are *stamens* and the yellow stuff is *pollen*. In the midst of these stamens are two to five other little spikes, called *pistils*. They go down into the little ball called the *ovary*, down inside the calyx. In the ovary are what will later become seeds. The ovary itself in most plants becomes the fruit, but in the apple it is the calyx that becomes the edible part. You can see the ovary, however, if you cut an apple in two—it is the core.

These are the parts of a flower. They are not always all present, but in any perfect flower there are always two things—stamens and an ovary with at least part of a pistil on it. Without these a flower could make no seeds. To make a seed the pollen from its stamens or those of another flower must fall on the pistil or be carried there by the wind, a bee or other insect, or a bird. (Some plants, like the maple tree, have no perfect flowers, flowers with stamens being on one tree and flowers with pistils on another, or one kind on one part of a plant and the other kind on another part.) When the pollen sticks to the pistil it works down to the ovary and fertilizes the little *ovules* in it. Unless it does this, the ovules will never turn into seeds.

Look at a pea, sweet-pea, bean, wistaria or locust (all members of the Pulse Family). Here you will find all the parts, but in different shapes. Sometimes in this family the calyx is wanting or falls away early. Look at the common violet (Violet Family) and you will find them all. Look at the lily (Lily Family). All the parts are here, too, but petals and sepals are just alike and form one ring together.

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The rest of our discussion of flowers will have to be held over till next month, for lack of space. Something has to be taken out this month and I much prefer taking out what I've written myself rather than anything of yours.

In some later number we might, if you wish, take up the most interesting subject of how new varieties and species are created artificially, and how old ones are preserved from generation to generation. You know that the seeds of highly cultivated plants or trees hardly ever produce new plants or trees just like the old ones, and that if any ordinary garden is deserted most of its cultivated flowers will "revert" to the original plants from which they had been artificially cultivated through many generations into something very different. The sweetpea, for example, and practically all the varieties of our common fruits and grains have been artificially made. You probably already know something of these artificial methods—selection, grafting, budding and cross-breeding. The last of these, though discovered several centuries ago, has been developed only in the last thirty years, and is already accomplishing marvelous things. Perhaps the most famous cross-breeder is Mr. Luther Burbank, the "California Wizard." Fruits and fruit-trees have been suggested as our subject for September, and it might be a good plan to take up at the same time these artificial methods of making and preserving

varieties and species and to have a word also on grains and nuts.

REFERENCES FOR LAST MONTH

The reading list on the questions we talked about last month under "Why Women Should be Interested in Politics" will be found in the new "Progress of Reform" Department in this issue. You see, we have already begun to help the men in politics!

National Flowers

I note in April number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE you have asked the questions: "What is the national flower of Scotland? Of Ireland? Of our country?" The thistle is Scotland's and the shamrock Ireland's, but our country has not yet adopted a flower, though several of the states have.

I would like to suggest that you mention this subject in your June article on flowers; and I would also like to say that I believe the laurel to be peculiarly appropriate as our national emblem. It has for centuries been the symbol of recognition of high merits and honor. The laurel is hardy and evergreen and is native in some one of its many varieties to almost every part of the world; and our nation is made up of many people of as many countries, besides the native born American. The different varieties of laurel have as many sizes of growth, from the small shrub to the lofty and magnificent *Magnolia grandiflora*, or Big Laurel, thus typifying the flourishing or otherwise growth of these different people. The laurel is hardy, beautiful and fragrant. Some of the flowers are white, denoting purity, while others are roseate or yellow, again denoting the different temperaments of our Americans. Perhaps the mountain laurel has the most graceful and delicate sprays of any other variety; therefore would be the most desirable as "Our National Flower."

Mrs. W. P. Laramore. Georgia.

This is, indeed, a good suggestion. The Department would like to know what some of the rest of you think about it.

The three following excellent contributions come from "some of your Baltimore Friends." The allegory of the flowers is particularly charming.

What Is Happiness

"How hast thou spent the winter?" asked the Rose, bending her stately head to the form of the stately Lily.

"Alas, the rays of my glory are not warming. Heaven refused nothing to my spirit. But the heart never found the ideal of its dreams. I was born to walk my brilliant frozen path—alone. Lovely Rose, I, the proud, the admired, have I ever been happy?"

"I was a court lady!" quoth the dashing Tulip, "and my whole life was but one mocking delusion. I had rank, riches, beauty and talent, but the husband I loved, the sainted home of my children, were sacrificed for the sake of false friends and frivolity. But, when my youth had faded and with it the power of worldly reign, I had no home to turn to. I saw nothing around me but spectres of a misspent life. Lovely Rose, I have known the brilliant wretchedness of life; but, its happiness, never!"

"My brow bleeds under the martyr's crown of thorns!" quoth the Passion Flower. "I have been pierced by a hundred daggers. I was champion of truth and charity and offered my life for happiness of my brethren. The reward has been suffering and martyrdom. I died far from those I loved. But the truth for which I suffered did not die. It rose out of the lonely grave and entered souls which had doubted. It conquered, and now those who refused every comfort to the living erect statues to the dead. Lovely Rose, has happiness ever crowned the great saviors of mankind?"

"And thou," asked the Rose, bending her earnest face to the little Violet's, "what sayest thou?"

"I," replied the little flower in her soft, melodious voice, "can tell you no such brilliant tales. I can glory in neither fame nor conquests. My life flowed on quietly in a low little cottage with a husband and beautiful children I brought up to be charitable and loving to each other and their fellow-beings. Far from the trouble and bustle of the world, I sought life's true meaning in the hearts of those I loved. I was happy, lovely Rose, because *contentment, innocence and love* are happiness."

A Bunch of Flowers

How perfectly beautiful are a group of daisies and grasses, gathered by the wayside, if arranged with skill and taste! Far more beautiful to most of us, I am sure, than a bunch of priceless orchids.

It is too generally the custom to esteem a flower for its monetary value. Often, not until the hand of the artist emphasizes and reveals it to our duller vision, do we realize their worth.

A bunch of ox-eyed daisies, interspersed with their leaves, which naturally surround them, is as appropriate to a drawing-room as to an attic chamber. It may adorn a Japanese vase or conceal the ugliness of a broken pitcher. Nature plants a parterre for us everywhere, so that our home may never be in need of ornament.

How to Preserve Cut Flowers

To keep your flowers vivid, rise early. No freshener like the dew of the morning whether for blossom or complexion. Poppies plucked before the sun has dried dewdrops in their hearts and quickly placed in water will sometimes last for two days.

The same thing holds good for other tender garden flowers, such as nasturtiums and heliotropes, which, when plucked at this hour, will retain their freshness; whereas, if culled when the sun lies upon them, they will droop and turn black in the shadiest parlor.

Flowers and plants wilt because water is transpired by the leaves and petals more rapidly than it is taken up through the stem. It is advisable to cut stems off a second time, so that while under water all channels may be without obstruction.

Following are a few Japanese customs. Rather queer, I admit. But, perhaps, some of us will think they are worth giving a trial.

If wistaria is wanted for decoration, burn its stem, then immerse in spirits. Flowers which suck up water with difficulty are improved by treating ends of the stems with fire or hot water. Sand plants, fire; water plants, boiling water.

Some of Your Baltimore Friends.

This is a beautiful suggestion that ought to be carried out. The thought in it is very true, as well as beautiful.

A Word for the Children's Flower and Vegetable Garden

Yes, let them have a small place to plant their seeds and teach them how to cultivate same. This will be the happiest part of their life. When the buds and blossoms open, watch their supreme delight. Angels will smile on this industry, for it is a God-given inspiration to lead the little ones on up to pleasure and the duties of future life.

Now, all who have the honored name of parent, hasten to assist in this long-neglected blessing. Yes, the ownership of the little garden will bless and strengthen every nerve and inspire confidence in their ability to perform such fine work, so much like father and mother's garden. Their first flower will have the richest colors and the sweetest perfumes of any far more beautiful. It is a disgrace to deprive the sweet children of such privileges. The children of today are soon to take our place in church and state. It now behooves us to give them the benefit of our knowledge so that they may possibly and happily climb higher in profitable pursuits to bless all around them more than we have. Give the children music and flowers, and they are safe from vice and illness. Jehovah blesses our efforts in uplifting our little pledges of love that they may make the world better by their having lived in it. Now, as we pass this way but the one time, may we watch every step. Then we can tell the little ones where the rough places are.

This subject widens so rapidly I hasten to a close.

May choice blessings surround Mrs. Miller and may every effort she makes in her holy calling be crowned with pleasure and profit, blessing all the families in her jurisdiction.

I have flower and garden seeds for our school now, at Billingsley, Alabama.

Mrs. Ira Campbell, Alabama.

The following is a letter that comes from the heart and should reach the heart! No stronger reasons than the ones here set forth ought to be needed to prove that every good woman should be interested in politics.

Woman and Politics

My few lines may be too late for the May issue of the Magazine, but I can't refrain from writing a few lines in regard to "Woman in Politics." But those questions Mrs. Miller has asked—does she expect them all answered in one issue?

Some give as a reason why women should not be in politics, that politics are "dirty." And, pray, who made them so? The men, of course. But why should a woman be interested in or understand politics; when her home ought to consume so much of her time? Why? Because today she goes side by side with brother, father or husband, as the case may be, and takes her place in the mill and the shop! All day, and sometimes far into the night, she must toil with aching limbs and throbbing head, and why? *If home is woman's sphere, who dragged her from that sphere and forced her into the sweatshops* of our nation? Conditions brought about by rascally politicians who work only for the interest of the few.

Sisters, did you read "The Miner's Story" in the April issue? My God, must we continue to see our husbands, fathers and sons crushed? Must we continue on without a word of protest? Most assuredly the five million women wage workers of our nation should be in politics! If politics are "dirty," purify them! "The hand that rocks the cradle," does it rule the world? Yes, but today it is more of a misrule. The ignorance of the masses today can be traced to ignorant mothers. Mothers, if you never cast a vote, if you are ashamed to discuss politics, get busy and understand for the sake of those who must soon take our places. Endow your children with a love for something better than trashy literature, ten cent monthlies and dime novels.

Reason after reason might be given why we should understand economics, but I will let someone who knows more than I give the others. But, remember this, every suggestion by any or all of you will be welcomed by me, but I have so little spare time for reading except at night. After toiling nearly thirteen hours, sometimes more, I find myself almost too tired to read with a brain deadened by the incessant roaring of machinery. Let us get busy, and may God help us.

"George Martin," Georgia.

Here is a good strong one on our subject for last month.

Should Women be Interested in Politics

Yes, certainly. Why? There are thousands of reasons, I am sure. But for the lack of space we shall only endeavor to give some of the important ones, which alone would settle the question beyond a reasonable doubt. (1) Because "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." (2) The characters of the women of a nation mold the character of the nation. (3) The condition of your wives' and mothers' political education makes the political situation of your country. If your wives and mothers are ignorant and disinterested along this line, you have a majority of voters of the "hit-and-miss" type, who are as ignorant of their own interest as it is possible for men to be. (4) "God said it was not good for man to be alone," and He gave him woman for a helpmeet. (5) She has the most powerful influence in the world. (6) She is a freeholder and must pay taxes (and under our present system she has "Taxation without representation," the very thing our men fought so bitterly against years ago). (9) Because, by her indifference, they drift into manhood without any political principles and become a disgrace to their race, when, with the right training, they would have been a blessing and left their mark in the world. (10) Because of the "liquor traffic." If she could not stamp it out, her influence would throw a damper on it that would save thousands of boys and, if it were my boy, or your boy alone saved, we would say 'twas good for women to be interested in politics. (11) Because to protect our sons she must be up and on the alert and realize this interest is her very own interest and her only hope. (12) Last, but not least, women as a rule give their time and talent to "Christianity." They make it the paramount thought of life as our men do "politics," but fail to see that the two are so closely connected that to be indifferent to one is a detriment to the other. She keeps the great wheel of "Reformation" rolled back regardless of the strength and energy she puts forth. She must keep her hand upon the throttle of Christianity and her eye upon the political track, if she would pilot the great train of reform into the station of "Success." And to do this she must be equally interested in both Christianity and politics. Woman needs no urging to become interested in politics. She needs only to be reminded of these facts. Woman must become interested and to the degree that she will desire to give her voice against wrong and for right. Christianity would be a failure without woman and 'tis equally true of politics. A noble woman would no sooner sell her honor than her virtue.

Mrs. Annie Bruton, Missouri.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside. If you don t need this help, remember that many other women *do* need it and need it badly. Help them by doing these two things:

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2 If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department. If you find a magazine article of this kind and do not want to cut it out, send us the name of the article, an idea of what it is about and the name of the magazine in which it appears, giving the year, month or week, and the page. If you send either a newspaper or magazine clipping, always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

We will publish, every month, selections from these articles and clippings and will give the names of all of them, with the name of the publication from which they are taken. In this way we can always have a good reading list on hand and be in touch with a great deal of information about our everyday things.

Special Prize

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE, sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

Teaching Butter-Making

In some of the colleges of the country, notably Illinois College, Purdue, in Indiana, and the Ohio State University, there are regular courses in butter-making. There are, of course, many such institutions that offer a complete course in agriculture, so that the students can fit themselves for farming just as other students do for the law, medicine, teaching and business. All the most modern appliances of field, dairy and so on are used. Butter-making is taught not only to ordinary men and women but also to those who have big creameries. All the butter, milk and cream is disposed of at the highest market prices in the towns in which the college is situated. The Indiana college, in two churnings a week, turns out 2,500 pounds of fine butter. They teach practice as well as theory.

Beds

There is no end to the interesting facts about beds. I hope some of the rest of you will add some more to the following.

Every country has its own kind. In ancient Palestine they used a simple couch both for reclining during the day and for sleeping at night. Through Europe the beds are generally of open couch form, usually for one person, with one or two hair or wool mattresses. Often curtains are hung from the ceiling. In Germany and some parts of France a large flat bag of down is used as a cover, so short that one has to "learn how" before one can get any good out of it. Sometimes in Germany a big bag or mattress of down is the only covering used in cold weather. In Oriental countries a rug on the floor is often the only bed. In Japan the thin mattress is laid flat on the floor and put away during the day. Instead of having dining-room chairs the old Romans reclined on couches at the table. Through Spain and much of France the natives today use simple iron beds even in remote and primitive districts where there are almost no other modern conveniences. These iron beds and the tile floors make it easy to keep out vermin. To prevent dust annoying the sleeper the Romans sometimes used canopies, but only in England has this arrangement been thoroughly perfected, though in France one often finds round canopies above the bed. There is an old superstition that no one can die calmly on a mattress of game-bird feathers.

Right here in America there are dozens and dozens of kinds of beds, from the rough board bunk to the finest air-mattresses and water-beds—old four-posters, folding beds, iron beds, wooden beds, brass beds, cots, folding cots and many more.

VARIOUS HINTS.

Work

One of the greatest blessings bestowed upon humanity by an all-wise Creator is the ability and necessity to work. There are some kinds of work that every human being ought to know how to do, and to do well. Of such kinds are the preparation of food, the care of the house, and such things as are always necessary to be done. Boys should be taught to excel in these things the same as girls. As a general thing boys are better taught about what is considered boy's work than girls are in their department. So many mothers say, "My girls will have a hard time when they go to housekeeping and I want them to have some enjoyment while they are with me." So they double their own burdens, and perhaps hire help whose inefficienicy and wastefulness is an added strain on an income already too small. How much better it would be to teach the girls to enjoy the work and learn it so thoroughly that when they have houses of their own to keep there will be no "hard times," but, instead, the pleasure that always comes of being really mistress of the situation, with everything in their own hands to manage as they please. Everything there is to be done in the way of housekeeping, cooking, washing, ironing, milking and any other necessary work about the house should be considered as a part of the education of a girl, no matter what may be the condition of her parents. And this should be so general that girls would strive to excel in these arts with the same zeal that they show in their competitions at school. It would be a good idea for parents to stimulate the pursuit of knowledge of this kind by the offer of rewards for excellency in any of those jobs about housekeeping that are considered particularly disagreeable or difficult, such as the care of cooking vessels, the cleaning of fowls, fish, etc. Everyone likes to do what he or she can do better than anyone else, and so a taste for domestic pursuits might be formed that would save many a household from wreck. The boys should rival their sisters in these accomplishments, and much innocent pleasure might be enjoyed in neighboring families by competition of this kind. All domestic training should constantly instil the principles of true economy. The work should be done in the quickest and easiest way and the object should always be the best meal at the lowest cost. The effect of a system of this kind would be to greatly increase the chances of a happy married life for the young people of the family, and to greatly decrease the cares of the mother of the household. Surely it is worth a trial.

Mrs. Lucy T. Russell, Georgia.

For anyone troubled with poor digestion the simplest cure "that ever was" is to take *only* a cup of good tea for your breakfast and eat the other two meals between 11 and 12, and 5 and 6, taking *care* to eat them *slowly*, or you will be likely to eat too much—*take an hour*. Insomnia is quite often only bad digestion.

—— ——, *New York.*

Don't Strain at a Gnat and Swallow a Camel

I know a tall, commanding woman who talks eloquently on the subject of microbes, both in clubs and at her own family fireside. Yet, she is breeding an army of them in her own flour-barrel. I have it on good authority that a woman who was called in to do a few hours' work in her kitchen, not long since, found in her flour-barrel a fresh sack of flour, a rolling-pin with bits of dough sticking to it, a little paper sack with a twisted mouth and containing three stale onions, a package of cereal filled with life, but not freshness, six cereal boxes containing each a tablespoon of chicken feed and a pound of moldy cheese which had not been opened since it came from the grocery at least a month before.

Yet this woman's children are so well trained on the subject of microbes that they would not dare kiss their best friend, and actually refused to eat some molasses candy which a kind neighbor made as a cure for their colds because they feared a stray microbe might have been sticking to the lady's fingers and got entangled in the candy when she was stretching it.

Mrs. Ellen Sergeant Rude, Lyons, Wayne Co., New York.

No matter how humble the home, if presided over by a cheerful, thrifty, refined woman; it may be the abode of comfort, character-building and happiness. It may be a sweet resting-place after toil; a balm for a wounded heart; and a blessing at all times.

It is of good women rather than great ones that we mostly hear, but the woman who has determined the character of men and women for good is not only good, but great, and her influence, though unrecorded, will live after her.

There are women in whose presence we feel as if we inhaled a kind of spiritual air, strengthening us to noble action, exercising an influence that awakens the good that lies in every nature.

'Tis Christian women that we need—Christian mothers in everyday life. Children cannot be sound in morals, if mothers are the reverse. The purity of character and strength of mind of men and women finds its best support in the Christian mother.

M. Ida Fleming, Alabama.

The prize for the best general contribution goes to Mrs. Lucy T. Russell, of Georgia. As usual, there were two or three other excellent contributions that made me miserable trying to decide fairly and justly. Awarding the prizes is by far the hardest part of my work and the only part of it that is not a pure pleasure to me. Of course, it is pleasant to give a prize to the winner, but it is so hard not to give one to all of you!

HEROISM AT HOME

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

Every month the Department will publish a little story of heriosm *in the home*—not any one act of heroism, but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over* 500 *words*. The shorter, the better. *Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to* WATSON'S MAGAZINE *sent to any name you choose. Tell your story simply and plainly.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The reason for not printing the names in this case is that the stories are true and the characters in them are real people, who might be sensitive about having their most private affairs set forth in type with their right names appearing in it. If we published the names and addresses of the persons who send in the story about them it would be almost the same as publishing their own names. In each number there will be a note saying that such and such a story receives the prize, but no names will be given. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

The prize this month is awarded to "A Boy." Every number there seems to be great difficulty in deciding between two of the stories. This time "A Hero" is the one that makes it hard to call any other heroic life better. The Southern gentleman (gentleman in the higher sense of the word as well as by birth) in "A Hero" commands all the admiration and respect we are capable of, but the nine-year-old boy, who faced similar odds with equal courage and with a sense of duty and an unselfishness and devotion worthy of any grown man, seems to claim first place this month.

A BOY

In response to your request for true stories of heroism in the home I am pleased to submit the following incident, which came under my notice about a year ago, and which I have since followed with much interest.

The hero is a young fellow going on fifteen years of age, who has been the sole support of a family of four, including himself, since his ninth year. About this time his father died and he was obliged to leave school and go to work in a foundry, where the work was such as would have taxed the strength of a lad far older than he, but, fortunately, nature had endowed him with a sturdy physique, and he was able to hold the job. The four dollars a week received from the foundry was hardly enough to keep a family of four, so his evenings were spent in building up a newspaper route to such proportions as to give him a total income of about $8.25 a week, on which the family lived.

For five years this heroic, heart-breaking grind of day, night, and Sunday work was kept up, until an outraged nature rebelled, and he was obliged to seek for a position where the work was less exhaustive. His story being known to the manager of the factory in which he is at present employed, he gave him a job at $9 a week, and the evenings heretofore spent in selling papers are now devoted to study.

Here the story might end, but it would leave untold the saddest part—the part in which the truly heroic character of this boy is shown in a way that must win the admiration of all who hear the story.

His mother is a drunkard, and this sad truth has placed a burden of grief upon his youthful heart far more oppressive than that entailed by the struggle for bread. The expression of the eye betrays the feelings of the heart, and the spontaneous enthusiasm of youth has been withered up. His many well-wishers have repeatedly advised him to have the mother committed to the County House and the children placed in a home, but he declared to the writer a few months ago that as long as he is able to keep them together he will never break up the home. No matter what her sin, she is still his mother. This strikes me as being the key-note of true heroism in the home.

With best wishes for the success of your helpful department, I am.

Yours truly,
D. E. C., New York State.

A HERO

THE grandest victories of life are not always recorded in history. And some of the greatest heroes are unknown and unsung. My mind reverts to such a hero, whom I knew and loved. And I yield to the impulse to write his simple story.

Thomas Davenport was born in South Carolina, but soon after his mother's second marriage the family moved to Georgia. His own father had died when he was quite young, leaving a handsome estate. When he moved from the state of his nativity, his stepfather, at his request, was appointed his guardian. He was in college when war was declared between the states, and he donned the gray at the age of seventeen to fight in defense of the South. He entered the army a rich boy. When hostilities were suspended he returned home to find himself bereft of everything except a little real estate which his stepfather had turned over to him—all he had left out of the wreck of a "lost cause." The home place, being the largest house in ———, had been used as a hospital by the soldiers and had been destroyed by fire. The servants' houses and a small cottage were all that was left standing on the lot. He promptly deeded this property back to his mother, with the assurance that it would be his first ambition in life to rebuild the home and restore to her the comforts she had been forced to renounce. He was engaged to a beautiful girl, but he had her sever the engagement because he felt duty came first and he hated to bind her to a long waiting. Thus, his first sacrifice in his devotion to his mother. The inclination to complete his college course was strong, but to do so he knew would cause his mother deprivations, so he spurned the idea. Though abhorrent to the Southern pride in which he had been mothered, he decided to retain some of the horses and conduct a dray while studying law.

The bulk of these earnings were contributed to the support of the family—to rear a large family of children. Ere long he saw there was an opening for a good school, so turned his attention to the instruction of the young. This was a successful venture, but he soon resigned it to engage in the practice of law. His business was prosperous, and how happy he was to realize his first dream and place his mother in a large and comfortable home! He might have then listened to the alluring voices of beauty and love, for what man has not felt the desire to love and be loved again? But just then the tidings came that his oldest sister was dead and had left three little boys. Again self was submerged, and he assumed the support and education of the orphan boys. If the heart's truest felicity consists in resigning all that is dear to one's self to promote the happiness of others, then to the fullest extent he experienced that joy. All during this time constant demands were made upon his stock of patience and finances to aid his two brothers' families, who had been unfortunate. And many friends and the poor, as well, owed much to his kind liberality. He achieved success at the bar, was highly esteemed and was mayor of the city when he was called to his long rest. His noble life has been an inspiration to me. For when the cares are so heavy and the way so rough that I stagger under the burden, my mind reverts to his life of self sacrifice and immolation and I am stimulated to press on, work and be brave. "It is better to live in the grateful memory of one true heart than an hour on the crest of fame." For eternity his image is engraven on the heart of his sister!

M. H. S., Georgia.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW.

From a collection of recipes that dates back almost to "War Time" we shall give a few every month just as they stand in the old hand-written book that has come down to us. Along with them occasional new recipes of the present day will be given.

Meringues

The whites of nine eggs beaten to a stiff froth with a pound of soft, white, fine sugar. Lay out a spoonful at a time, or shape to fancy. Bake in the oven. Can be served with whipped cream or ice cream, or used as shells to contain either of these.

Silver Cake

Five eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, half cup of butter, three tablespoons of milk, small teaspoon of cream of tartar, half teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour. Beat the whites of the eggs separately, using them only. Bake in a slow oven

Doughnuts

Two cups of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, four eggs, five tablespoons of melted butter, five tablespoons of melted lard, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, a little salt, one nutmeg, flour enough to roll out.

Chopped Pickle

Two dozen onions, two double handfuls of horseradish, two pounds of white mustard seed, one-fourth pound of ground ginger, four tablespoons of black pepper, two tablespoons of cinnamon, two of allspice, one nutmeg, three dozen button onions, three small red peppers, one teacup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of ground mustard.

Flannel Cakes

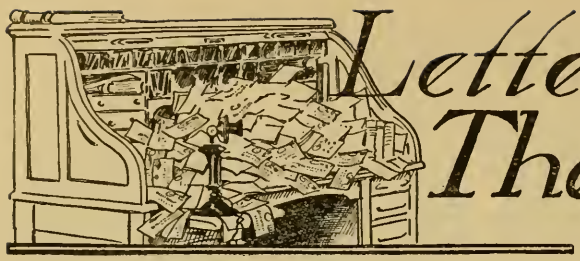
One quart of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, two eggs, beating the whites separately. Do not make the batter too thin.

THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

Under this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the works of some great man. There is no ule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and an aid to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

The following is a well-known selection from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," with which many of you are familiar. But it is something to read again and again, to think over, and to make a rule of life. In an earlier number we had one of Stevenson's "Prayers Written at Vailima."

> To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.
>
> —*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

W. J. Hicks, Ashford, Ala.

The reform measures advocated by the President, I think, will be of little benefit to the people, provided they can be effected as he desires. If the railroads can be, and are controlled by a commission, the changes made by it will, in my opinion, amount to little so far as the people generally are concerned. The benefit to the traveling public will be very slight. Passenger rates may be fixed at 3 cents per mile. This is greatly too much, but will be permitted in order to pay dividends on watered stocks. The big officials will be permitted to receive fat salaries and the wages of the hard laborers will be increased but little. The gentlemen who may compose the commission may be ever so able and honorable, still they will be, more or less, under the influence of purse-proud millionaires and heartless shylocks, who will not be satisfied with anything less than the pound of flesh. Their chief effort, no doubt, will be to appease the wrath of the people and permit these soulless corporations to make money on watered stock regardless of the legal obligations they are under to do business for the public good.

James Logue, Washburn, Texas.

Pardon my presumption in saying that I do not think you catch the meaning of the inquiry of a Rockham, S. D., friend (page 115, WATSON'S MAGAZINE for March), asking a second time what Wm. H. English meant when he said "a large sum to our credit for lost and destroyed bills."

We will say that some citizens of Washburn owned $50,000 of government bonds. They desired to start a bank, but had no money—only these bonds. The government says to them: "We will print $50,000 in paper money to be called notes of the National Bank of Washburn. We will then go your security that if any one gets one of these bills and presents it at your window that you will pay him its face in lawful money, but you must deposit these bonds with us as collateral." I then go to the bank and borrow $50,000, and they pass me out over their counter this $50,000 the government has just turned over to them. Then I take these notes home, and lose or destroy them. The bank will of course make me and my securities pay this $50,000; it then goes out of business. Its agreement with the government was that it would return these notes for cancellation and receive back its bonds, but when it assures the government that these notes have all been destroyed the bonds are turned over to it anyway. So the bank has the amount of bonds it started with and the $50,000 that I paid it for the loans of the notes. Hence this whole $50,000 is "to the bank's credit for lost or destroyed bills."

Roger Cameron, Boston, Mass.

The article on "De Foe" in the December number of your publication is most interesting and instructive—worthy of the man and his manly efforts to improve his fellow men.

J. M. Hughes, Boston, Tex.

Quite a lot of old-time reformers of this place are taking your journal and to say that we are pleased with its contents does not begin to express our appreciation. I keep my numbers on the move doing missionary work for the great cause of the people against the oppression of greed and rascality.

Could the honest thinking men of America be induced to subscribe for and read your incomparable journal there would be "something doing" about 1908.

Samuel W. Williams, Vincennes, Ind.

I am glad to note continued improvement in the Magazine and gratified that you will shorten the name to "Watson's Magazine." That "Tom" never did sound dignified and I did not like it.

J. H. Calderhead, Helena, Mont.

At a meeting called in this city for the purpose of organizing an association having for its object the securing of fair and just railroad rates in this state the following resolutions were offered by J. H. Calderhead and O. P. Chisholm. In issuing the call for

the meeting it was stated that "The railways of this country are exercising a function of Government" and the chairman in an able address supported this view. The resolutions are based on this statement.

"Whereas: The railways of this country are exercising a function of Government:

We declare

"That the railroads are public highways which it is the exclusive and mandatory duty of the Government to provide where public interest and convenience demand it.

"That the Government has provided for the building, maintenance and operation of these public highways through the medium of agents of the Government known as railroad corporations contrary to every principle of good government.

"That the Government in creating these public corporations conferred on them two of the sovereign powers of the State which are first: the right of eminent domain—for the purpose of securing for them by condemnation the necessary lands for right of way and terminal facilities —and second: the right to levy a tax on those using these highways for their maintenace and operation.

"That these public corporations acting as the agents of the State have by usurpation used the right of condemnation to take private property for private use and have used the power to tax the people for private gain

"That by delegating these functions of Government to these agents we have placed the sovereign power of the State, which should be used to promote the public good, in the hands of a subject to be used for private gain.

"That the conferring of these powers on these corporations is contrary to the constitutions and institutions of this free Government.

"That the sovereign power of the State has not authority to levy taxes for a private purpose, not to take private property for private use.

"That these powers in the hands of the corporations have been used not to promote the general welfare and prosperity of the nation, but in their hands have become a danger and menace to the industrial and political liberty of the people.

"Therefore be it resolved that it is the sense of this convention that the Government should at once condemn all railroads in the United States, pay for them in full legal tender money, and operate them for all time in the interests of the American people.

(Signed)

"J. H. CALDERHEAD, of Helena.
"O. P. CHISHOLM, of Bozeman."

Christopher Otting, Evansville, Ind.

That the currency question will never be settled until it is settled right is showed by the numerous jolts and turns it has received lately. In fact, ever since the Greenback Party started its agitation in 1876 has it been occupying a front seat among the important questions of the day and this it will continue to do until it is settled right.

During the first week of January, 1906, in an address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, a banker of that city, called attention to the fact that our currency system is radically wrong, declaring that unless its defects were speedily corrected the consequences would be most serious, if not disastrous.

The plans of Mr. Schiff and of Secretary Gage to reform our system are open to serious objections, chief among which is that they leave the absolute control of our currency in the hands of the bankers, brokers and speculators.

Would it not be better to retire all our different kinds of currency, which now consists of greenbacks, blackbacks or National Bank Notes, gold certificates, silver certificates and coin certificates, not to mention gold, silver, nickel and copper coins, and replace the same with a single and uniform issue of certificates of value?—Such certificates to be issued by the general Government without the intervention of National Banks and to be in some such form as this:

"This certifies that the bearer hereof has parted with Labor, its production, or property to the amount of Five Dollars and is therefore entitled to receive the same in return for this certificate. This is a full legal tender for all dues and debts, public and private, within the United States of America and her Colonies."

This would give us a stable and cheap circulating medium which would be based, not only on the few tons of precious metals we can accumulate in our National Treasury, but on all the taxable wealth of the Nation. It would not require the payment of a single cent of interest or a borrower to get it into circulation as is the case with every dollar issued by or through the National Banks.

But, say you, how are you going to get these bills or certificates into circulation? That is easy.

If we issue Four Billion Dollars' worth of these certificates of value (which would be somewhere near fifty dollars per capita) with which to replace the various kinds of bills and notes now in circulation, we will have quite a start toward getting them circulated. Then we could buy bonds with our gold reserve and retire them up to the point where all our four billion certificates were in circulation.

Under this arrangement we would no longer require a gold reserve as we would have no notes in circulation that would require a "redeemer." A scientific money should not have value in itself nor should it be based upon a single commodity which is entirely too limited to afford such a base as will be secure at all times. But when our circulating medium is based on all the wealth of our great nation we can stop the

coinage of gold altogether and in place thereof keep in the United States Treasury gold bars in varying sizes from one ounce to ten pounds and stamp them worth their weight and fineness, to be used in the settlement of balances with foreign countries.

W. S. Hazelrigg, Lebanon, Ind.

I have taken it since the first number. I don't want to miss the editorials. They will stand the test of time.

B. T. Altman, Wauchula, Fla.

I have taken TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE from the first copy and am well pleased with it. I think Tom Watson one of the brainiest and truest men in America today. He is doing a noble work.

Morgan Brown, Cordele, Ga.

I cannot do without WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

W. H. Moore, Cusseta, Ga.

I like it all right. Don't want to miss a number of it.

J. A. Holcomb, Commerce, Ga.

I am well pleased with the Magazine and can say that I can't see anything that could be added. It is already superb. No man can afford to be without the Magazine.

With best wishes to the Magazine.

M. A. McCreary, Rockwall, Tex.

The Magazine is a great favorite with me. I do not want to miss a single copy.

C. J. Jackson, Belton, Tex.

I don't know how it could be made any better. The only suggestion that I have to make is that more copies be printed.

William K. Nelson, Augusta, Ga.

I cannot afford to be without it, nor would be for thrice its subscription price.

T. W. Peek, Naples, Tex.

I am a great admirer of Watson. I think he is the stuff.

Milton Fox, Bicknell, Ind.

I am a middle-of-the-roader and don't want to be dropped from your list. Nothing better than WATSON'S for me. Can't afford to do without it. Don't know how to make it any better, only more of Watson's writings.

L. H. Colley, M. D., Smithfield, Tex.

I like the Magazine and can't do without it. Keep up the good work.

Thomas Wadsworth, Raglesville, Ind.

I could not get along without it. I think it the grandest document that is published in the United States or in any other country. I have no suggestions to offer. I am willing to leave it in the hands of the Hon. Tom Watson, for I don't think that any living man could better it. Long may Watson and his Magazine live to bless the world. Dethrone Plutocracy and restore the Government back to the common people is my prayer.

E. T. Malone, Sugar Valley, Ga.

No, Sir, if you leave it to my opinion, there is nothing printed under the canopy of Heaven that can take the place of WATSON'S MAGAZINE. It surely is, like the Bible, written by inspiration. No other Magazine, book or periodical has the power and influence of WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I can suggest no improvement except, perhaps, a better cover.

I hope for you that success which your Magazine justly merits.

Dr. T. C. Brassell, Cost, Tex.

We take four other Magazines, but none of them is so eagerly looked for each month as TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

A long life to Watson and his Magazine.

Thomas D. Baker, Sheridan, Ind.

I like your Magazine and would hate to be without it.

J. M. Becker, Germantown, O.

We like WATSON'S MAGAZINE. We cannot improve it, for it voices our sentiments. We are midroaders and have been since 1892.

W. S. Pendleton, Shawnee, Okla.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE is filling a great want. Every patriot must envy you your opportunity.

C. J. Woodall, Kissimmee, Fla.

Please do not strike my name from your list until we see about the matter, for I don't see how I could do without WATSON'S MAGAZINE, for it is a corker.

T. B. Peek, Naples, Tex.

How do I like WATSON'S? To be sure I regard it as being the best, most soundest, patriotic and valuable reading matter that I know of. No, sir; I cannot afford to be without it. Cannot suggest anything to make it better unless it is to have more of it. Way back in the Alliance days I became acquainted with TomWatson by reading the People's Party paper. I thought then, as I do now, that he was the greatest patriotic statesman of our country. Do you want to know when my eyes were first opened? It was when Tom Watson was in the halls of Congress and threw the curtains back and told the people to look in and see the corruptions. Success to the Magazine and its editors. I was with the principles of reform in the beginning and you will find me at the same old stand when you hear from me any time in the future.

W. P. Brooks, M. D. Cook, Neb.

The Magazine is O. K. Don't see where I could suggest improvement.

D. D. Burdick, M. D., Fort Gibson, I. T.

I discover nothing that should operate to depress the spirit of a Populist, but, *per contra*, everything that is calculated to make him pull off his hat and shout with the vehemence of a calliope for joy; for has the Populist not lived to see his day? The mere fact that our organizations are not perfected and that many have seen fit to ally themselves with one or the other of the two old parties, does not detract at all from Populism, since Populism is rampant and such discover no necessity for keeping up camp-fires around the old schoolhouse, because the ideas that were first taught there and adopted as basic principles of a just government have reached and like leaven that is fast leavening the whole lump. The question of keeping up party organizations is a question of expediency, not one of necessity.

Personally, I entertain views perhaps peculiarly my own. I held to the same views at and before the Springfield convention, but was not in favor of adopting them at that time, but now I am, and at the next national convention; for I am in favor of another national convention in 1908, for one and the sole purpose of adopting and going before the people with one plank and only one—the initiative and referendum.

H. Weil, N. Y. City.

I have read your great Magazine since its first appearance, and would not miss an issue. Am more than pleased with its contents and foresee the results that such education must bring eventually. As I am thoroughly in accord with the principles of Government Ownership of Public Utilities, I have saved the clippings and hope to see an article touching on this wasteful slaughter of life by private corporations, when life-saving devices are easily obtained. Of course, I realize that the soulless railroad magnates are not in business to save life, but to create dividends, not caring by what means; therefore, I think that between elections the public should be kept awake with all the facts, and I believe you are the man capable of presenting this question in its best light.

Leslie Lee Carey, Cloyd's Landing, Ky.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE continues to improve, each number over the preceding, until it now stands without a peer as an exponent of social and political reform.

I don't know whether I am a Democrat or a Populist, and I don't care, for I consider Populism as nothing more or less than genuine, undefiled democracy. The word, Populist, implies a believer in a government ruled by the people. The platforms of the party and the people who compose it, are further testimonials to this fact. And allow me to make a suggestion in this connection, that is, that if the reformers expect to win the next Presidential election they will have to stop fighting each other, faction against faction, and party against party; they must combine and present a solid front to the enemy, the money power. I predict that with Bryan and Watson, or, if you prefer, Bryan and Hearst, as the reform ticket in 1908, there would be such an uprising of the people as this country never saw before, and that they would sweep the country like fire in a broomsedge field. Bryan and Watson would have carried the country in 1896 but for the Sewall fiasco, which was a dishonest compromise with the gold-bugs, and cost the party the confidence of the people.

J. M. Corwin, Atwater, N. Y.

I admire a thinker and a person as well who is fearless in giving expression to his thoughts, particularly when those thoughts are in the interest of universal good government.

J. M. Calloway, Wylie, Tex.

I will say that I cannot afford to be without it. Tom Watson is the purest and smartest man in this United States. Oh, how I do love to encourage him, hoping he will continue with success. The Magazine is worthy of a better binding. Some of the old guard never voted anything else since the ticket was first issued.

O. G. Tarver, Blythe, Ga.

I have all confidence in Watson. I think what he does is all right.

T. J. Tilcher, Ellaville, Ga.

I like the Magazine all O. K., and don't think it can be improved on.

I agree with C. Q. De France—call the new party "Radical." Let all Radicals get together in opposition to the "Safe and Sane." Watson, Bryan, Folk, La Follette, etc. I am an admirer of T. E. Watson for his bravery, etc. I am 82 years old. Have been a radical all my life.

J. L. B. Poarch, Cran Eater, Ga.

I am well pleased with the Magazine. I can't well do without it. It is full of truth and all impartial minded men are obliged to admit it.

W. F. Smith, Clarksville, Tex.

I like the Magazine immensely. I don't want to be without it. I don't know that I could suggest anything to improve it unless it's more of Tom's editorials. I am using it as an eye-opener among my neighbors and am having some success. Wishing you much success.

N. O. Smith, Troupe, Tex.

Have read the Magazine since its first issue. Could not suggest any improvement, 'Tis good and clean enough for the most fastidious taste. Expect to continue to read it as long as dear Tom edits the same. I am one of the old guard. In other words I have never been willing to fuss or mix with either

of the two old parties. I am not ashamed of any of my political affiliations except the one time I voted for Grover Cleveland. I feel that I helped in that one act to burden unborn generations, but I have asked God to pardon that one act of my life. I am 58 years old and should I reach four score years, then I will be found fighting in the ranks of reform and hope Tom Watson will be my leader then. Yours for reform.

W. D. Thompson, Newton, Miss.
Would state that the book is up-to-date. Cannot make any suggestion to improve it. Would not be without it for twice the present price. You can count me in for life if it keeps up its present standard. The book is bound to bring about a revolution in politics in this country. It is just what we have been needing for the last 15 years. I have not language to express my admiration of Thomas E. Watson. I give my books out, as fast as I read them, where I think they will do the most good.

J. H. Eiland, Pecan Gap, Tex.
I like the Magazine very much and don't think I could add anything to improve it.

J. H. Giles, Bishop, Ga.
I am wonderfully pleased with the Magazine, and do not want to miss a single issue.

Lee Query, Newells, N. C.
I am highly pleased with your Magazine and all who read it, and I try to keep it "on the go" all the time, I will keep up my subscription while I can as I can't do without it.
With best wishes for yourself and the success of your most inestimable Magazine.

A. L. Keith, Gainesville, Ga.
We don't want to miss a single copy. Can't do without your Magazine. Could not suggest any improvement.

R. B. Faunt Le Roy, New Kent, Va.
I like the Magazine marvelously well. It voices my every political sentiment to the very echo and wish it every success.

J. G. Dearborn, South Ware, N. H.
I have been a subscriber to your Magazine from the first and you have converted me from a conservative to a radical democrat.

J. T. Strickland, Flippen, Ga.
I appreciate your Magazine very much.

Roy Stone, Thomson, Ga.
I like the Magazine better than any that I have ever read. I wish you great success.

William Hogan, Corinth, Ga.
I like it the best kind and don't think any improvement necessary, and I trust it may live and grow in favor until its principles are fully adopted and the government is again restored to its original purity.

J. W. Brasselle, Harris, Ga.
Can't see how I could do without it. It is the finest and most ably edited magazine I have ever read.

Joel Ray, Belton, Tex.
The Magazine is a household necessity. I can't afford to be without it.

S. A. Read, Sr., Washington, Ga.
The Magazine is fine, especially the editorials. Never expect to be without it as long as Watson manages it. I am an old line middle-of-the-road Populist. I agree with Watson thoroughly in the position he has taken in Georgia politics. My best wishes for the success of the Magazine and my prayers for the health of Tom Watson.

G. W. Boyd, Banham, Tex.
I certainly admire Watson as a man, and his Magazine is a gem for purity of thought and candid expression.

F. Yerkes, Veedersburg, Ind.
The Magazine is good and grand. I shall do the best I can for its success. Hurrah for Thomas E. Watson in 1908, and Samuel W. Williams, of Indiana, for Watson's running mate. As ever for our cause in the middle of the road and on the road to the White House.

Benjamin J. Freeland, Jackson, Mich.
I would not like to be without TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

W. W. Power, Union Point, Ga.
I want the Magazine. I am a Tom Watson man.

Nicholas Greim, Warrensburg, Mo.
The Magazine could not be any better, according to my sentiments.

Joseph Harrison, Dandridge, Tenn.
As to how I like the Magazine, I am not scholar enough to command words to express myself. I am a charter member in the cause you represent so nobly, and hope to be with you to the end. My best wishes for success in the cause of freedom and equality.

W. R. York, Marietta, Ga.
I like the Magazine very much. I think there is nothing like it.

J.A. Southern, Germanton, N. C.
TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is all O. K. Keep hewing to the line and I will stay with you.

J. W. Dickey, Musella, Ga.
I am well pleased with the paper and hope your circulation may reach a million.

John L. Moore, Madison, Ga.
I like the Magazine very much and do not wish to miss a copy.

C. B. Fenton, Danville, Ill.
I think it the best Magazine I have ever read, and don't want to miss a copy.

John S. Pettit, Baldwin, N. Y.
I remain for Tom Watson I would not sail under the Parker flag.

C. L. Stocks, Sandersville, Ga.
Don't let me miss an issue.

J. D. Perkerson, Austell, Ga.
As to the Magazine, it is all right. Don't see how it could be much better.

James J. Green, Athens, Ga.
I have no suggestions to make as to improvements. I like the Magazine the best of any I ever read and cannot afford to do without it. Watson's editorials are worth several times the price of the Magazine, besides other valuable articles. I wish every man in the United States would take and read it.

W. H. Ritchens, Griswoldville, Ga.
I can't do without the Magazine. Hurrah for Tom Watson!

Elisha Allen, Adairsville, Ga.
I like the Magazine very much.

J. D. Laminack, Muscadine, Ala.
I don't want to miss a single number of the Magazine. I clubbed with the *Herald* and got the first number. I assure you they are welcome visitors. I have no suggestion to make as to improvement on the Magazine. I hope you will continue the good work you have commenced.

John A. Bailey, Bailey, Miss.
Your Magazine is unquestionably the best of its kind published in the government. Both the editorials and contributed matter are concise and convincing in their conclusions and bound to make an impression for good on the reading public. Best wishes for your success.

Edward Vanlandingham, Cairo, Ga.
I like Watson. I don't think that a man has ever been born that can fill his place at this time. I would be glad if his Magazine could be read by every voter in the Union. I can't do without it.

W. E. Hill, Hoschton, Ga.
I have read your Magazine from the start and feel I could not do without it. I especially like the editorials. Wishing you much success and the principles you have been advocating. Hurrah for WATSON'S MAGAZINE!

W. F. McDaniel, Congress, Ga.
The Magazine is good enough for me. Just keep ripping them up the back is all I ask. I have been a Populist since the organization started and expect to be till I die and all the epitaph I want on my tomb is "There lies a dead Populist." Of all the papers I read your Magazine is the best of them all. I save them for my library. I want to keep them for my children and grandchildren to read long after Watson and I are under the sod so they can understand why we were Populists.

J. T. Chisler, Perrysville, Ind.
I am well pleased with the Magazine and I can't see any room for any improvement.

J. M. Attaway, Palmetto, Ga.
I think the Magazine is the best educator we can get for $1.50, and I am well pleased with it. Have not missed a single number and I do not expect to as long as I can get the money to pay for it. Long live Tom Watson and his noble cause!

W. J. Lewalling, Caddo Mills, Tex.
I am well pleased with WATSON'S MAGAZINE. Could not be otherwise, as I am an old Middle-of-the-road Populist and have been for many years and think Tom Watson one of the greatest men in the United States today.

S. M. Brown, Longstreet, Ga.
I cannot afford to be without the Magazine even if the price was double what it is. In regard to my making suggestions for the advancement of the Magazine, don't feel competent. Mr. Watson compels admiration from all who read after him. One thing especially true of Mr. Watson is, he never makes an assertion he cannot prove by the records. Even gives the page of book in which it is to be found. I feel proud of Watson as a Georgian and anything I could do to put the Magazine in the hands of people who read, I would do it. That is the trouble with the masses. They do not read enough to be posted on different subjects. Tom Watson is today the greatest man in the South, if not in the United States.

John M. Swinney, Forest Park, Ga.
Don't stop your Magazine for I don't know how I would get along without it. Mr. Watson, I have read every one of your Magazines and it is a grand book. There is nothing like it. I am a Populist and expect to stick to its principles as long as I live. The Populists around here are solid and are ready to vote for Tom Watson every time. Hoke Smith is running for Governor on our platform and if Tom Watson says, "Vote for Smith," the world will fly, for we are for principles that the Populists advocate. Tom, you are hitting them hard. Hit 'em again. The Clark Howell kind of Demo-

crats are scarce around here. I saw one coming down the road the other day and I told the children that there was a Clark Howell Democrat coming down the road and they all ran out to the gate and looked at him till he passed and they said, "Pa, he doesn't look like our kind of people, does he?" And I told them: "No, sir; he is not our kind, either." Hurrah for Tom Watson!

Fred. C. Schwauer, Fisher's Island, N. Y.
Kindly look up the matter as I don't wish to be without the Magazine.

J. M. Hall, Hamilton, N. Y.
Your Magazine is all right and am more than pleased with it.

S. Robineau, Syracuse, N. Y.
Have been a subscriber from the first issue and will want the Magazine.

J. F. Sowers, Stonebridge, Va.
Have no idea of doing without Tom WATSON'S MAGAZINE, for there is no other published that can take its place. I wish you the highest political honors for your courage and patriotism.

Joe S. Anderson, Summit, Ga.
I think Watson is the greatest American.

C. A. Cameron, Mento, Ga.
Can't do without Tom WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

J. L. Gilmore, Lela, Ga.
I don't want to miss a copy. I like it too well. It is after my own heart.

Marion Todd, Springport, Mich.
I would not miss a single number of the Magazine. It is glorious.

Virgil Aaron, Garfield, Ga.
I do not want to lose a single copy. I am only eighteen and I find your Magazine a great help in obtaining knowledge.

Elisha Kinney, Milford, Neb.
Cannot afford to be without your Magazine. Keep on sending it.

Mrs. M. Rosenbaum, Winthrop, Mass.
We are pleased with the Magazine and look for it monthly. We think it is the best on the market.

Mrs. Elva Brown, Canon, Ga.
I cannot do without the Magazine. I would certainly vote Hoke Smith *one*—but I am a woman.

E. A. Baker, Norwich, N. Y.
Will say the Magazine is all right. It advocates the same idea I have advocated for the last twenty-five years and I wish every home could have one in it.

J. Leonard, Lake Geneva, Wis.
I like the Magazine. No—I cannot do without it.

George H. Jones, Schenectady, N. Y.
I wish to say that WATSON'S *is all right.*

W. H. Leonard, Marshall, Mo.
None of us want to miss a single copy of the Magazine.

R. B. Frisbie, Kirksville, Mo.
I like the Magazine first rate, especially Watson's editorials. They can't be beat.
Yours for success in the cause.

P. A. Rodgers, Sycamore, Ga.
I cannot do without the Magazine, and especially this issue, as I am so anxious to see Mr. Watson's reply to Clark Howell.

John May, Cottonton, Ala.
I like your Magazine. It is hot stuff, flavored just right. I don't want to miss a copy.

George P. Wilson, Midlothian, Tex.
The Magazine is strictly fine and I can't afford to do without it. I don't believe I can advise any improvement, but it would suit me better if it contained more of those red-hot editorials. It tickles me to read them.

C. R. Minter, Gordon, Ga.
I have no suggestion to make as I am not experienced in journalism nor well enough posted on the situation in politics The Magazine is all right. Couldn't do very well without it.

A. L. Bryan, Aberdeen, Miss.
You ask me if I like it. Yes, and I wish it had more readers. I have been in the reform movement ever since the advent of the Grange. I am 78 years old and hope to live to vote for Tom Watson for President May the Lord preserve and crown you with success.

Jacob Cosad, Farina, Ill.
I have been watching Watson for a long time. I have taken his paper for a number of years and have a box packed full of his papers that he published in Georgia. I voted for him at the Convention that nominated him for President. I watched him when he was in Congress and he is my first choice of all the men for President.

S. H. Byers, Osceola, Neb.
Can we afford to be without it? *No.* It is a grand educator and I only wish every family in the United States would read it. Not being able to suggest anything for betterment of your Magazine, I close by saying that Thomas Watson should be our next President.

J. J. Chrisenberry, Chetopa, Kan.
I think the Magazine is splendid. I think Tom Watson is strictly honest. I have voted for him twice and hope to see him President. I was a delegate at the birth of the People's Party and hope to live to see its principles enacted into laws.

G. W. Peckenpaugh, Dyersburg, Tenn.
I could not do without the Magazine. I subscribed for it before it was even published. I never expect to let my subscription run out as long as I live and the Magazine does. I praise it very highly.

A. H. Taylor, Rutherford, Tenn.
I am well pleased with your Magazine.

Sam Speight, Little Falls, N. J.
I like the Magazine very much, and am always ready for the next number.

J. H. Jennings, Rockville, Utah.
I cannot afford to be without it.

J. P. Retelsdorf, Malvern, Ia.
WATSON'S MAGAZINE is all right.

H. A. Thomas, Thomson, Ga.
I am very much pleased with WATSON'S MAGAZINE and like it better and better. WATSON'S MAGAZINE grows. It improves with every issue. Can't possibly do without it.

Edwin T. Cox, Marquette, Mich.
The only change I would have in WATSON'S MAGAZINE is to give W. J. B. hot shot until he makes amends for his treachery to P. P. by supporting Parker and the Gold Standard. The P. P. organization may be dead, but the spirit of the cadaver goes marching on.

C. C. Dadd, Lula, Ga.
I don't want to miss any number of Watson's paper for I have heard him speak three times and he just beats anything that I ever heard in my life and if we had just such men as Tom at the head of this government, the people would all fare alike under the laws. He has surely worked hard for the common people and I believe he is as honest as they ever get to be and I believe he is a Christian and that's what makes me have so much confidence in him. No man need be afraid of a man that fears God and I surely believe he is one of that kind.
God speed him in his aspirations.

E. S. Gilbert, Davey, Neb.
In a little over a month from now it will be 73 years since I took my place in the ranks of the firing line on the subject of free trade and personal freedom. In all that time I have never heard a speech or read an article on the subject of the aggregate amount paid to the manufacturers to help them fight the paupers of Europe. In all other cases where large sums are expended the aggregate is sought. Why not in this? It does seem to me if that aggregate could be got before the people it would be a staggering blow to the protectionists. Now, the favor I ask is that you will give to the subject some serious consideration, and whichever way your mind leans talk it over with Mr. Watson. If you both decide the game is not worth the candle, I shall acquiesce without a murmur.
I can no longer read WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I have it read to me. It is great. It is grand.

G. M. Tuggle, Buford, Ga,
It is a pleasure to one who feels toward you as the writer does to assist in distributing TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE among the people. The principles that you so ably defend must be enacted into law or our grand old Republic must be sacrificed; so my humble efforts are consecrated, though small they are, in aiding the work.

Adam Kern, Maryville, Mo.
We like WATSON'S MAGAZINE very much, and regard it as an excellent eye-opener.

W. W. Deardorff, Hale, Mo.
No, I cannot afford to be without it. I think it is just grand.

S. E. Jones, Thunder, Ga.
Don't stop my Magazine. I think more of it every one.

J. F. Miller, McKenzie, Tenn.
I am well pleased with the WATSON MAGAZINE. I have read every number and then handed to a neighbor. Every man that has read the Magazine says that it is the best they ever read, but thinks there is no chance for the reformers as the money power has in their hand the control of all parties. I am a Populist in the middle of the road. Equal rights to all and special privileges to none.
Good luck to Watson and the Magazine.

T. H. Kennon, Milledgeville, Ga.
I do not think that the Magazine could be better unless Mr. Watson would fill every page with his own writing. Keep pouring in solid shots. I see the walls are beginning to tumble. I find all sorts, sizes and conditions of men have ravenous appetites to read WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

A. J. Brandon, Wartrace, Tenn.
I can't do without WATSON'S MAGAZINE. Why not suggest live current issues and invite a short discussion pro and con? The editorials are the best I read anywhere.
Long live Tom Watson as an exponent of civic righteousness.

G. L. Shuford, Newton, N. C.
The Magazine is glorious. I have known

Mr. Watson by reputation since he was nominated for Congress on Ocala platform. Was a subscriber to P. P. P. he published as long as it lived. I have had every Magazine from first number. I am doing all I can for the Magazine. No man who will read it need go uneducated. I read *Everybody's*, but Watson's is much better. Mr. Watson is the one man in the United States whom I would follow blindfolded.

Down with the grafters. Yours to the finish.

R. C. Buchanan, Burdick, Ky.

I don't want to miss a single number. I have voted for Thomas E. Watson every chance and hope to see him President in 1908. He is my style of a man. Not afraid to speak the truth. Dares to be a Daniel. Hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may. I don't want to miss a single number of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. It is splendid. Long may he live. Success to you.

Prof. J. H. Camp, Chicago, Ill.

Like it? Yes, I like it. Could not be without it, and will not if I have to pay for it twice over. I take the *Atlanta Constitution* also. Both sides, eh?

J. M. Collins, Salt Lick, Ky.

How do you like Watson? Would say in reply sound to the core and the courage of his convictions, whose arguments are convincing and whose words strike terror to the hearts of the tricksters of the followers of either of the old parties. My prayers are to see him President.

R. A. Mays, Philadelphia, Pa.

I think your Magazine is the best one I ever read and would not be without it if it cost ten times as much and think every voter in the country should have a copy. I am a strong believer in honest government issue of paper money, government ownership of all railroads, and single tax, and every postoffice should be a savings bank. This would be hard on millionaires, but we can well do without them if we have every person prosperous.

W. S. Vaughan, Mableton, Ga.

I would not be without the Magazine for double the price.

G. W. B. Hale, Rocky Mt., Va.

I cannot do without WATSON'S MAGAZINE. It is a great educator and should be in every family in the United States. Why? Because its articles on political matter are based upon facts and may be relied upon as truly radical.

J. Henry Theberath, South Orange, N. J.

My wife and I both enjoy your Magazine very much. She, being born and raised in Mississippi, naturally thinks that TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE is just right, because it is published by a Southern gentleman who knows what he is talking about and also knows how to say it.

Best wishes for the success of your Magazine.

J. B. Geyus Griffin, Ga.

I think the Magazine fine literature. The editorials are so instructive and uplifting. I think it is fine reading for one's family. Hope it will accomplish the good that its editor is striving for, as I think he's one of the grandest men now living. It may be I think too much of him. Don't know.

Best wishes for your success.

W. H. Thompson, Eastman, Ga.

I could not keep house or run my business without TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

W. G. Smith, Grayson, Ga.

I do not want to miss a copy. I like it and will take it as long as I can get it.

G. W. Shrader, Murray, Neb.

Do I like TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE? Well, I should say I do. It seems to get better and better every issue. I like the man that's behind it. I like the way he pounds on congressional and senatorial bums and corrupt scoundrels in other high places. As a radical he suits me.

D. R. Johnson, Atkinson, Ga.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE will do more to enlighten the people than any periodical in the country. I am proud to know that I was on his ticket for the 11th District of Georgia as an elector.

A. I. Willard, Grundy Centre, Ia.

I read all my magazines and then circulate them among my neighbors. You are doing the right thing to publish reading matter that will set people to thinking. I can't imagine where you have stored up so many good things to send out to your readers. We are with you, and will help you all we can.

M. G. Wells, Clinton, Miss.

I heard a party say lately that the Magazine ought to be in the hands of every young man and lady in the land.

R. M. McFarlin, Yatesville, Ga.

Try and look the matter up, as we don't want to miss one number of the Magazine.

C. D. Hope, Mt. Pleasant, O.

We read TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE with much interest, and believe the principles it advocates are right, but as you wish the people to be frank and tell what they think, will say it is our opinion that we need the different kinds of reform you speak of too much to lose any precious time on party machine work. It is the old system of party

rule that the enemies of our country have used so long and successfully in keeping the people divided against themselves.

Direct legislation is the first step before we can get any reform. Then why not get it by the shortest route, and I think questioning old party candidates and securing their pledges in writing that, if elected, they will use their influence and vote for that system is much better than third-party work, because it is putting the direct veto and initiative system into practice at once, thereby educating the people in the use of self-government.

Richard Wolfe, Denver, Col.

Your editorial on "Tolstoy and the Land" was splendid. You are right in saying it was misgovernment that wrecked our former civilizations, and I agree with you that a vicious money system has been the prime factor in it all. Give us a money system that will free us from "interest" tribute and it will so free the world that minor ills will vanish as a troublesome dream. Give us a free circulation of money and the nightmare that besets the commercial world would vanish out of sight and be forever gone.

J. O. Garrason, Ludovici, Ga.

I am already a subscriber to the Magazine and have been from its start; it's a clincher. Well may the enemies of Watson fear him—even his enemies admit he is brainy. His writings alone are worth the price of the Magazine—so interesting. It's funny to see how easy it is for him (Watson) to bottle up the smart Alecks when it comes to a "show-down." That there is but *one* Tom Watson has been well said. Long may he live.

P. R. Runnels, Belle Buck, Tenn.

Having read much of Mr. Watson's writing from his early manhood to the present, I was not much surprised to find TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE comparing favorably with magazines much older. His editorials are not surpassed, his contributors equal *Munsey's* or *Leslie's*, the stories compare favorably with others.

Paul Winkel, Kansas City, Mo.

I desire to say that I have read every number of your Magazine, and I must say your Magazine is becoming better with every issue. Your Magazine fills great wants, or rather, every want but one.

In my opinion we need an organ which will draw the attention of the people to the fact that in order to obtain the desired reforms a new party is necessary, which party must be born of the proposed reforms. This statement may look small upon its face at its first consideration, but what I know of the inside of the Democratic Party convinces me for all time to come that to hope for reform from that direction is folly, and no matter who may be the candidate or what the declaration of the platform may be. The Republican Party contains a large reform element, but it is too much to expect that the Republicans shall leave their party in order to help to reform the Democratic Party. On the other hand, the Republican Party is completely under the control and domination of the monopolists, and will remain so no matter how large and how indignant the reform element in the Republican Party may become against the monopolist denunciation.

W. F. Flynt, Laurel, Miss.

I congratulate you for such a grand and noble Magazine as you are putting before the people. I hope it may be read throughout the United States. Mr. Watson, I wish you would, as you have influence over a great many people, try and bring about a union between the Populists and Socialists.

E. G. Paul, Pisgah, Ia.

Lawson has set people to inquiring how it was possible for the plutocrats to acquire so many billions of the people's money, and they now will give a willing ear to anyone who will give them any information on the subject. Even the "Mossback Republicans" don't deem Tom Watson as big a fool as they formerly did, and many of them are now quite anxious to hear what said Watson has to say on the subject.

When one of your Magazines goes out of my hands I can never get it back again. It goes on and on, until I lose all trace of it.

A PEOPLE'S BANKING SYSTEM

By J. S. Ingalls, Litchfield, Minn.

The following plan for what might be called a People's Banking System has now been approved by so many thoughtful men in Minnesota and the Dakotas that it seems advisable to submit it to a few men of recognized ability and large experience, and whose sympathies are known to be with the people.

1. Incorporate a People's Finance Company to undertake the work of pushing the work of organizing local banks in every community, beginning in the agricultural districts. The capital stock could be divided into common stock (of which no one should be permitted to hold more than one share), and preferred, which could be retired after a certain date. The shares, I think, should not exceed $25 each.

2. As often as funds are available the finance company would select a town, secure proper officers and directors, and incorporate a bank, the finance company subscribing for and taking the capital stock. Then let a contract be entered into between the finance company and the bank by the terms of which, among other things, the finance company

agrees to make such examinations of the bank's affairs from time to time as prudence may require, and the bank agrees that its books shall at all times be open to inspection by the finance company, and that it will conform to such business methods as may be adopted by the finance company for the regulation of all banks associated with it.

3. Proceed to sell the stock of the bank to local patrons, requiring each to take one share of the common stock of the finance company, but requiring the purchaser to deposit both with a suitable trustee with a contract giving the finance company the right to repurchase both at any time, the object being to prevent our enemies buying it up and making trouble, and to render any excess over one share of the bank stock that may be held by any one person at all times available for sale to new patrons, and so secure as soon as possible an equal distribution of the stock, one share of $100 to each person.

4. Provide in the by-laws of every bank that the profits after paying expenses shall be distributed by paying—

I. A fixed rate on share capital—say 6 per cent.

II. A certain percentage to a surplus fund.

III. The balance to the stockholders in proportion to their average daily balances.

5. As soon as the finance company has accumulated sufficient funds let it organize a guaranty company for the purpose of guaranteeing the deposits of all the banks and thereafter let all banks be required to keep their depositors insured against loss therein, paying therefor such rates as may be found necessary. All the stock of this company should be held by the finance company so that any profits would go back to the stockholders of the banks.

If no one but stockholders of the banks were permitted to hold any of the common stock of the finance company, which I think would be the better plan, the finance company would in effect be a national organization of the stockholders of all the banks, and one in which all would have an equal interest and responsibility.

The first thought that naturally comes to the average mind is that such an organization would become unwieldy. Of course such a thing as a general meeting of all or any considerable portion of the stockholders would be impossible, and the spectre of one-man power through the control of proxies, as in the mutual insurance companies, naturally presents itself. This, I think, could be prevented.

The by-laws of the finance company can provide for an election-board, the members of which shall hold no other office and be ineligible to re-election; for a primary election to nominate candidates for directors and members of the election board; for an official ballot with the names of all nominees printed thereon and whereon each stockholder may indicate his choice, and on the bottom of which is printed a proxy to be signed by the stockholder authorizing the members of the election board to cast his ballot at the annual meeting of the stockholders for the persons indicated in his ballot and not otherwise. The stockholders of each bank would constitute a sort of an election district, and the bank could be made the polling place, so that the machinery would be simple.

In the same way amendments to the by-laws could be provided for—a certain percentage of the vote cast at any primary election for any measure requiring it to be submitted to a vote on the official ballot. These measures, it seems to me, would secure to the stockholders the power to rule the organization. Of course, such a movement would need its organ for the enlightenment of its members and the public generally.

The Eagle and the Hen

AN eagle and a hen were confined together in a large cage. The eagle sat moping, with head downcast, whereas the hen fluttered about, cackling joyously. Seeing her companion so dismal, the hen undertook to hearten him, saying, "Do not give way to misfortune; take a lesson from me: Wherever placed I make the best of the situation." With that she shook her feathers and strutted about, proud of the fortitude she displayed.

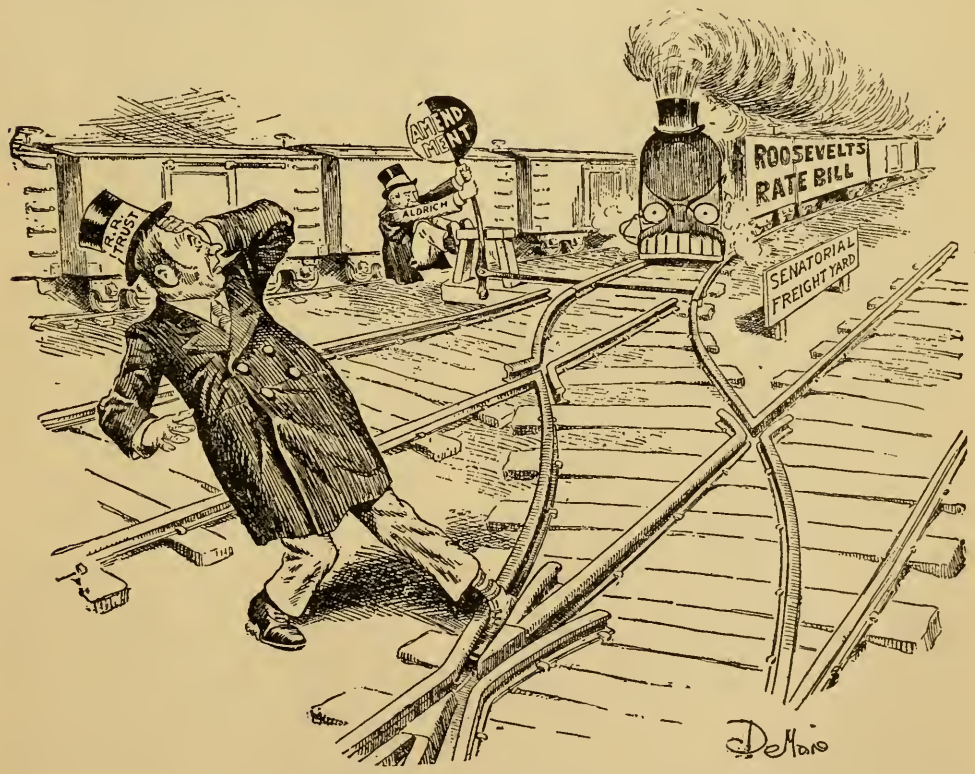
"Ah," replied the eagle, "you may easily be contented. You know not what it is to soar."

A hen may be contented in a cage, but an eagle needs the skies.

STASCH MLOTKOWSKI.

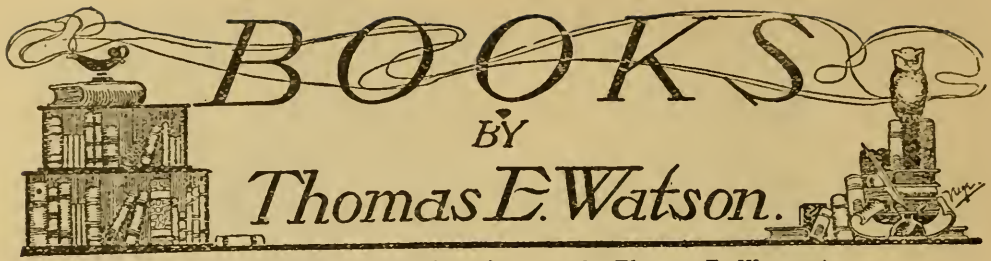
WANTED—A BOOSTER.
Bryan and Hearst—"Now, if Bill only wasn't mad at me."
Bart, in Minneapolis Journal

A Plain "Hold-Up."
Rogers, in N. Y. Herald



Will Aldrich Get the Switch Over in Time to Save his Friend?

De Mar, in Philadelphia Record



(Unless otherwise signed, reviews are by Thomas E. Watson.)

Rimes to Be Read. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

We have fallen upon commercial times wherein Art is gauged by the price some snob of the newly-rich pays for his "treasures"; therefore a poet is almost a rare specimen of an extinct species. We are ready to discuss appreciatively the work of bards who are dead, but no one seems to expect or desire another Burns, or Poe, or Lowell or Whitman.

Nevertheless, the spirit and the bride say, "Come" to many a tender thought and feeling which dwell amid the mysteries of the mental world, beyond the realms of prose; and "every once in a while," some strain of rarest poetic harmony, some touching sentiment fitly robed, some noble thoughts radiantly bodied forth, remind us that, after all, poesy still lives, along with the stars and the flowers, along with the grief which makes the earth bitter, and the love which makes it sweet.

There is nothing more capricious than the preference with which Reputation selects her favorite poets. When I see that Cowper is still a celebrity and Oliver Wendell Holmes a luminary—indeed, he deserves to be!—I wonder why Paul H. Hayne should be neglected and Dr. Frank H. Ticknor forgotten.

When I read one of the perfect lyrics of James R. Randall, and feel myself thrilled by it, captivated by its classic form, its exquisite finish, its burning thought, its tender passion, I find myself asking, "Why has *this* master of song been slighted when fame has heralded Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant and Poe?" Randall's *Eidolon* appeals to me quite as irresistibly as "Annabel Lee." "My Maryland" has more of the true fire of genius than anything Whittier penned. Why, then, does the world exalt two of these divinely gifted bards and ignore the third?

I cannot tell. But I predict that when the modest poet of Maryland has been dead a reasonably sufficient length of time, the tardy recognition which he should have had while living *will be given to his memory* and every poem that he wrote will be gathered up as a gem. And *suppose he had been recognized and encouraged* while still in the flower and fruit stage of development! The lack of appreciation chills, and sometimes kills, and the finer organization of mind, heart and soul is precisely that which is paralyzed by cruel neglect.

In running through the pages of "Rimes to Be Read," the reader will find himself asking "Did Bryant, or Whittier or Lowell write verses better than these?"

Take the author's story of "Connor McCarthy": wherein does it lack the deepest human interest, and the best artistic expression? Wherein does it suffer by comparison with the highest standards of poetic narrative? Of its kind it seems to me a perfect poem. To be appreciated it must be read as a whole. But conjugal affection is so beautifully expressed in one stanza that I quote it:

> And never a worriment found me,
> But *Mary's kiss laid it to rest.*
> And *whin her two arms went around me,*
> *I held all the world to my breast.*

Here, also is a fine stanza:

> Ah, sad is the day that *must borrow*
> *Its light from a day of the past,*
> And sad *when you turn from tomorrow*
> *To a yesterday* never to last.

The concluding stanza breathes that spirit of chastened resignation, of mingled regret and hope that is always so pathetic:

> I've got no reproach for the livin'.
> *I've nothing but love for the dead.*
> I hope me own past is forgiven,
> And, as for what's comin' ahead,
> Who can tell? Maybe joy, maybe sorrow,
> But surely there's some place, at last,
> *Where old people live for tomorrow,*
> *As well as look into the past.*

One of the minor poems in the book is a song of the "Old Schoolhouse." Upon this familiar chord, whose vibrations have been felt by all of us, Mr. Cooke lays his touch also, and draws out original melody. "Almost Up," is a noble commemoration of heroic devotion to Duty.

The writer or the speaker who can compel tears is likewise the master of smiles—*always*.

Therefore, the reader whose eyes have been dimmed by "Connor McCarthy" is not shocked when he discovers that he is laughing over "Fin de Siecle," "De Goofeh-Jack," "Not a Coon-Song Coon," and "Revenge."

The humor of these pieces is delicious. There is no straining, no Mark Twain exaggeration, no effort to extort artificial fun

out of contorted spelling.! The humor is in the conception, in the thought, *where it should be*, and hence the enjoyment lingers after the first reading, and you come back to read again.

"Fin de Siecle" is bully—no other word fits—and if you know anything about real niggers (not Afro-Americans) you'll see the truth as well as humor in the "Goofeh-Jack," and "Not a Coon-Song Coon."

In "The Minor Role" Mr. Cooke pays tender and glowing tribute to that noblest of God's creatures, the pure, modest, devoted *Woman of the Home*.

Other reviewers may say what they please, but to my thinking, "Rimes to Be Read" is a book that deserves a high place in the library of Poesy and Song.

The Henry Laurens Pamphlets. Henry Laurens, Publisher, New York City.

Amost excellent statement of the case of the Masses against the Classes, in which the evils of class legislation are vividly set forth.

The World's Revolutions. By Ernest Untermann. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

This is one of Kerr's Standard Socialist Series, pocket size, neatly bound in red cloth, and contains 176 pages. Mr. Untermann is the author of another book, called "Science and Revolution," and has translated a number of Socialist books from foreign languages. In the volume under consideration Mr. Untermann has attempted to give, in a sort of kindergarten way, some of the facts and guesses which may be found in Loria's "Economic Foundations of Society," as well as in a number of other Socialist works of foreign origin.

It is to be admitted that the translator of Loria's work has made the book hard reading, but Mr. Untermann, in his desire to avoid the precise statements of the college professor, has gone to the other extreme. His first chapter, "The Individual and the Universe," is a good example of sentimentalism, but could hardly claim a place in a so-called scientific work.

In the second chapter, "Primitive Human Revolutions," Mr. Untermann appears in an apologetic mood because he cannot believe the Mosaic account of the creation, and he seemingly forgets the alleged international character of Socialism in the following sentence: "And there may be many believers in the Bible who are *American* enough to hear all sides, even if they do not agree with the other sides." (The italics are ours.) Mr. Untermann's account of the creation, so-called, is that, after a lapse of many thousands of years, "it happened that among a number of children of primitive monkey man, one was born with a superior brain, with better hands and feet, and under the prevailing conditions this superior type was better fitted to stand the struggle for existence than all the other children." This is followed up with his guesses as to the evolution of man up to the time when he avers that a primitive social organization had been effected, and that "all who traced their descent to the same mother belonged to the same group (gens) and lived together. Men and women lived as equals, dividing the work among themselves, and sharing equally in its proceeds."

The first human revolution, according to Mr. Untermann, happened after mankind had learned to domesticate animals and make use of them. He says, "People had to leave their permanent places of abode, and so learned to make tents of animal skins and to wander about. This took them away from old habits and traditions. Then, too, the work of the men increased over that of the women, who stayed in the temporary domiciles and did the domestic work. After a few generations of such life the men gradually assumed a superior position in the groups, and one of them, the oldest, or wisest, or strongest, finally became leader and manager among them. The women had to be content with an inferior position, and gradually the wealth of the group drifted into the hands of the strongest family, and then of the man at the head of that family."

"This revolution of men against the traditional equality of women," says Mr. Untermann, "was the cause of all subsequent human revolutions, and the motive for it, as for all others, was the desire to be exclusive owners of the resources of life which had been produced and used by all members of a certain group"

He then takes up, in Chapter III," The Roman Empire and Its Proletariat, and attempts to draw a parallel between what he calls "The Roman Populist movement," with the "American Populist movement" almost 2,000 years later. By the former he means the attempted reforms by the Gracchi, from 133 to 121 B. C., and by Cataline in 63 B. C. The only difference between the two movements, he avers, was "that the Roman Populist leaders were forsaken by the rank and file, while the rank and file of the American Populist movement were betrayed by their leaders."

In Chapter IV, "The Christian Proletariat and Its Mission," it would seem that Mr. Untermann has drawn very largely on his imagination in his attempt to show that Jesus was the chosen head of a propaganda committee to disseminate knowledge and to carry on an international proletarian movement. This chapter might well be labeled "interesting if true."

Chapter V, "Feudal Ecclesiasticism and Its Disintegration" is largely a re-hash of attacks upon both the Catholic Church and the Protestant organization. But when we reach Chapter VI, "The American Revolution and Its Reflex in France," then the average American may be expected to sit up, and take notice. He is told that "Washington, the man who could not tell a lie, had stolen about 30,000 acres of land from the English

Government while he worked as a Government surveyor," and because he feared losing his possessions, he headed the American Revolution. That Jefferson "was as unscrupulous a land grabber as Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and other gentlemen." That "John Hancock was to have been tried for defrauding the Customs on the very day when the first shots of the Revolution were fired at Lexington." That Lafayette "was a haughty aristocrat of the most exclusive pretensions, and cared so little for th liberty of the people that he was one of the first to shoot them down when they rose in the French Revolution a few years later. That Steuben was "one of the despotic, overbearing drill-masters of Frederick the Great, and was engaged by Washington for the purpose of instilling 'more discipline and respect for superiors' into the refractory heads of the American soldiers."

Mr. Untermann is greatly exercised because "it was this gentry that started the Revolution; not the working people. It was the gentleman, Patrick Henry, who assailed the British King in the Virginia Legislatures. It was a crowd of gentlemen's sons who led the party that threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor. A crowd of workingmen would have been jailed for disturbing the peace if they had attempted such an exploit." He confesses he doesn't blame the farmers of Pennsylvania who refused to furnish provisions to the American Army which was starving at Valley Forge, because the English army in Philadelphia paid better prices. He says "they proceeded on exactly the same principles toward the Revolutionary gentlemen that these gentlemen observed against the farmers and the rest of the working people." In fact, he points out these various matters to prove that "the American Revolution was a business revolution."

A noticeable feature in Mr. Untermann's writing is that venom he spits upon the bourgeoisie. Only the proletarian is Christlike and meek and a gentleman and honest. The possession of a bit of property transforms one into a vacillating coward, possessed of the most sordid selfishness, and utterly without good qualities of any kind. This, it may be remarked in passing, is hardly the attitude of a scientist. It is more the mouthing of a special pleader.

Suppose we grant that the American Revolution was a business revolution, and that it was inaugurated and carried to a successful conclusion through the efforts of the gentlemen Mr. Untermann feels called upon to slander. And suppose that the proletariat possesses all the lovable qualities Mr. Untermann depicts; and that the bourgeoisie is as bad as he paints it. Has the "historical mission of the working class" made any material change in the situation? Where today is there a proletarian leader of the Socialist movement? Where is the working-class man guiding the destinies of his class, or engaged in leading it? So far as I am able to learn, the real leaders of Socialism in this country are themselves "business men." I have no knowledge that Mr. Wilshire ever stole 30,000 acres of good American soil, but it is common talk that he owns a comfortable block of stock in the Standard Oil Company. I am not inclined to think that J. A. Wayland is a proletarian, especially in view of the fact that he can give away as prizes several farms. I know nothing of Mr. Untermann's personal affairs, but venture to guess that he is not himself a member of the proletariat. I do not believe Victor Berger is, and I know that Joseph M. Patterson, Robert Hunter, Jas. G. Phelps Stokes and many others are not proletarians.

Suppose "Jefferson was a typical Southern gentleman of the most aristocratic tastes and habits." Much the same thing might be said of Gaylord Wilshire. And yet both he and Jefferson are typical Democrats. I have it on rumor that is not denied that Maxim Gorky, while the guest of Mr. Wilshire, consumed in wines and liquors each day more than the average proletarian receives in wages in a month. I am not complaining of this, but simply call it up as a sort of parallel case to Mr. Untermann's American Revolution. It would seem that if the next revolution is to be successful, it must be directed and led by "business men," just as previous revolutions were led.

As a sample of the scientific manner in which Mr. Untermann deals with the bourgeoisie, I quote the following paragraphs:

So they pretend to sneer at aristocracy, but they imitate its assumption of manners and style of living. They scoff at religious dogmas in the privacy of their clubs and offices, but they foster them for political purposes. They denounce corruption, crime, prostitution, but they cannot get along without them and have never seriously tried to eliminate them. They point with pride to the progress of society under their rule, but they have resisted it and are resisting it today, step by step, and would not go forward one inch, unless the inexorable and to them incomprehensible laws of their own development lashed them ahead in spite of all their stubborn resistance.

They brag of their high ideals and pure motives. But they have never realized in actual life one of the ideals of their youth. They are the inventors of the human rights theory, but they have never done one thing to materialize it in practise. On the contrary, they have always fought it bitterly, wherever the historical conditions pressed for its realization, and in no country of this globe more so than in the United States, its birthplace. And if this theory found sporadically and in isolated places a short opportunity to express itself in deeds, this happened very much against their will, and they hastened to stifle it, lest the working class should assume to much right.

Their motives? Those which they publicly pretended to have were never their real motives, and the only consistent motive that actuated them, the greed for money, was a sordid one and never openly avowed by them, but always idealized before the world and excused before their own consciences.

All this would be laughable if it were not

so tragic. Mr. Untermann pretends to believe in economic determinism, which, without elaborating it, is simply that one's method of getting a living controls his actions and gives him his ideals. Are the capitalists to blame for such action? Manifestly not, if the theory of economic determinism be true. A scientific work should be consistent with his theories.

Mr. Untermann has failed to be consistent.

C. Q. D.

The Agreement Between Science and Religion. Orlando J. Smith. Published by C. P. Farrell, 117 East 21st street, New York. 10 cents.

One notes with pleasure a writer whose distinguishing marks are sanity and urbaneness in a field that is usually made intolerable by the venom and prejudice of the controversialist, and it would have been easy for a less philosophic mind to indulge in boastfulness and vainglory in this slender, but copious pamphlet, which signalizes the latest stage in the ancient argument between Science and Religion. At first the religious philosopher showed no quarter to the scientific; later he became aware that the purpose of true science was not to destroy religion, however rudely it might fall upon certain beliefs and symbols. A fanatic in science, a fanatic in religion, each is a fanatic, who may work upon the emotions; but neither can persuade the inquiring mind. The writer of the present pamphlet is not fanatical on one side or the other. His aim seems not so much to be to convince others, as to adventure in the way of truth for the satisfaction of his own soul. This done, he gives the fruit of his wide reading and of his meditation to the world in the simplest and cheapest of forms. Such an essay as this invites re-reading, and is worth many a volume between whose covers it would occupy little more than a score of pages.

"Every religious cult, from the lowest to the highest," says the author, "has had one central motive—the explanation of the government of the universe. Science, in its higher reaches, seeks to solve precisely the same problem. Religion would explain the relations of the individual soul to the government of the universe. Science would explain the relations of all truth to the supreme adjustment. It shall be my task to inquire concerning the results of these two investigations—one religious and the other scientific—of the government of the universe, and to ascertain whether there exists any agreement between them." He then proceeds to examine the foundation of science in common experience, in reasoning, in ethics, in mathematics, in physics, to arrive at the conclusion that: "A reaction is the consequenec of an action, an effect is the consequence of a cause, a result is the consequence of an antecedent. It is evident that the words *reaction*, *effect*, *result* and *consequence* express different manifestations of one law, usually called the Law of Causality, though it would be, I believe, more correctly named the Law of Balance, meaning thereby, that an antecedent and its consequence are equivalent, reciprocal or compensatory to each other—that one balances the other, that consequences are true to their antecedents.

"Returning to the fact that there is ceaseless motion everywhere, and perfect rest nowhere, we perceive that this ceaseless motion is regulated by equivalence, reciprocity or compensation between antecedents and consequences. Throughout the universe reaction unceasingly balances action, effect unceasingly balances cause, consequence unceasingly balances antecedent. And this state of balance explains perfectly the precision and order in the processes of nature."

Continuing, the author shows that the simplest truth is in harmony with all other truths; and that any truth concerning the system of nature must agree with, and through its relations include, all truth concerning the system of nature. Modern science recognizes that Kepler's three laws of planetary motion are covered by Newton's laws of motion—that planetary motion is governed by precisely the same laws as all other motion. It is true, also, that Newton's three laws of motion are included in the single fundamental principle that consequences are true to their antecedents. Again, the author makes clear to us that the theory of evolution is a statement of the working, in one very important line of inquiry, of the principle that consequences are true to their antecedents. Then he seeks the relation of the theories of the conservation of energy, the indestructibility of matter and the ceaselessness of motion to the principle that consequences are true to their antecedents; and goes on to prove that in reality the theory of the conservation of energy and the theory of the indestructibility of matter are not two theories. They constitute one theory—that force and matter are indestructible—the meaning of which is that in the transformation of force or matter there is no loss, no waste; that the consequence is equivalent to the antecedent.

From all these observations the author draws the conclusion: "that the universe is governed by one law—that consequences are true to their antecedents; *that consequences are ceaseless and compensatory.* This is, I believe, the supreme law of nature, single and fundamental, in which all other explanations of the system of nature and all truth converge and have their center."

Having made his examination of the foundation of science, the author undertakes a similar inquiry into the foundation of religion. By religion he understands not one or any creed, but universal religion, all religion. He seeks the essential meaning of religion

"in the broad principle of principles which have been accepted by great masses of men in places and times wide apart; in the permanent manifestations of religious sentiment, and in the instinctive, spontaneous or untaught beliefs common to primitive men which survive in more highly developed form among the enlightened. And finally, in the harmony of belief in the great religious organizations now in existence; for they must contain, in the natural order of growth, that which is worthy of survival in the religious faith that has preceded them." We then learn that three basic beliefs have persisted in all religion: the belief that the soul is accountable for its actions; the belief that the soul survives the death of the body; the belief in a supreme power of adjustment. "The primitive interpretations of the supreme power improved with man's growth in culture. The lower conceptions gave way to something better, and these to something still better—fetiches to idolatry, idolatry to polytheism, polytheism to monotheism. In contrast with the narrow views of primitive men, the enlightened sects have attributed the most sublime qualities to the supreme order or ruler. A divine power is recognized in Varuna, the chief deity of the early Argans; in Brahma, the absolute of the Hindoos; in Jehovah, the almighty of the Hebrews and Christians; in Odin, the all-father of the Norsemen; in Zeus, the highest deity of the Greeks; in Jupiter, the chief god of the Romans; in Allah, the one God of the Mohammedans. The strongest words expressive of beneficence and omnipotence are applied habitually to God—the providence, the divine, the infinite, the eternal, the all-powerful, the all-present, the all-holy, the immutable, the most high, the ruler of heaven and earth, the king of kings, the light of the world, the sun of righteousness. Always he is the God who rewards the good and punishes the evil; the God who administers the compensation—the *supreme power of adjustment.*"

The three fundamental religious beliefs ascertained, the author prepares to point out the agreement between science and religion. "As science assumes that cause and effect, action and reaction, motion and transformation, are ceaseless in the physical world, so religion assumes that cause and effect, actions and consequences, are ceaseless in the soul and the individual. The religious doctrine of ceaseless moral accountability is identical with the scientific doctrine of ceaseless cause and effect. As science postulates that matter and force are indestructible, so religion postulates that the human soul is indestructible. The belief in a supreme power of adjustment is the necessary corollary of the two preceding beliefs. . . We have no difficulty in thinking of physical consequences as invariable. All experience shows that they are invariable. Extending this one law of invariable consequences into the realm of the soul, we perceive that the one law establishes the religious theory of moral accountability, and the rightness of the cosmic order. I cannot doubt that this one law is that which religious thought has sought to comprehend in all stages of culture, and with increasing success as men have grown in knowledge. The very same law which is recognized by science as fundamental in the physical world establishes perfect justice, infinite and eternal, when extended into the world of souls. Applied to matter and force, this one law explains the marvellous order in the material universe; applied to the individual, it becomes the noblest philosophy that the mind can grasp. . . .

"Religion and science are in agreement, not in conflict. They have never been in real conflict. The appearance of conflict has been due to misunderstanding and misinterpretation of both religion and science through the ages in which men have been groping and toiling upward from darkness to light.

"The scientific explanations of nature have advanced constantly in breadth—into the uniform, the boundless, the universal, the changeless, the ceaseless, the deathless. Upon these broad grounds religion and science meet—on the ground of life, not death; of persistence, not annihilation; of right, not wrong; on the ground of the uniformity of Nature: that the consequences of human action are as definite as the consequences of chemical action; that the law of compensation which operates in the realm of physics acts with the same unfailing certainty, and with the same eternal ceaselessness, upon the soul of man."

R. D.

Visionaries. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Mr. Huneker has taken as device for this volume of his short stories a line from Baudelaire: "*J'aime les nuages . . . la bas . . . !*" And to understand, to appreciate, one must adventure forth with him far off there where the clouds are, along the purple way, to worlds that are far and strange. In these tales of the supercivilized, one marvels again at the multi-colored opulence that distinguishes all he writes, whether criticism of music, of painting, of drama, or fiction, whose characters move and have their being in these arts. With such a province for his stories it is but natural that he should find himself more at home in Europe than in the United States. The ideas, the characters, the background lie there at hand, and are his to choose and embellish with the prismatic radiance of an English, vigorous and true, yet faintly aromatic of alien voices. One impression left by his brilliant book is, that the author must be somewhat kin to an American he thus describes. "But his thoughts were always three thousand miles away, in that delectable city of cities, Paris. For Paris he suffered a painful nostalgia. There he met his true brethren, while in New York he

felt an alien. He was one. The city, with its high, narrow streets—granite tunnels, its rude reverberations, its colorless, toiling barbarians, with their uncouth indifference to art—he did not deny that he loathed this nation, vibrating only in the presence of money, sports, grimy ward politics . . . no nuance in its life or its literature. France was his *patrie psychique:* he would return there some day and forever . . . "

We know that it is unfair to trace the likeness of an author from one of his characters. It is stupid also. But we do not say more than that Mr. Huneker seems akin to such a character, whose distant relatives are are to be met with at home wherever gather those sincerely devoted to the arts. One may judge then what a fertile field he possesses in which to cultivate fiction. That he knows material when he sees it at home, there can be no doubt, if one reads the last, and perhaps the most fantastic story in this book of vivid color, sweeping imagination, and acute analysis of the temperament artistic.

Here is Mr. Huneker's picture of the gypsy band in a certain New York restaurant. You may have been there yourself, seen and heard, yet never so *dramatically.* "A vicious swirl of color, and dizzy, dislocated rhythms prefaced the incantations of the Czardas. Instantly, the eating, gabbling crowd became silent; Alfassy Janos magnetized his hearers with cradling, caressing movements of his fiddle! He waved like tall grass in the wind; he twisted snakewise his lithe body as he lashed his bow upon the screaming strings; the resilient tones darted fulgurantly from instrument to instrument. After chasing in circles of quicksilver, they all met with a crash; and the whole tonal battery, reinforced by the throbbing of Arpad Vihary's dulcimer, swept through the suite of rooms from ceiling to sanded floor. It was no longer enchanted music, but sheer madness of the blood; sensual and warlike, it gripped the imagination as these tunes of Old Egypt, filtered through savage centuries, reached the ears. Lora trembled in the gale that blew across the Puzta. She imagined a determined Hungarian prairie, over which dashed disordered centaurs, brandishing clubs, driving before them a band of satyrs and leaping fauns. The hoofed men struggled. At the front was a monster with a black goat-face and huge horns; he fought fiercely the half human horses. The sun, a thin scarf of light, was eclipsed by earnest clouds; the curving thunder closed over the battle . . . "

Another story, "The Tune of Time," reveals the brilliant daring of imaginative power that is Mr. Huneker's most striking characteristic as a fictionist. In fact, this quality, developed to such a high degree, makes the book stand alone in English short-story literature of today. Not all the stories are of equal worth—one notes the excesses of his ability in conception and in expression; but the least of them is individual,

R. D.

A Woman's Heart. By Olive Ransom. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

This book purports to be composed of manuscripts found in the papers of Katherine Peshconet, and edited by her executor, Olive Ransom. Katherine Peshconet, who calls herself an American of Puritan descent, despite a name that sounds very French-Canadian, became infatuated with a Roman Catholic priest. Marriage, of course, was impossible; though the passion seemed reciprocal, that is, if we may judge from the statement of the lady enamored. The man in the case is never allowed to say a word—except though the medium of his beloved's interminable utterance. The last would have kept any man, half sane, from ever thinking of living with her. Besides, she is making overt love to him all the time, which is so sharp a contradiction of sex tactics in such enterprises, that one seriously doubts, at times, whether the book is truly the product of a feminine typewriting machine. Consider the picture of wedded bliss the lady draws in her imagination; and wonder which way any man with a beard on his face would run at the offer: "You should read aloud from Keats and Sophocles, Dante, Thomas à Kempis, Emerson, Clough, Arnold, Shelley, and the Gospels—our hearts would welcome messages from all brave, strong, true souls—while I should count your linen, stiffen the fastenings of your buttons, and pick up the dropped threads of your stockings." Again: "I should like to take you this morning as a mother takes her baby on her lap, and rubs him with mild water, holding up soft linen to defend the tender body from stray draughts. She washes and pats the tender skin, brushes up the brown hair, and lulls him to restfulness. Then, finally, I should put you away in a cool, shaded cot, like the baby, for a sleep."

Except for the long passages of ecclesiastic discussion, which are dull, and some few too ardent passages that verge on vulgarity, the book is amusing in spots. It is evident that as autobiography it is fictitious; and as fiction that it is impotent and immature. There is no question of disrespecting the memory of the dead, for Katherine Peshconet never can have lived under that or any other name. The executor-author has plainly read too much and lived too little; but we may feel equally sure that she has full opportunity to outlive this youthful indiscretion, at least by years. She has our best wish that she may do it also by her future work.

H. E. V.

The Four Million. O. Henry. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

"Not very long ago some one invented

the assertion that there were only 'Four Hundred' people in New York City who were really worth noticing. But a wiser man has arisen—the census-taker—and his larger estimate of human nature has been preferred in marking out the field of these little stories of the 'Four Million'." In his paragraph of a preface, O. Henry shows the same sense of economy of words, individuality of view-point and ingenuity of conception that characterize the twenty-five stories of which his book is made up. In word-limit all the stories are shorter than the average magazine story, yet it would be difficult to find as much observation and insight compacted in the short stories of any fictionist of today.

It is worth while to examine closely the method of a writer whom critics have, on various occasions, compared to Dickens, Maupassant, Stevenson. This, even though one may have a confirmed opinion on the inutility of comparisons. If we feel inclined to say a writer is very much like Stevenson, we are unconsciously subtracting from the later man's individuality. Indeed, it would be tiresome to read any man just like Stevenson, except Stevenson himself. Moreover, one might pick a majority of traits in the stories of O. Henry that make him quite unlike the celebrities just named.

For instance, he describes, in a phrase, where Dickens indulges in a paragraph. Again, his sentiment is always spiced with a humorous cynicism, never unkind, yet never unaware of the general foolishness of normal human nature. He is as much like Dickens as Broadway is like the Strand. His people are often of very humble station, and soul to soul one meets waiters of both sexes, policemen, tramps, factory workers, Bowery heroes, shop girls, messenger boys, boarding-house keepers, the furnished roomers under life sentence, yaps and a yellow dog. Not even the dog is presented in the rose-tinted vapor that most writers spray upon the Lady Romance that seems to be the genius of Manhattan Island. Nor does he see them drenched in the grime that is the main denotement of the so-called realist. He sees them as they are, and manages to epitomize in some misadventure of every day the whole melodrama of their existence.

He refuses to see New York as provincially as New Yorkers see it. He refuses to see the pathos in the short and simple annals of the poor, which is the effect of the habit of reading newspaper accounts of kidnapped children. He cauterizes the snobbery that makes a native of the State of Maine pose as a cosmopolite in a café, with the same admirable restraint he uses in the romance of the girl in the skylight room, who worshipped a star and was hurried away starving by an ambulance surgeon of the same name as the star.

Sometimes he seems not to be telling a story at all. The *Chorus*, at his elbow always, talks uninterruptedly. One feels the case is being stated; and then comes the quirk of the last line that throws a new light on all that has gone before. With the aid of his *Chorus* he manages the paradox of telling a story without writing it. The quirk of the last line, that never fails to surprise, is factitious, but we wouldn't dispense with it, even though it does invalidate the comparison to Maupassant. He resembles all good writers in his fine instinct for the right word, whether he is writing New Yorkese or English; he is *sui generis* in the manifold impressions he records of the great illusion New York is—in common with other over-advertised cities. For this reason, we believe "The Four Million" to be the most interesting book of New York stories yet written. Not all phases of the city's life are comprised in it, but all the phases that to the outsider mean the city itself.

R. D.

Books Received

Better-World Philosophy: a Sociological Synthesis. by J. Howard Moore. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Publishers.

Mark Twain's Library of Humor. Illustrated. Harper Bros., New York, Publishers.

We have assimilated the Filipinos, but we have abandoned the pretense of benevolence. We won't allow them an outlet for their products, sugar and tobacco. They can't send either to this country, of which they are a part, without paying duty. Their agriculture needs help. Their fields have been devastated by war. We have given them a costly government, chiefly military. They have been forced to import rice for food. On top of all this we shut them out of the market in this country. We tax the Filipinos without their consent even as George III taxed ourselves until we revolted and became free. We treat these colonies as vilely as they were treated by Spain, if not worse. The defeat of the Philippine tariff bill is a disgrace to this country, a repudiation of the principles to which, as a nation, we owe our origin.—*Graphic, Kirksville, Mo.*

Trustism, bossism, partyism, along with such isms as Clevelandism and other damphoolisms, have made American politics corrupt. And they have made a great many good men independent in things political, and in the course of time may be the salvation of our native land.—*Salinac Farmer, Sandusky, Mich.*

With the dividends of Standard Oil amounting, in eight years, to three times the par value of its capital stock, it would seem that any raise in the price of oil or gasoline is nothing short of the boldest form of highway robbery.—*People's Press, Perkins, Okla.*

The Union Mine Workers voted $5,000 to aid the Western Federation men who have been arrested and taken to Idaho for trial in connection with the murder of ex-Governor Steunenburg. If the accused are guilty they should be punished, and if innocent they should be given a fair trial. The laboring element is greatly worked up over the stand the present governor has taken in the matter, as by his actions he shows that he believes in reversing the way the law reads, and holding the defendants guilty until proven innocent.—*Herald, Beatrice, Neb.*

Henry Clews, the Wall Street banker, in his weekly circular letter of April 7, says the "railroad earnings are gratifyingly large;" 117 roads report a gain of 20 per cent. for January; 58 roads report a gain of 25 per cent. during the month of February. Mr. Clews further says "the returns of many of our large industrial corporations are also gratifying." But does the prosperity of the railroads and the manufacturing trusts always mean that the people are also prospering?—*Missouri World, Chillicothe, Mo.*

The internal dissension generally rife in both the great political parties is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. It means thinking is being done by individuals and that organizations as such are getting their proper rating.—*Union Standard, Westfield. N. J.*

The Interstate Commerce Commission says that the freight inspectors detect at least 1,000 cases of underbilled freight in New York every day. It would be a good deal more interesting if the commission could tell how many of the cases were not detected. —*Phonograph, Glenwood, Mo.*

Ex-Senator Pettigrew says: "A third party standing for government ownership of railroads and for the referendum will in all probability come into being and carry the day against both the Republicans and Democrats in the next Presidential election. The very rich are the anarchists, because they violate the law. The outcry of the rank and file of all parties today is the outcome of the anarchy of these very rich people. Their conduct has broken down the representative system of our country that was developed before the corporations came into existence, but was destroyed by the creation of corporations, resulting in corruption and bribery in our legislatures and representative bodies. Today we are the corruptest government in the world. Complete socialism is not a practical remedy."—*Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Nebraska has one county that is larger than either Rhode Island or Delaware, and Rhode Island is the boss of the Senate through Aldrich, and the people of Rhode Island would die of starvation within a year if they were forced to live on the products that were produced in that state during that time, while enough could be produced on the fertile lands of Nebraska to feed and clothe the whole of New England and have goods to sell elsewhere. Yet Aldrich is king over

Nebraska as well as the rest of the states, and will continue to be as long as he lives and the people vote the Republican ticket. The moral of this little story is that you ought to stand pat and vote 'er straight.—*Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

Money performs precisely the same function in the social and business organism that blood does in the animal organism. Blood is the vitalizing force in the human body, and money is the vitalizing force in the body politic. Everybody knows that the loss of blood causes weakness in a human person, and just so the loss of money—a contraction of the money volume—causes weakness in a government; hence no "Power should be permitted to control our volume of money." Good paper money based on the credit of the people is the best money ever invented by man or men.—*Reporter, Strang, Neb.*

President Roosevelt has compromised on the railroad rate question and consented to the court review feature, which he resisted for a time. The courts have no terrors for the railroads. Had an idea all the time that our strenuous President would find the railroad rate proposition a very strenuous one to handle. Government ownership is the only correct and lasting solution. Anything short of this will be a miserable makeshift at the best.—*People's Voice, Norman, Okla.*

When a banker steals money they call it embezzlement, but when a poor man steals money, or its equivalent, they call it robbery. Isn't it a nice distinction?—*Citizen, Verdigre, Neb.*

Mr. George B. McClellan can not complain any longer that only hard luck falls to him, as Judge Parker recently refused to stand sponsor for a McClellan Presidential boom.—*Leader, Guthrie, Okla.*

Joe Bailey missed his calling. If he can make a speech powerful enough to convert a Republican Senator from Maine, he should have been a revivalist by all means. The fields are white unto harvest for him.—*Chronicle-Reporter, Cedar City, Mo.*

We cannot help but think that a great mistake is made by people forming fixed opinions from studying one side of a question only. But many do so, and become so firmly fixed in their opinions that when in error angels could not convince them to the contrary. They take up with one issue and will neither read nor hear anything that conflicts with it. They become narrow minded, bigoted and intolerant, many good men in other respects becoming a nuisance by trying to force their beliefs down the throats of their fellow-men. All important questions should be diligently studied from all sides, and this is especially true of political questions. Our country is what we make it. The workers, the rank and file, are responsible for those they elect to serve them.—*Advocate, Lardo, Idaho.*

Some very interesting politics will develop in this country in the next two years. It has been demonstrated in the past that when a dominant party has destroyed all effective opposition, it is time to look for a new deal. The present situation in Congress would, if certain Republican leaders were not purblind, prompt conciliatory methods between law-makers and their constituents. Voters are in a frame of mind to discriminate between the servants of the people and of monopoly and the candidate who can convince them that he stands for the promotion of their interests, will tear party lines into shoe strings regardless of his political affiliations.—*Ogle, Reporter, Oregon, Ill.*

It is now currently reported that Senator Knox has brought the President round to his way of thinking on the rate bill. If the other Senators have the same luck, the President will have some difficulty in recollecting what his original opinion was.—*Plain Dealer, Lake City, Mich.*

From 1888 to and including 1898, the average increase in salaries paid U. S. officials was at the rate of $2,000,000 a year. Since 1898 the average annual increase has been $11,000,000! It costs money to run this country as a world power, it does!—*Standard, Frankfort, Ind.*

The business public has everything to gain and nothing to lose by aiding the farmers to establish a clearing house in every town. Give the farmer the highest possible price for his produce and he will have more money to spend with you. Every sensible business man and banker will contribute to the establishment and maintenance of a clearing or market house for the farmer. They should know that the farmers' prosperity means their prosperity.—*Union Signal, Shawnee, Okla.*

The Republican oligarchy in the U. S. Senate has been wonderfully shattered in the fight over railroad rates. Aldrich and Allison, two of the most conspicuous in this combination that "did things," are now uncompromising leaders of opposing factions. To yield to Allison will destroy party campaign contributions. To yield to Aldrich will ruin the party with the common people. The contest will be watched with interest.—*Herald, Bolivar, Mo.*

President Roosevelt said in his message to Congress that if relief was not given in the way of railroad rate regulation, something more radical would come, meaning government ownership. It is now quite apparent

that the administration will utterly fail to give the country any practical and effective relief, and that President Roosevelt has uttered a prophecy of the downfall of the Republican party.—*Democrat, Grand Island, Neb.*

THERE are times when it is justifiable to change one's opinions and convictions—become inconsistent, as it were. If a man goes on forever in the same rut he will never make any improvements. It may be justifiable to charge a political opponent with inconsistency and insincerity but when there is trash in his own back yard he had better be careful with his charges because when he is caught, as he will be, his methods seem those of a blackguard.

Such has been Howell's position up to the present time.

But now he has become entangled in the net of his own duplicity.

He has been detected in a bare-faced, cold-blooded falsehood!

In his Monticello speech, he said that he worked for Hammond for the Senate, did not support Calhoun, did not attend the Calhoun caucus, etc., and the records—even the files of the Constitution—show that he supported the Wall street candidate with all the vigor of criminal fraternity. A member of the legislature of that year has told us the whole story: Howell could have elected Gordon with his vote as chairman, when the house was evenly divided, but did not do so. When, however, Gordon's election was assured, this two-faced flopper crawled from his high seat and changed his vote, even suggesting that the election be made unanimous! What a flopping!

Why did he change his vote? What good did it do either Gordon or himself? It was simply a scheme to falsify the record, to make his vote count for Gordon so that he could say "I worked and voted for Gordon."

Now Howell points to his record with assumed pride, when his very changing, regardless of his personal proclivities, shows a weakness of courage and character ill befitting a candidate for governor.

But who was Pat Calhoun? He was the Clark Howell of that race—the tool of Wall Street and the railroads—the hireling who hums "Wist ye not that I must be about my master's business?"

That is why Howell "worked and voted" for Calhoun.

But who was John B. Gordon? He was the Hoke Smith of that campaign, the man of the people, the advocate of reform, the man who fought and bled for his country—for four years played hide-and-seek with death on the bloody field of battle.—*Sparta (Ga.,) Ishmaelite.*

The denial of Clark Howell that he worked for Calhoun's election against the lamented Gordon, is only in keeping with his vascillating, insincere nature, and does not surprise anyone who has watched his erratic career. *The Ishmaelite* is not one whit too severe in denouncing his perfidy.—*Times, Dublin, Ga.*

THE Macon *Telegraph* says Major Hanson owns no stock in it, and the Major himself says he owns no Central railroad stock. Poor fellow; we do not believe he owns anything, except that "tin horn" title, "a railroad president."—*Citizen, Dalton, Ga.*

THE executive committees of fifty Georgia counties have formally declared in favor of the same rules that have heretofore governed State primaries, in so far as they are related to the qualification of the voters. Two county committees have declared for new rules, requiring pledges of "future loyalty," while the rump committee of Fulton County has also expressed a preference for some strange and hitherto unknown rules. If the State Executive Committee acts wisely it will be governed by party custom and past actions and will prescribe the same voting qualifications that have governed Democratic state primaries during the past decade. —*Newman (Ga.) News.*

AN Idaho paper says "a motion to adjourn in Congress is a parliamentary method of turning off gas." It's a wonder some of them do not blow it out.—*Sentinel, Gentry, Mo.*

THE rate bill is still before the Senate, and is liable to be for some time, though it seems certain that the bill in some shape will pass that body. Those senators who have fought against any legislation of this kind begin to see that they cannot prevent it, and will now take up considerable time in the Senate for the purpose of proving that they have been in favor of "proper rate legislation" all the time.—*Breeze, Spicer, Mo.*

THE Taft Philippine party is said not to have been a junket, and it was claimed that each man paid his own expenses, which were $500 a person for the round trip. Secretary Taft is now before the Senate Committee explaining that it cost General Leonard Wood $3,600 to go from Manila to Boston. There seems to be an inequality somewhere.—*News, Harvey, Ind.*

THE moneyed interests of the East name the presidential candidates and the deluded people of the West elect them. Did it ever occur to you that way?—*Bulletin, Bixby, I. T.*

JUDGE PARKER, in his North Carolina speech, advocated the plan of running a Southern man for the presidency of the United States in 1908. It would seem that he has the nerve of an ox to even mention the subject after he has "Out-Greeleyed" Greeley himself. The people know that he is not a Democrat, but a tool of the Wall

street party, a dummy, a nonentity. Consequently, they are not going to listen to him on anything pertaining to politics, especially when he begins to mention such mush as that, however much we would like to see a Southerner in the White House. We have the best chance we have had in years, and should be careful to steer clear of such "Gold bricks" as Parker and his allies.—*Ishmaclite, Sparta, Ga.*

Chinese pirates did a foul piece of work near Shanghai, by capturing a Standard Oil yacht and swiping $10,000 in specie therefrom. As a consequence, the Standard Oil Company has advanced the price of gasoline of all grades from ½ to 1½ cents per gallon. Thus does Chinese cheap labor levy tribute from the haughty Caucasian.—*Renfrews Record, Alva, Okla.*

Isn't it great! Senator Long, after all these years of campaign wind-jamming and smooth deception, is called upon to do something for his friends, the railroads, and his eloquence is touching. Some months ago the people of his state, regardless of party, demanded from him an expression of how he stood in regard to railroad regulation. And to save his soul he couldn't somehow make a noise like a think!—*Journal, Kingman, Kan.*

Although there is some doubt as to whether there will be a long coal strike, the operators have decided to prepare the consumer for the worst by putting the price up a few notches right away.—*Star, Kingston, Tex.*

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, holds that the enforcement of existing laws will "practically" remove all evils aimed at by the Hepburn railroad-rate bill! BUT, the laws have not been enforced, and there seems to be no way of guaranteeing their enforcement.—*New Voice, Chicago, Ill.*

Another New York idol of the reformers has fallen from his pedestal. District-Attorney Jerome declares he can not bring suit against the insurance thieves for taking the policy-holders' money and pouring it into the Republican campaign fund, because there is no law against such an act. Neither is there any specific law against a bank cashier taking money to invest in the board of trade, there is no specific law against stealing coal or anything else, but somehow prosecutors out West once in a while get men into the penitentiaries for doing such things. Jerome has become color-blind by too intimate association with Wall street.—*Argus, Clinton, Ind.*

Many unkind people will now begin to wonder how much District-Attorney Jerome got for experiencing a change of heart.—*Enterprise, Luck, Wis.*

It looks as if it would be necessary to nominate three or four Democratic candidates for the presidency in order to satisfy the many different kinds of Democrats now scattered over the country.—*Sun, Schaghticoke, N. Y.*

Senator Bailey, of Texas, made a speech in the Senate the other day that reminded the old timers of the good old times when Clay, Calhoun, Stephens and Brady were members of the body. It would be a good thing if something would happen to cause that sedate body to shake off its lethargy and actually act on the rate bill.—*Democrat, Casa, Ark.*

Judge Parker, while on his trip through the South made frequent allusion to his conduct when "running for the presidency." Democrats who pinned their faith to Alton B. during that race are thinking that he made a mighty slow walk of it.—*Herald, Tahlequah, I. T.*

Senator La Follette is on guard for the people in the United States Senate. He is the man, if it is done, who will prevent railroad monopoly of coal. He stands up and fights straight from the shoulder. Tillman, of South Carolina, has joined him, and the old cringing soreheads of monopoly are trembling for fear they will be forced to the record which will show how they stood.—*Watchman, Cleburne, Tex.*

Chaplain Hale, of the United States Senate, in the course of his prayer a few mornings ago, quoted the admonition: "I say unto you here, Love your enemies." The vice-president and Senator Platt, of New York, were the only persons present, and it is said that each thinks the chaplain meant the other.—*Farmer, Dallas, Tex.*

Senator Platt is heartily in favor of reducing the amount of printed matter turned out by the Government. His "express company" never gets a chance to carry it, anyway.—*Herald, Ludlow, Mo.*

Miss McDowell, of Chicago, says that the girls in the packing-houses are treated a little worse than the cattle which are transported for 36 hours without food or water. But the girls are less fortunate in that they are not slaughtered at the end of the journey.—*New Era, McEwen, Tenn.*

The postmaster-general has issued a notice that all rural mail carriers have the right-of-way on all country roads, and that other carriages or conveyances must surrender the right-of-way to the rural carriers. This order was issued as the result of numerous complaints on the part of carriers who were not able to deliver their mail in the specified time, because carriages and conveyances which they met refused to give

them the right-of-way, and often made it necessary for them to drive slower or wait until the road was clear before they could proceed. A fine will be charged to all who in any way interfere with the speedy delivery of rural mail, and as a carrier is also fined, and sometimes deposed, for late delivery, he will no doubt see to it that any person responsible for his delay will bear the punishment instead of himself.—*Gazette, Bellevue, Neb.*

Senator La Follette directs his first legislative effort in the way of election reforms, by seeking to have enacted a bill providing for the most publicity regarding the election expenses of any party or candidate. Publicity is a powerful weapon, and the greatest safeguard against corruption. Senator La Follette, perhaps better than anyone else, appreciates this fact.—*Democrat, Le Sueur, Minn.*

Congress is arranging to put off the payments of the construction of the Panama Canal to the next generation. The "graft," by far the biggest bill, is to be paid now.—*Mail, Tipton, Mo.*

If John D. Rockefeller lives twelve years more he will be the first billionaire the world has known. His wealth grows automatically. He absolutely controls fifty-one of the largest banks and trust companies of America, dominates 60 per cent. of the railroads, can fix the price of steel for the world, has nearly a million and a half men's work and wages under his power, has the oil industry in the hollow of his hand, and sways the fortunes of over 500 other great corporations.—*World, Idaho City, Ida.*

Efforts to introduce the parcels post in the United States have aways been defeated by the influence of the express companies whose most notable representative is Senator Platt of New York. At present packages over four pounds in weight will not be accepted by the mail service at merchandise rates, though it was said John Wanamaker, when he was Postmaster-General, could carry parcels at one-twelfth the cost now charged by the express companies and make a profit on it. There are thirty-five foreign countries in the parcels post union, and in that business last year Germany made a profit of over $14,000,000; while the profits of England on the four billion packages carried by the parcels post amounted to $12,000,000. These are the figures to convince the people that a parcels post in this country is as much of an economical necessity in this country as in the regulation of railroad rates by the Government.—*News, Harvey, Iowa.*

Judges, instead of forwarding the ends of justice, are too frequently used to forward the ends of corporations to defeat justice. This is what is bringing judges into contempt of the people.—*Sharp Shooter, Rolla, Mo.*

The idea prevails that travel broadens a man, but since the withdrawal of passes Congressmen are of the conviction that it also makes a man shorter.—*News, Mathews, Ind.*

The wonderful Jerome, the fearless prosecutor of New York, has finally reached his level. He has "gone easy" on the life insurance donations to the campaign fund because he said it was too common to admit of criminal prosecution.—*Messenger, Smith Center, Kan.*

According to Jerome, of New York, a man may secretly take the funds of a bank or an insurance company and turn them over to a Matt Quay, a Cortelyou or any other political party boodler and it is not stealing, provided the fellow, when found out, owns that he took the funds and turned them over as a "patriotic duty." Great Scott, what a doctrine! And many of the postoffice organs indorse that sort of stuff. There is nothing too mean for the brain and stomach of some party worshipers.—*Herald, Waseca, Minn.*

The courts of this country, from the lowest to the highest, need judges whose ability to see justice and equity is sharpened, and whose eyes are not so finely focussed upon technicalities.—*Bonham News.*

Then you said something, but most of the judges are lawyers, and some of them have partners that practice in their courts.—*Courier, Cresson, Tex.*

Speaker Cannon has once more let the country know that he is the Casabianca of the standpatters. And the flames are leaping up all around him.—*News, Red Wing, Minn.*

Senator Tillman is as brave as he is honest, and as intellectual as he is patriotic; no breath of suspicion was ever raised against his uprightness, not even by his bitterest enemies. It is fortunate for the country that we have a few "Tillmans and Baileys" left, whose masculine virtues overwhelm effeminate cunning. These two distinguished Southerners come from a section of country where the greatest spirit of gallantry and solicitude is manifested towards women, but "men rule the roost" in the South, not women. Hence their superior character. That same spirit which repudiated the Yankee schoolmarm right after the war, when she was rushed into the South by abolitionists for the purpose of educating the South to the effeminate ideal, is still strong (thank God) in such distinguished men as Senators Tillman and Bailey and Tom Watson. These great men are a power in the nation, and their peers are very hard to find in either the

North or the South, East or the West.—*The Patriarch, Seattle, Wis.*

THE revelations of dishonesty in the great American life insurance companies have resulted in the formation of a "Policy-Holder's Protective League" in England, of which Sir Alfred Harmsworth (now Lord Northcliffe) is chairman. Twenty-five thousand Englishmen are insured in the Mutual Life of New York, many of them men of large wealth and great influence. They are nearly all enrolled in this protective league. They have retained the ablest English legal advice, and are about to supplement it by the best attorneys to be had in the United States. They are not intending to assail the Mutual Life to its harm, but merely to its good. They intend to protect their own interests, however, and they hold that under the old system of management this is impossible. They say bluntly that if the management of the great New York insurance companies is typical of American commercial morality, it is necessary for foreigners having policies in American insurance companies to secure additional protection; they say also that there are apparently two kinds of honesty recognized in America: corporate honesty and ordinary honesty; and they add that in foreign eyes there is only one kind of honesty; that all the other kinds are dishonesty, and should be punished by the law. It is to be feared that the extremely blunt arraignment of American commercial methods by this English committee may arouse a feeling of resentment in America, which may defeat the Protective League's ends. But no fair-minded American can deny that the Englishmen are right. They have been robbed by the managers of the Mutual Life. So have the American policy-holders been robbed by the managers of the Mutual Life. The difference is that the English policy-holders call it "stealing" and the American policy-holders call it "mismanagement." Both phrases seem to be too harsh: "Convey," the wise call it."—*Argonaut, San Francisco, Cal.*

EUCHRED, is the President (if he was in earnest). Flim-flammed are the reformers. Tillman and Roosevelt; what a team! Both pulling the railroad rate cart with a bag of wind in it, marked "Handle with care (glass), this side up." The railway rate bill that has passed the House, and which Senator Aldrich is willing to let Tillman steer through the Senate, regulates but very little. It does not regulate sleeping-car rates, chair or observation car privileges. It does not regulate express or mail car rates. It does not regulate private car, private switch engines and standing contracts. What does it regulate? From what I can glean, a minimum or maximum rate will be made or stipulated. The railroads can charge for extra precautions, extra service and storage; a price for this can also be set. The late Democratic party platforms have asked for railway regulation and the Republicans can laugh in their sleeves. "*It's a regalater wat regerlates, nit*"—score one for the railways.—*Liberty Bell, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

JUDGE PARKER says the Democrats should go South for a presidential candidate for 1908. They should certainly go somewhere where Democrats grow. The real Democrats have had their fill of Wall Street stool-pigeons.—*Donham's Doings, Le Gueur, Minn.*

KANSAS judges are reported to have given up all their free passes. They doubtless preferred doing this to giving up their jobs.—*Advocate, Greenville, Ala.*

SENATOR PENROSE lately introduced a bill for $50,000 appropriation to "determine the quantity of the so-called hammer blow centrifugal lift and tangential throw of the counter-balance driving wheels." Perhaps Senator Penrose is trying to find out what hit him at the last election. — *Mountaineer, Gorham, N. H.*

SENATORS Spooner and Tillman are laying down the law to each other and brightening the pages of history with their merry quips and sallies. In the meantime the people are waiting for some wholesome legislation.—*Herald, St. Johns, Arizona.*

REPRESENTATIVE LONGWORTH, the son-in-law of the President, in a speech at Chicago, said that "instead of everything getting worse everything is getting better." Mr. Longworth is in the same optimistic condition as ex-President Cleveland, who, while still in his honeymoon, declared that "Life is one grand, sweet song."—*Gleaner, Almond, N.Y.*

DID the President fear that if he did not defend some of the senators against the just attacks being made on them by magazine writers they would refuse to heed the shaking of his "big stick" under their noses? What defense can the President have for such senators as Depew, Platt, Aldrich and Gorman? These men have caused the most criticism of the senate, and as long as a majority of the senate continues to be run by men whose interests are against the masses it must expect to be censured, and those who are caught in bad company will suffer for their evil companions. The President has made another one of his many mistakes in trying to pacify the enemies of the people. His words for a taxation of the rich are hollow when his defense of those who are responsible is considered and are almost hypocritical.—*Democrat, Lansing, Mich.*

WE hear talk of a great bank to regulate the money market — a great individual

bank. It is fool talk. We don't want another Biddle Bank, such as it took all Jackson's power to shackle. We have one set of men in three or four banks controlling money rates in acute speculative crises now, and they control it for their own benefit mostly. Another set would do the same thing. What is wanted is not another Bank of England, but a law to regulate the currency and other laws to prevent the corruption of finance and fostering of diseased speculative conditions by the issuance of unlimited securities and the juggling of the market by means of false representation. Bring stocks down to their real value by proper restriction upon their issue, and the pinches will not be made so frequently by the raising of rates on loans guaranteed by securities of clearly fictitious value. We have pretty nearly enough money. We have entirely too much stock, most of it highly dropsical. — *The Mirror, St. Louis, Mo.*

Old French Song

BY THOMAS WALSH

SPRINGTIME sees the flitting swallow
On its homing pathway follow
To its nest among the eaves;
And the nightingale comes singing,
When no more the frost is clinging
Through the old familiar leaves.
Stream and flower and song and pinion
Own the season's glad dominion
Through their wonted haunts again;
So in tenderness, my Sweeting,
Comes a heart to thee repeating
O'er and o'er the old refrain.
As from exile am I turning,
In thy gentle soul discerning
Where my native country lies;
And the star my skies provide me,
Ever clear alone to guide me,
Is the beauty of thine eyes.

His Peculiar Action

"A FELLER walked half way across the street, right out in front here, day before yesterday, and fell dead," said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark.

"And, as I presume there was nothing to prevent his leaving town in the ordinary way," a trifle hypercritically returned a tourist from the North, "doubtless his action caused considerable comment?"

FROM APRIL 8 TO MAY 8, 1906

Home News

April 8.—The Board of Governors of the New York Democratic Club decides to recommend to the club, as a whole, at a meeting to be held April 25, the nationalization of the club and the change of its name to the National Democratic Club. Back of this is a plan to push William J. Bryan to the front as the candidate of the "regular" Democracy for President in 1908. The Eastern Democrats hope to check the wave of radicalism and the following of William R. Hearst by this move.

Robert G. Proctor, private secretary of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who is charged with embezzling campaign funds, surrenders to the Boston police.

Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the international policyholders' committee, makes public a letter which he has written to Thomas H. D. Berridge, one of the committee's representatives in London, which contradicts the statement of Charles A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., that he is not connected with the Standard Oil, Morgan, or Harriman interests. The letter states that Peabody is recognized as "the figurehead" of the Standard Oil interests, is their director in several corporations, and that the Mutual does not intend to push the suits brought against ex-President Richard A. McCurdy, and that the actions were instituted for the purpose of anticipation and getting control of litigation, which they knew was inevitable as a result of the recent disclosures.

April 9.—The conference between the coal operators and representatives of the miners is postponed.

The debate on the Hepburn rate bill continues in the Senate. An agreement on the measure is said to be in sight.

April 10.—The hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission at Philadelphia, to determine whether the railroad companies are interested, directly or indirectly, in the oil or coal which is transported over their lines, has shown that the bituminous coal traffic is divided by agreement among six railroad companies. The commission also brought out the fact that by means of the private-car system large mining companies are able to enter into contracts for the delivery of coal at stated periods, while smaller companies, which own no such cars, are unable to guarantee the exact time of their deliveries.

The coal operators make counter propositions to the miners and it is expected that they will accept.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian writer and patriot, arrives in New York and will work here for his country's freedom.

April 11.—The debate on the Hepburn railroad rate bill is drawing to a close in the Senate. The House takes the post-office appropriation bill under consideration.

Congressman Denby, of Michigan, introduces a bill for the revision of the Chinese Exclusion act. The bill provides for the inspection of emigrants by American inspectors in China and for the re-registration of Chinese now in this country. The bill is not intended to modify the basic policy of excluding Chinese laborers, but is an attempt to find a compromise which shall harmonize differences with China. The bill also provides: 1. That Chinese applicants for the writ of habeas corpus may be admitted to bail. 2. That any Chinaman, resident in the United States and wishing to go back to China and then return to the United States, may receive a return certificate on exhibition of his certificate of registration or original certificate of entry and proof of identity. 3. That the provision of existing law, placing the burden of proof on Chinese arrested for being unlawfully in the United States to show their right to be here, be repealed. 4. For an enlargement of the exempt classes to include accountants, bookkeepers, bankers, members of the learned professions, editors or members of other classes not falling within the category of laborers. But it shall be unlawful

for a member of the exempt classes to work for gain as a laborer.

James A. Bailey, chief owner of the Barnum and Bailey circus, dies at his home in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The Indiana State Republican convention indorses the administration of President Roosevelt, declares in favor of railroad rate regulation and a protective tariff.

April 12.—Peace negotiations between the coal operators and representatives of the miners come to an end. A long and bitter strike is now expected.

Charles A. Peabody, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, states that if the British policyholders will name the trustees whose resignations they desire, these trustees will resign, or explain why they should not do so.

A despatch from Washington states that the President and Attorney-General Moody wish a law passed which will give the Government the same standing in the federal courts as is now enjoyed by the defendant. Under the present statutes, as exemplified in the Beef Trust cases at Chicago, the Government cannot take an appeal on a writ of error or for any other cause, and must accept a first adverse decision as final.

The Hon. Bourke Cockran, of New York, praises the House of Representatives and roasts the Senate. He ridicules the questions of constitutionality, raised by senators against the Hepburn railroad rate bill, and declares that the Senate is playing battledore and shuttlecock with its terms.

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, addresses the Senate on the railroad rate bill, and discusses his proposed amendment giving complainants the alternative of taking their cases into the courts in preference to the Interstate Commerce Commission. He also argues the question of whether Congress has the power to fix rates, and, if it has, whether it is not delegating its power to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

April 13.—It is discovered that the woman now in this country with Maxim Gorky, the Russian author and Socialist, is not his wife, but is a former actress. Gorky and the woman are asked to leave the hotel at which they are stopping in New York City.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, prefers formal charges against Benjamin F. Barnes, recently nominated to be postmaster at Washington. The charges are all based on the ejectment of Mrs. Minor Morris from the White House.

Arthur Hall, superintendent of transportation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, testifies before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Baltimore & Ohio, Railroad owns coal mines from which it hauls coal over its lines to companies in which it is interested.

The final argument in the effort to force Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, from the Senate is heard before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections.

In the House of Representatives, Representatives Williams, of Mississippi, and Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, become involved in a violent discussion and charge each other with falsehood.

April 14.—At the laying of the corner-stone of the office building for the use of members of the House of Representatives, the President delivers an address in which he bitterly attacks magazine and newspaper correspondents who have been writing criticisms of the United States Senate. The correspondents are referred to as "The Men with the Muck Rake," and an effort is made to defend the Senate. More important than the preannounced Muck-Rake theme is the following proposal that occurs towards the end of the speech. "As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes, beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand over more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the National and not the state Government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits."

Seven persons are killed and fourteen injured by the explosion of a 13-inch gun on the United States battleship *Kearsarge*.

William R. Hearst renews his fight for the mayoralty of New York City. Quo warranto proceedings are instituted before the Attorney-General of the State.

John Mitchell leaves New York City to attend a convention of the mine workers' committee at Indianapolis, Ind., April 17.

Conservative Democrats, backed by Wall Street, take concerted action to block the boom of William R. Hearst for governor of New York.

April 15.—The mine operators plan to work their mines by importing miners. The two weeks' strike losses are:

To mine workers in wages	$3,400,000
To operators in value of coal unmined	5,200,000

To railroads in haulage charges	$2,600,000
To general business in anthracite region	3,400,000
Total	$14,600,000

April 16.—Three persons are killed, and two injured in a riot among striking coal miners at Windber, Pa. Operators are hurrying plans to work their mines in the Wilkesbarre district, in case a strike is formally declared.

In a riot of Greek railroad laborers at Gurley, Arkansas, ten are killed and seven injured.

Mayor McClellan, of New York City, is the chief speaker at the New York Jefferson dinner. August Belmont, Patrick McCarren, Thomas F. Ryan and other "conservatives" are present. A letter is read from Grover Cleveland, and the main purpose of the dinner is to sidetrack the growing sentiment in favor of William R. Hearst.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, introduces a resolution in the Senate which directs the Committee on Finance to inquire into contributions by national banks to campaign committees.

The House passes a bill permitting the withdrawal from bond, tax free, of domestic alcohol when rendered unfit for beverage or liquid medicinal uses by mixture with suitable denaturizing materials.

Charles B. Aycock, ex-Governor of North Carolina, and Van Leer Polk, of Tennessee, are appointed by President Roosevelt delegates to the Pan-American conference, which is to meet at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, in July.

The United States Supreme Court decides that when a divorce is granted against a person in a state of which that party is not a citizen, the divorce is illegal.

April 17.—Charles E. Hughes, who conducted the insurance investigation, is retained by the United States Government to prosecute the coal-carrying railroads that own interests in coal mines.

The coal operators formally decline the proposition of the miners' representatives to submit their differences to arbitration.

In the rebate case against several railroads and packing houses in the United States District Court at Kansas City, Missouri, Judge Smith McPherson denies the pleas of immunity filed by the defendants.

Senator Tillman makes a lengthy speech on his resolution for an investigation of campaign contributions by national banks.

The President sends a message to Congress urging the passage of insurance laws that will prevent a repetition of the recent scandals.

Two more victims of the *Kearsaage* explosion die.

April 18.—An earthquake strikes San Francisco, California. It is estimated that 500 persons are killed, 2,000 injured, 100,000 made homeless, and property damaged, $200,000,000. Fire follows the earthquake, and adds to the horror of the situation. The waterworks system is wrecked and the fire department is unable to check the flames. Blocks of buildings are being dynamited in an effort to check the fire. Thousands are without food, clothing or shelter. The city is marshalled by United States soldiers under General Frederick Funston and every effort is being made to allay the suffering. Sacramento, Santa Rosa, San José, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Gilroy and Hollister also suffer heavily. At Santa Rosa many persons are killed and 10,000 are left homeless. Every business building in San José is a wreck, and many lives are lost. Flames continue to sweep San Francisco and the entire city seems doomed. Troops, under General Funston, are in command of the city, and every effort is being made to provide for those who have not been able to escape from the city. A famine threatens. Troops shoot ghouls caught robbing the bodies of the dead. Many thousands are unable to leave San Francisco on account of the lack of facilities, as all travel is almost at a standstill. The hospitals, churches and theatres of Oakland are crowded with the dying and injured. At Santa Rosa the loss of life is estimated at 500. Brawley was destroyed. The number of dead at San José is 10.

April 19.—The Senate passes a joint resolution appropriating $1,000,000 for the relief of San Francisco sufferers.

April 20—The fire in San Francisco is now under control, and it is thought about one fourth of the residence section will be saved. The water supply is partially restored, and food and tents are being provided for the sufferers. Relief trains from nearby cities begin to reach the stricken city, and there is no longer any danger of a famine. Relief trains from every section of the United States are being rushed to San Francisco, carrying doctors, nurses, medical supplies, food, clothing, blankets and tents. The estimates now give 300,000 homeless, and property losses $200,000,000. No correct estimate of the dead can be made, as hundreds are supposed to be buried in the ruins. The relief fund reaches $5,000,000. President Roosevelt expresses his appreciation of offers of aid for San Francisco from abroad, but declines to accept them. Many

people have been able to reach Oakland and nearby cities, as transportation has been partially restored.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad is found guilty of rebating by the Federal Court at Chicago. The railroad is fined $40,000, and Darius Miller and Claude G. Burnum, two officials of the road, are fined $10,000 each.

April 21.—Conditions in San Francisco are greatly improved. Ample supplies of food and clothing have been distributed by the authorities, and all efforts are now directed to improving sanitary conditions. Very little sickness is reported and the fear of a pestilence is no longer felt. Thousands have left the city for other parts of the country. Many dead bodies are recovered from the ruins, but it is impossible to state the number of lives lost. The relief fund is swelled to more than $11,000,000 and contributions continue to come from all sections of the United States. Hundreds of tons of provisions are being rushed to San Francisco from other cities.

April 22.—So far 300 bodies are taken from the ruins of San Francisco, and, as only a small part of the ruins have been explored it is thought the number of dead will be as large as first estimated. Many of the bodies cannot be identified, but sanitary prudence makes immediate burial a necessity. The property loss is placed at $300,000,000, by insurance experts, on which there was $175,000,000 insurance. The area burned is 26 miles in circumference, comprising the entire busness district and most of the residential section. Reports from the different camps show very little sickness and no danger of an epidemic. All persons made homeless are now being sheltered and fed as well as possible under the circumstances. The people are recovering their courage, though many cases of temporary insanity are reported as a result of the terrible strain of the past few days.

Twenty-two miners are killed by an explosion in a coal mine near Trinidad, Colorado.

Chairman Shonts, of the Panama Canal Commission, returns from the Isthmus and reports the work to be progressing rapidly.

April 23.—Another earthquake is felt in San Francisco, but no damage is done. Confidence has been restored and plans for rebuilding the city are now under way. Much suffering is caused by a cold rain and many cases of pneumonia are reported. There is no longer a scarcity of food and medical supplies. Congress appropriates $1,500,000 more for the sufferers, making the relief fund more than $15,000,000.

Major Heber C. Tilden, one of the most prominent members of the relief committee, is shot and killed by six members of the Citizens' Patrol. Major Tilden was in his automobile, which was being used as an ambulance, and besides having the Red Cross flag on the automobile, Major Tilden wore the Red Cross badge on his arm.

T. D. Hobart, coal and coke freight agent of the Norfolk & Western Railroad, appears before the Interstate Commerce Commission and admits that there was an agreement between the Norfolk & Western and Chesapeake & Ohio Railroads on coal rates to Richmond and Norfolk. The Chesapeake Ohio charged 25 cents a ton more to Richmond than the Norfolk & Western, and the Norfolk & Western 25 cents a ton more to Norfolk than the Chesapeake & Ohio, which amounted to one road carrying all coal shipped into Richmond and the other all shipped to Norfolk.

Senator La Follette closes his three-day speech in the Senate on the railroad rate bill. The Senator advocates the appraisement of the property of railroads to determine whether or not the rate being charged is too high. This would allow a railroad to charge rates high enough to pay only a reasonable interest on their actual valuation.

An investigation by the United States Government into the relations of the railroads of the United States and the Standard Oil Company begins at Cleveland, Ohio.

April 24.—General Greeley, who succeeds General Funston in command of the troops at San Francisco, estimates the dead at 277, while Coroner Walsh believes the list will reach 1,000. Dogs are found eating the bodies of the persons buried in the débris at Telegraph and Russian Hills, where it was supposed there was little loss of life. The work of restoration goes on.

Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac*, is nominated for Congress over Congressman John H. Bankhead from the Sixth Congressional district of Alabama. The nomination is equivalent to election.

The body of John Paul Jones is laid with imposing ceremonies in Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, Maryland, where it will remain until the new chapel is completed.

Viscount Aoki, the first ambassador from Japan to the United States, arrives at Washington, D. C.

The Senate adds an amendment to the Indian Appropriations bill, appropriating $50,000 to make a thorough investigation of the proposed leasing of coal lands belonging to the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians to the railroads.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a letter to

President Roosevelt, points out instances where the eight-hour law has been violated and not rectified by the head of a Government department.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. loses the records of 12,000 policyholders by the destruction of its San Francisco office. The amount of insurance involved is $50,000,000.

General Greeley asks for 2,500 regular soldiers to take the place of the militia and citizens' guard in San Francisco.

April 25.—Another earthquake shock is felt in San Francisco, and a panic follows. Only one life is lost and the people are soon quieted. The President asks Congress to appropriate $1,600,000 for public works in the Mare Island Navy Yard and for the construction of buildings at Fort Mason, which will give several thousand persons employment. The emergency finance committee at San Francisco is given permission to use the United States Mint as a bank until the sub-treasury and banks can be opened. The relief work is being systematically carried on. The number of dead at Oakland is now estimated at 100.

The State of Texas brings proceedings against Swift & Co., the Armour Packing Co., the Fort Worth Live Stock Exchange and the Fort Worth Stock Yards Co., alleging that they are trusts, and asking that their charters be forfeited, and each assessed money penalties of $116,000.

The Senate ratifies the treaty providing for the determination of the boundary of Alaska.

April 26.—Bellevour and Stoneburg, Texas, are destroyed by a tornado. The loss of life is heavy.

By a strict party vote, the Senate Committee on Post Offices kills the proposition to investigate the conduct of Benjamin F. Barnes in ejecting Mrs. Minor Morris from the White House, and orders that the nomination of Barnes for postmaster at Washington be favorably reported. Senators Clay, Culberson, Simmons and Rayner, Democrats, voted against the favorable report.

The mine workers' committee makes new propositions to the operators, in which they concede practically everything, except the demand for an increase in wages.

Plans for rebuilding San Francisco are now under way. The area devastated by fire approximates ten thousand acres, within which were nearly 100 banks, some of the finest buildings in the world, thousands of mercantile and manufacturing establishments and the homes of 230,000 persons.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, replies to the argument of Senator Bailey, of Texas, on the railroad rate bill.

The House debates the agricultural appropriation bill.

April 27.—The House of Representatives passes an emergency appropriation bill for work on Federal property in San Francisco. Representative Williams, of Mississippi, replies to Republican speeches on the tariff. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, concludes his reply to the speech of Senator Bailey, of Texas, on the railroad rate bill, and it is hoped that a vote will soon be reached.

A complaint is served on Andrew Hamilton for an accounting of moneys spent by him as legislative agent for the New York Life Insurance Company.

The coal operators refuse to accept the new demands made by the mine workers.

Conditions continue to improve in San Francisco.

In an address to the New Jersey Bankers' Association, Secretary Taft declares it is as logical for the United States to exact a tariff for goods imported from our Philippine dependencies as it would be to take a tariff from goods shipped from California.

Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, addresses the alumni of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He advocates a revision of the Constitution of the United States and election of senators by direct vote of the people. He also maintains that the Supreme Court should not be invested with the power of declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional unless the members of that court are elected by the people, and for a term of years.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections reports favorably the following bill: That it shall be unlawful for a national bank or any corporation organized by authority of any law of Congress to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office. It shall also be unlawful for any corporation whatever to make a money contribution in connection with any election at which Presidential or Vice-Presidential electors or a representative in Congress is to be voted for, or any election by a state legislature of United States senator. Every corporation which shall make any contribution in violation of the foregoing provisions shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $5,000, and every officer or director of any corporation who shall consent to any contribution by the corporation in violation of the foregoing provisions shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $1,000.

April 28.—The San Francisco relief committee says much more relief money is needed. Coroner Walsh reports that 333 bodies of victims have been found.

The Naval Appropriation bill is submitted to Congress. The bill carries $99,734,-

215. The Senate passes the Indian appropriation bill.

The Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals discusses plans for reducing the number of the Panama Commission to three, the reduction of the commissioners' salaries, not allowing one commissioner to hold more than one office, and forcing two of the commissioners to live in the canal zone.

Alleging that the Standard Oil and seventeen affiliated companies have a secret trade agreement by which they control production and transportation of oil and gas, proceedings are filed in the Ohio courts asking revocation of their charters and dissolution of the alleged agreement.

April 30.—Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, asks that the shipment of foodstuffs be continued, as there is very little money available for the use of the sufferers.

It is announced that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has sold its interests in coal mines because of the investigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

In a stinging speech before the Grand Jury, Recorder Goff, of New York City, places the responsibility for the investigation of the insurance companies on District-Attorney Jerome.

The Senate agrees to begin voting on the amendments to the Hepburn railroad rate bill on May 4.

The House of Representatives passes a resolution thanking General Horace Porter for recovering the body of John Paul Jones.

A fight occurs at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, between striking coal miners and state constabulary, in which twenty prisoners are injured.

May 1.—The House of Representatives adopts an amendment to the agricultural appropriation bill, providing for a free distribution of seeds.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte is suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, completes his report on the Standard Oil Company. The report will be submitted to the President and then to Congress.

45,000 members of the Licensed Pilots' Association strike on the Great Lakes. The pilots demand a recognition of their union, which is refused.

A syndicate of New York capitalists agrees to furnish $100,000,000 for the purpose of rebuilding San Francisco. Temporary business structures are already being erected.

The Equitable Board of Directors adopt a new set of by-laws, which place all of the company's affairs under the control of Paul Morton and a few directors.

The International Conference of Cotton Growers and Cotton Manufacturers meets at Washington, D. C. The following officers are elected: President, James R. MacColl; first-vice-president, Harvie Jordan; second vice-president, R. M. Miller, Jr.; secretaries, Richard Cheatham, C. J. H. Woodbury, and C. B. Bryant.

Negotiations to reach a compromise on a railroad rate bill are still on in the Senate.

Hope is expressed in Philadelphia that the coming convention of the mine workers will find a way to avoid a strike. Warrants are issued for 24 members of the state constabulary in connection with yesterday's riot at Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania.

Rev. Father Sherman, son of the late General William T. Sherman, arouses the indignation of the Southern people by starting on a trip covering the territory passed over by Sherman's army during the Civil War. Father Sherman, who is a Jesuit priest, is accompanied by an escort of United States soldiers from Fort Oglethorpe.

May 2.—The opinion prevails in Philadelphia that the convention of mine workers, which meets in that city tomorrow, will declare in favor of a strike. Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, appeals to all citizens to assist in the maintenance of the law, and declares that violence will not be tolerated.

Representatives of American and foreign insurance companies discuss united action to effect a compromise in the adjustment of losses from the San Francisco fire. It is reported that sixty per cent of the aggregate amount of damages will be offered by the insurance companies instead of contesting claims on the ground that many buildings were damaged by the earthquake before they took fire.

The President receives Commissioner Garfield's report of his investigation of the Standard Oil Company. The report, accompanied by a message from the President, will be sent to Congress.

The Senate is still working on the railroad rate bill. Efforts are being made to frame a court review amendment that will satisfy all factions.

The International Cotton Conference denounces the Agricultural Department and Government crop reports. They also pass a resolution advocating that the statistical cotton year run from August 1 to August 1.

The Panama Canal Commission decides to ask for an appropriation of $26,348,281 to continue the construction of the canal in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907.

Both sides express confidence of winning the longshoremen's strike on the Great Lakes.

The Senate passes the House joint resolution thanking General Porter for the recovery of the body of John Paul Jones.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations orders favorably reported a bill establishing a consul-generalship in the Congo Free State, Africa. This is done because of complaint of Belgium's rule there.

Governor E. W. Hoch is renominated by the Republicans of Kansas.

The military escort of Father Sherman is recalled by the War Department.

May 3—The statement is made at Washington that the Department of Justice will immediately begin an investigation of the relations of the Oil Trust and a number of railroads, with a view of determining whether there have been violations of the anti-rebate law.

The sentiment of the miners' convention, now in session at Scranton, Pa., is almost unanimous for a strike.

Andrew C. Fields, legislative agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co., promises to go before the New York Grand Jury and tell all about his transactions with the company.

Father Sherman abandons his trip over the territory traversed by his father during the Civil War, and returns to Fort Oglethorpe with his military escort.

May 4—President Roosevelt sends a message to Congress in which he transmits Commissioner Garfield's report of his investigation of the Standard Oil Co. The chief counts in Mr. Garfield's arraignment of the Standard are:

The Standard controls 23,000,000 of the 26,000,000 barrels of oil refined annually.

Oil is from 2 to 5 cents per gallon higher in non-competitive than in competitive fields.

Officials of the Standard declare they were not obtaining rebates or transportation discriminations, but the company has been and is now receiving secret rates and other unjust and illegal discriminations.

Great advantage is obtained by the Standard in manipulations of open freight rates.

Secret rates from Olean and Rochester gave the Standard absolute control of the Northeastern New York trade.

The Pennsylvania Railroad gave the Standard a rate of 9 cents a barrel from Olean to Rochester, while independent refineries in territory adjacent to Olean were given a rate of 38 cents per barrel.

The saving of the Standard during 1904 by the secret rate from Olean to Rochester alone was $115,000.

The Standard has maintained absolute control of almost the whole section of the country south of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi by means of secret rates and open discriminations in rates from Whiting, Ind.

During 1904 the Standard saved about $750,000 through secret rates discovered by the bureau.

The New York Central refused to give access to its records of state rates

Most of the secret rates discovered were abolished by the railroads shortly after such discovery, nevertheless the widespread discriminations in open rates still in force leave the independents at serious disadvantage.

The corrective measures which the President proposes to Congress are:

The Standard Oil Company has benefited enormously by secret rates, many of these secret rates being clearly unlawful.

The Department of Justice will take up the question of instituting prosecutions.

In New England the refusal of certain railroad systems to pro-rate has resulted in keeping the Standard Oil in absolute monopolistic control of the field, enabling it to charge from $300,000 to $400,000 a year more to customers.

Exactly similar conditions obtain in a large part of the West and Southwest.

By treating as state commerce what in reality is interstate commerce the New York Central and other railroads thwart the purpose of the law.

The Sugar Trust rarely, if ever, pays the lawful rate for transportation and is favored at the expense of its competitors and of the general public.

A law should be passed correcting the interpretation of the immunity provision rendered in Judge Humphrey's decision.

In the effort to prevent railroads from uniting for improper purposes we have unwisely prohibited them from uniting for proper purposes—that is, for the purpose of protection to themselves, and to the general public as against the power of great corporations.

The Government should have power to examine into the conduct of railways as it does into banks.

What is needed is the conferring upon the Interstate Commerce Commission of ample affirmative power to make its decisions take effect at once, subject only to such action by the courts as is demanded by the Constitution.

No coal or oil lands held by the Government or Indian tribes should be alienated, but leased only on such terms as will enable the Government to keep entire control.

Competition should be introduced by tariff changes.

H. H. Rogers and John D. Archbold, Standard Oil officials, deny the charges contained in Mr. Garfield's report, and

declare that any charges that the Standard Oil Company is engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust.

A report comes from Washington that the President has surrendered his views on the railroad rate regulation bill, and has accepted the amendment proposed by Senator Allison, of Iowa, providing for a broad court review. It is even charged by some that the President's attack on the Standard Oil Company was to obscure his surrender to the Senate on the railroad rate bill.

The Federal Grand Jury, in session in New York City, hands down seven indictments in the Sugar Trust rebating case against the New York Central Railway Co., the American Sugar Refining Co., Nathan Guilford, C. Goodloe Edgar, Edwin Earle and F. L. Earle charged with violating the anti-trust law. These indictments are the result of proceedings begun some time ago by William R. Hearst against the Sugar Trust.

The Senate begins to vote on the Hepburn railroad rate bill. The amendment proposed by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, declaring the owners of pipe lines for the interstate carriage of oil common carriers, and making them subject to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to the operations of the rate bill, is adopted.

Ten persons are killed and 20 injured in a wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Clover Creek Junction, Pennsylvania.

The Federal Coal and Coke Co., at Clarksburg, West Virginia, brings suit against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and Fairmont Coal Companies, charging discrimination and freight rate juggling.

A compromise with the longshoremen in the Great Lakes strike is expected.

Fire insurance companies of New York and Chicago decide to advance rates to meet their loss in San Francisco

May 5.—The coal miners convention votes to accept the first proposition of the operators, which is a continuation of the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission.

Vice-President Thayer, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., says that the report of Commissioner Garfield, so far as it relates to the Pennsylvania's relations with the Standard Oil Company, is an inexcusable and outrageous perversion of the facts. President Lucius Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and officials of the New Haven Railroad also deny that their roads are guilty of any discrimination in rates.

The Standard Oil Company reverses its policy of remaining silent under criticism and establishes a press bureau.

The Attorney-General of Indiana decides to begin an investigation of charges contained in the report of discrimination of rates by railroads operating in Indiana. It is announced at Columbus, Ohio, that the Attorney General of that State will soon begin action to oust the Standard Oil Company from the state.

The Interstate Commerce Committee suspends the hearing for the present, in the coal and oil investigation under the Tillman-Gillespie resolution.

The Perry Belmont Campaign Publicity bill is knocked out by the House Committee on Elections as being impracticable.

The President makes a formal statement declaring his entire satisfaction with the Hepburn railroad rate bill and the Allison amendment.

May 6.—Father Sherman returns to Fort Oglethorpe and explains the proposed trip over the grounds traversed by his father's army in the Civil War. He states that the military detachment was in the field by order of the War Department to study Civil War maneuvres and that he was an invited guest because General Sherman was his father. Father Sherman denies that he has any ill feeling toward Southern people, but expresses regret that his purposes were misunderstood.

The Federal Grand Jury indicts twenty-one persons for land frauds in Oregon.

Postmaster-General Cortelyou recommends to Congress the appointment of a commission to inquire into the subject of second-class mail matter with a view to ascertaining what modifications of the present second-class laws are necessary.

The independent oil men claim that they see hope in the present fight on the Standard, as equal freight rates will mean competition in the oil business.

May 7.—The anthracite miners accept the offer of the operators to continue work three years longer under the award of the anthracite strike commission.

Despatches from Washington state that the Ohio and the United States governments will prosecute the Standard Oil Company simultaneously and the authorities will work together.

A special grand jury begins an investigation of the insurance scandals in New York City.

Speaker Joseph G. Cannon celebrates his seventieth birthday at Washington.

Congress receives the report of the International Waterways Commission, which provides for the preservation of Niagara Falls.

Foreign News

April 8.—The eruption of Mt. Vesuvius continues to increase in violence. No

trace remains of the destroyed village Boscotrecase, and the people flee from Torre Annunziata and Torre del Greco, The panic extends to Naples, where severe earthquake shocks are felt. The King and Queen of Italy set out to visit the stricken district.

The Russian election returns show a sweeping victory for the Constitutional Democrats.

April 9.—The cone of Mt. Vesuvius disappears and the eruption becomes less violent. Many persons are killed by the falling of houses under the weight of ashes.

The overwhelming victory of the Constitutional Democrats brings the struggle between reaction and reform to a head. Despatches state that Premier Witte tenders his resignation to the Czar intimating that a constitution must be granted or his resignation accepted.

Twenty Europeans are killed or wounded in riots at Meshed, Northeastern Persia.

The education bill, the main measure on the Liberal program at this session of Parliament, is introduced in the English House of Commons.

April 10.—The eruption of Mt. Vesuvius resumes activity and many towns and villages are threatened with destruction At Naples the roof of a market falls under the weight of ashes, killing 12 and injuring more than 100 persons. It is estimated that 500 lives have been lost in the district between Ottajano and San Giuseppe.

Rumors of a reorganization of the Russian Cabinet are rife in St. Petersburg. The Czar is said to be unwilling to decide the struggle between Premier Witte, who favors the granting of a constitution, and M. Durnovo, who opposes it. The Czar is afraid to accept Witte's resignation as it will likely have an unfavorable effect on Russia's negotiations for a loan.

The miners congress at Lens, France, decides to continue the strike for higher wages. The coal workmen in the Department of the Loire vote to join the strike.

A despatch states that 12,000 Boxers have risen against the Manchu dynasty in the southern part of Ho-Nan province and the western part of Shan-Tung, China.

April 11.—The eruption of Vesuvius is slackening. A large region has been laid waste and the relief measures are insufficient. Falling buildings cause panics in Naples.

Thirty-two bishops, of English and Welsh dioceses, decide to oppose the education bill. The Roman Catholics also decide to protest against the measure.

President Castro, of Venezuela, temporarily retires. Vice-President Gomez assumes the duties of office.

A new rebellion is feared in the southeastern part of Russia. The Constitutional Democrats elected to Parliament are preparing plans of campaign. It is thought that even the moderate views of the Democrats will be vigorously opposed by the Autocrats.

April 12.—The eruption of Vesuvius begins to subside and the streams of lava to cool, though Naples is deluged with cinders and ashes. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena aid the rescuers in their work. One hundred and twenty-nine additional bodies are extricated from the ruins, and the dead at Ottajano are said to number 550. Two hundred and forty-five houses are damaged at Portici, 195 at San Giovanni and Teduccio, 432 at Resina and 1,000 at Torre del Greco. It is estimated that 5,000 houses in all have been destroyed.

Despatches from Paris state that negotiations for a $400,000,000 loan to Russia have been completed with French bankers.

The fall of Minister of the Interior Durnovo is predicted in St. Petersburg, as a result of the victory of Premier Witte and the Constitutional Democrats.

April 13.—The Government of New Zealand establishes agencies for the retail sale of state-mined coal.

The Roumanian Government, at the request of the Russian police, decides to expel Matuschenko, leader of the mutiny on the battleship *Kniaz Potemkin*.

The strike of the French postal employes is gaining ground.

Despatches from St. Petersburg state that England is endeavoring to form an alliance with Russia to keep Germany out of the Far East.

Vesuvius is quieting down. The soldiers are still busy extricating the bodies of the dead.

April 14.—Signor Matteucci, who remained at the observatory on Mt. Vesuvius throughout the eruption, declares the danger past. Much suffering is experienced in the region of the volcano.

Earthquake shocks cause a great loss of life and damage to property in Formosa.

St. Petersburg newspapers denounce the appointment of a finance committee by the Czar of Russia, as it removes all control of national expenditures from Parliament. A number of fierce encounters between Catholics and Mariavits occur in Poland.

April 15.—Despatches from St. Petersburg indicate that Premier Witte has won his fight against repression, and M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior, may be forced to resign. Cossacks defeat a band of Tartars near Tiflis.

Mt. Vesuvius continues quiet and Easter is celebrated in Naples.

Reports estimate the number of deaths from an earthquake in Formosa, Japan,

at more than 100 persons. Thousands of persons are homeless.

April 16.—The fall of ashes from Mt. Vesuvius is much lighter, and all danger for the present is past.

The discovery of the famous Temple of Artemis on the bank of the River Eurotas, near the site of the ancient city of Sparta, is announced by Dr. Bosanquet, director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, Greece.

April 17.—Despatches from St. Petersburg state that Premier Witte has won his fight against Minister of the Interior M. Durnovo, and that the Czar has promised to dismiss the Minister before Parliament meets. Russia succeeds in getting the five per cent. loan of $440,000,000, which will be issued at 88. This is regarded as a victory for the Government despite the hard conditions attached.

Despatches from Tiflis state that the Tartars continue their attacks on the troops.

King Peter accepts the resignations of the Servian Cabinet.

Baron von Holstein, chief of the Department of Higher Politics in the Foreign Office of Germany, retires because of differences with Herr von Tchirsky, the Foreign Secretary.

April 18.—Striking miners fiercely resist the troops near Lens, France, and many persons are injured.

The Constitutional Democrats elected to the Russian Parliament divide on a political program, but unite in favoring autonomy for Poland.

A large force of troops is being mobilized in Natal to use against the rebellious Zulus.

A British torpedo boat is sunk in the maneuvres off Malta and only one life is lost.

Turkish troops wipe out four bands of Bulgarian brigands in the Meinik district of Macedonia.

April 19.—Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, is run over by a cab in Paris and killed.

April 20.—A meeting of the American Society is held in London, and a fund is started for the San Francisco sufferers. The shares of insurance companies slump badly in the London, Liverpool and Berlin markets when the extent of losses in San Francisco is learned.

British policyholders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company adopt resolutions calling for drastic reform measures by that company.

April 21.—More fights between the striking miners and troops are reported at Valenciennes and Lens, France.

Earthquakes destroy several houses in the town of Poggibonsi, Italy.

Russian monarchists, in session at Moscow, urge an unlimited monarchy.

A ladrone chief surrenders at Manila.

April 22.—Twenty-five Russian authors at St. Petersburg condemn the treatment of Maxim Gorky by Americans.

Striking miners destroy a railroad bridge near Lens, France.

Twelve persons are killed and fifty wounded in a church riot at Lesnos, near Warsaw, Russia.

April 23.—It is rumored in St Petersburg that Father Gapon was hanged on April 10, by his former revolutionary companions for acting as a spy. Other rumors state that he has fallen into the hands of the Holy Synod, which has condemned him to imprisonment for forsaking the priesthood.

Admiral Rojestvensky asks to stand trial with the officers of the *Badori* for surrendering to the Japanese in the Russian-Japanese war.

The Czar and high officials of the Russian Government are revising the fundamental laws of the empire hoping to decrease the power of the Douma.

A Belgian training ship sinks off Prawle Point. Thirty-four persons are lost.

Wholesale arrests are made among the striking French coal miners. A general uprising of the working classes is feared on May 1.

April 25.—France is reported to be in a state bordering on panic from fear of outbreaks at the labor demonstrations on May 1. The Government is mobilizing troops for use in case of riots.

A bomb is found at the home of ex-President Loubet, of France.

The Czar of Russia decides to go to St. Petersburg and open the first Parliament on May 10.

It is reported from London that England will make a naval demonstration to induce the Turks to withdraw from Tabah.

Ten political prisoners are rescued from a Warsaw prison on a forged order.

King Edward and Queen Alexandria of England leave Athens, Greece.

The labor agitation in France causes less alarm owing to measures taken by the Government to preserve order. A large force of troops is concentrated in Paris.

Conditions in St. Petersburg are alarming, but improve somewhat when the municipal authorities promise to provide work for the unemployed and to appropriate money for the relief of the destitute.

A number of female suffrage adherents are removed from the gallery of the British House of Commons by the police for creating a commotion.

Japan offers to send a hospital ship to San Francisco, but the United States Government declines the offer with thanks.

April 26.—England increases her garrisons in Egypt on account of Turkey's actions on the Tabah boundary questions.

The strike situation in France improves.

More troops are moved into Paris to guard against an outbreak on May 1.

A circular is sent to the British policy-holders in the Mutual Life Insurance Company, urging reform in the company's management.

The Emperor of Japan gives $100,000 to the San Francisco sufferers.

April 27.—The Paris police search the homes of leading Royalists, Bonapartists, labor leaders and anarchists in the hope of finding evidence of a plot to overthrow the republic.

A statue of Benjamin Franklin is unveiled in Paris.

King Edward and Queen Alexandria visit the region devastated by Mt. Vesuvius.

The returns of the Russian elections continue to show gains for the Radicals.

April 28.—Paris is greatly alarmed over small riots, but the authorities say there is no danger of serious disorder.

Irritation is growing in England over the Tabah affair, and it is believed that steps will soon be taken to force the withdrawal of Turkish troops.

The agitation against the Russian Government is growing. The peasants have chosen representatives of the most radical tendencies, and trouble is feared.

General von Budde, the Prussian Minister of Public Works, dies.

Thirty Chinese are killed in a collision between a British troopship and a Chinese steamer in the Straits of Malacca.

April 29.—Troops continue to arrive at Paris. Two attempts at violence are made, and Premier Sarrien warns the strikers that any breach of the peace will be firmly dealt with.

The Czar of Russia decides to receive the members of Parliament at the Winter Palace instead of opening the Parliament in person.

Better conditions prevail in the region of Mt. Vesuvius. The damage done by the avalanche is heavy.

April 30.—A great number of leaders of the labor party and some Bonapartists are arrested in Paris. Extensive military precautions are taken to prevent disorder.

Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, introduces the budget in the House of Commons. Among the measures proposed are the removal of the duty on coal, a reduction of tea and tobacco duties and a graduated income tax.

Despatches from St. Petersburg indicate that Count Witte has given up the Premiership and that the Czar is committed to a policy of reaction. Growing symptoms of unrest are being manifested throughout the Russian empire.

The returns from the recent elections to the Russian Parliament show that the Constitutional Democrats have a working majority of seven over the Reactionists and Conservatives.

May 1.—The military precautions to maintain order in Paris are effective. Small fights occur and 1,000 arrests are made.

Count Witte refuses to confirm or deny the report of his retirement from the Premiership. A number of conflicts occur in Warsaw and trade and traffic are suspended.

Turkish soldiers remove telegraph poles from Egyptian territory. The negotiations between England and Turkey continue at Constantinople.

American steel companies propose to the German companies to coöperate with them in supplying the demand for steel at San Francisco.

May 2.—According to the estimates of the police, three-fourths of the striking workmen return to work. Reports from the provinces indicate that the backbone of the strike is broken.

The resignation of Premier Witte is accepted, and it is stated that he will be succeeded by M. Goremykin, a reactionary.

A bill prohibiting plural voting, which affects chiefly land owners, is introduced in the English House of Commons.

Unless Turkey promptly withdraws her troops from Tabah, England will take steps to force their withdrawal.

The Irish members of Parliament decide to vote against the education bill.

The German Reichstag passes a measure providing for religious freedom throughout the empire.

The plague is spreading rapidly in northeastern Persia, and the superstitious natives refuse medical aid.

May 3.—No more riots are expected in Paris, but the guards are maintained.

All members of the Russian Cabinet tender their resignations.

King Edward VII, of England, dines with President Fallières, of France, at Paris.

May 4.—The Russian Cabinet issues a statement saying that changes in the fundamental laws will be revoked and that bills for general amnesty and the abolition of the death penalty will be introduced in Parliament.

The British Government sends an ultimatum to Turkey, demanding the withdrawal of troops from the territory in dispute within ten days.

The Constitutional Democrats, recently elected to Parliament, decide to let the Russian Government define its policy before they decide on a course for their party.

No disorders are reported from Paris. It is estimated that 77,000 persons are now on strike.

May 5.—The retirement of Premier Witte and M. Durnovo from the Russian Cabinet is officially announced.

Radical speeches are made at the con-

vention of Constitutional Democrats, but the indications are that the Conservatives' policy of letting the Government declare its policy first will be adopted.

The French Foreign Minister, M. Bourgeois, confers with Sir Charles Hardinge, British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, regarding French support of England in the Tabah incident.

Fourteen revolutionists, believed to be members of the supreme tribunal of the fighting organization, are arrested at a meeting in Moscow.

May 6.—The French elections indicate a victory for the Government, few changes being made in the Chamber of Deputies. The issue was the separation of Church and State.

Governor-General Doubassoff, of Moscow, is slightly injured by the explosion of a bomb.

Plans for opening the Russian Parliament are completed, and hopes are entertained of a peaceful arrangement of the matters at issue between the Czar and the people.

British troops are attacked by a band of Zulus in Natal. Sixty Zulus are killed and three British wounded.

The Governor-General of Ekaterinoslav is assassinated. The Governor of Elizabethpol meets the same fate in revenge for his savage repressions in the Caucasus.

Sharp actions continue in Macedonia between Turkish and Bulgarian bands.

May 7.—Strong opposition to the education bill develops, and the House of Commons adjourns without taking action.

Additional returns from the French elections show a majority for the Government in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Constitutional Democratic Congress at St. Petersburg is considering a plan of providing for the peasants by the expropriation of Crown and Church lands.

Eight bombs are seized, and sixteen anarchists arrested at Barcelona.

This Age

R. ANDREWS

THE Iron Age, the Age of Stone and Brass
Have left the traces of their woe or weal;
The Age in which we find ourselves, alas!
May bear this burning brand, The Age of STEAL!

Absolute Worthlessness

THE CLAM PEDDLER—What kind of a feller is't that your niece married, Mrs. Tubman?

THE WIDOW—Tell you what's a solemn fact, Mr. Shelly—in confidence, of course — he's so utterly no-account that I don't believe she could raffle him off at a church fair!

His Plea

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY of an eminent plutocrat had been held up and robbed by a lone highwayman.

"Gentlemen," said the victim of the outrage, addressing the detectives and reporters who a little later clustered around him, "I beg of you not to suspect my employer!"

Along The Firing Line

BY The Circulation Manager.

Four Important Meetings

I AM glad to announce four important meetings to be held at St. Louis, Missouri, on June 27. Thus far the agitation for political action has been confined to a number of individuals in various states, each working along lines of his own, and without any definite knowledge of what his fellow-men are doing in other parts of the country.

The meeting of the People's Party National Committee is purely a partisan matter, having to do exclusivelv with the affairs of the People's Party. The members of this Committee, however, while at St. Louis will have an opportunity of attending the other meetings which are much larger in scope. In some degree, too, the delegate meeting representing the National Federation of People's Party Clubs is a partisan affair, but this meeting will not be confined so strictly to purely party matters. The meeting of the Reform Press Association, of course, will not be held strictly to any ism or party line. Most of the members of this association are, or rather were, editors of Populist papers; but within the past few years a considerable number of these papers have been converted into independent, or non-partisan, publications. In some cases, too, the editor has changed his paper to a Republican, Democratic or Socialist publication.

The preliminary meeting of the Conference Provisional Committee, called by Mr. Forrest, is the one in which all shades of reformers can meet on common ground, unfettered by any party lines. As Mr. Forrest shows in his call, he has now an enrollment of over 11,000 members who have expressed a desire to have held a great national convention for the purpose of effecting an organization to unite the reform forces of the United States into one political party. The meeting June 27 is simply preliminary. It is not expected that a large number of persons will attend, but it is desired that one or two members from each state should be present to discuss and arrange for the calling of the big convention to be held later; and also to discuss the advisability of putting a ticket in the field for the Congressional elections this fall. The big convention may be held very much later—in fact it could be held after the November elections, if desired. The signers of Mr. Forrest's original call who have been made members of the Conference Provisional Committee, and who now number over 11,000 persons, covering the United States, represent every shade of political belief. There are four or five different kinds of Democrats, some three or four kinds of Republicans, about four different kinds of Populists, at least two kinds of Socialists, as well as Independents. That an interesting meeting will result when all these reformers get together is a foregone conclusion. The official calls follow:

ON GUARD: TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE:

A preliminary meeting of the Conference Provisional Committee will be held at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., June 27. The purpose is to have a conference com-

posed of one or two members of the committee from each state and territory to arrange for a great National Convention of all the reform forces of the nation.

While the meeting is but a forerunner of the convention, yet any and all who may wish to come and participate in the work of arrangements will be welcome. It is desired that all those who expect to attend the conference, June 27, shall send their name and address to me at once.

The Conference Provisional Committee now numbers over 11,000 members; by the time of the National Convention we are justified in expecting an enrollment of 200,000.

The time for action has arrived. June 27 will pave the way. Let each member secure twenty new enrollments to the Conference Provisional Committee and we will have an army over 200,000 strong. If you have no coupon blanks, write asking for same, and they will be forwarded to you at once.

In the words of Lowell, let us realize that

"The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change.
Then let it come, I have no dread of what
is called for by the Instinct of Mankind;
Nor think I that God's World will fall apart,
Because we tear a parchment more or less."

(Signed) JAY W. FORREST,
236 First street, Albany, N. Y.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY NATIONAL COMMITTEE:

A meeting of the People's Party National Committee is hereby called to meet at the St. James Hotel, in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, the 27th of June, 1906, at one o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of ascertaining the status of the party organization in the several states and territories, the discussion of the advisability of placing a ticket in the field in those states where the organization is weak, the formulation and publication of an address to the people, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the Committee.

It is requested that each member of the Committee who expects to be present advise the chairman, at Joliet, Ill., of that fact; and members who do not expect to be in attendance are requested to have their proxies made out and placed in proper hands, with full instructions as to the use of same, at the earliest possible date.

(Signed) JAS. H. FERRISS, Chairman.
C. Q. DE FRANCE, Secretary.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL REFORM PRESS ASSOCIATION:

A meeting of the National Reform Press Association will be held at the St. James Hotel in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, the 27th of June, 1906, at two o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of electing officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

(Signed) J. M. MALLETT, President.

TO THE PEOPLE'S PARTY CLUBS OF THE UNITED STATES:

A delegate meeting of the People's Party Clubs of the United States is hereby called to meet at the St. James Hotel in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday, June 27, at three o'clock P. M. of said day, for the purpose of electing officers of the National Federation of People's Party Clubs, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

It is suggested that the members of the various local clubs all over the United States be called to meet at the usual place on Tuesday, the 12th day of June, 1906, at such hour as the presiding officer may designate in his call, for the purpose of electing one delegate to attend a Delegate Convention for the state in which such club is located.

It is further suggested that the president of each State Federation of People's Party Clubs issue a call for a meeting of the delegates so selected, as above suggested, to meet at the State Capitol on Tuesday, the 19th day of June, 1906, at such hour as may be deemed most convenient, for the purpose of electing one delegate and one alternate to attend the National meeting herein called.

It is further suggested that at the meeting of the local club a collection be raised to defray the expenses of the delegate sent to the state meeting, and to help in contributing to the collection to be raised at the state meeting. That at the state meeting a collection be raised to defray the expenses of the delegate, or alternate, to the National meeting.

(Signed) H. L. BENTLEY,
President National Federation of People's Party Clubs.

. . . . .

NOT much of importance to say regarding April subscriptions, except that they are lighter than heretofore. We expected that. And as it gives us time to straighten out all the kinks, we cannot complain. The May number is just out—went out promptly on time (April 25)—and we do not expect to be late again, unless some serious accident should happen.

. . . . .

The Postoffice Department has granted our application for entry of WATSON'S MAGAZINE to be mailed at second-class rates of postage, except as to some four hundred subscriptions taken in combination with the "Jefferson Bible" under the old rate of $1.35. The ruling is that on these we must affix stamps—three cents on each copy sent. The reason for this ruling is as follows: The Department holds that

a publisher must receive at least fifty per cent of his advertised subscription price on each subscription, or it will not be regarded as legitimate. In other words, the highest commission the publisher could pay his agents for soliciting would be one-half the regular price. This is to prevent publications from securing an enormous subscription list at merely nominal figures, in order to make up the loss on subscriptions by the income from high-priced advertising. With half a million subscribers or more a magazine like WATSON'S could almost be given away to the subscribers, because of the heavy income from advertising; but the Department frowns upon such business methods—and I am inclined to think the Department has the right idea. No reasonable man will object to paying a fair price for what he buys. If he gets a magazine for less than cost of production, somebody else is bound to pay for it. If it is the publisher, he will sooner or later go out of business—unless he has millions to squander in the publishing business. And if it is the advertiser, he in turn must make the additional cost out of his customers. So that the public, in one way or another, pays full price for every paper or magazine sent out.

. . . . .

But the Department rules for testing whether a given subscription is legitimate sometimes work a hardship and injustice upon the publisher. They did in our case. We put in the "Jefferson Bible" at a trifle less than actual cost to us, after considering freight from St. Louis and postage on the book. It was called "a dollar book," although in this age of cheap books, fifty or sixty cents would be nearer a fair retail price for it. The Thompson Publishing Co., who published the "Jefferson Bible," called it "a dollar book" in some of their printed matter. And without thought of violating any of Uncle Sam's numerous rules regarding second-class matter, we said in our first announcement: "A dollar book and a dollar magazine—both for $1.35."

"Dollar" is rather an elastic term in business, even if Jacob Schiff and his banker friends do cry out mightily against our inelastic currency. "Dollar watches" sell at sixty-nine cents, and "dollar remedies" go at forty-three cents up. But the Department is very literal-minded. "M-h-m," we can suppose it to say, "a dollar for the book leaves only thirty-five cents for the magazine a whole year—and that's less than one-half the advertised price. Such subscriptions are not legitimate. The publisher must stamp the copies sent out."

. . . . .

And we did. But we kicked, nevertheless, as beseemeth a true American and Populist. And we wrote to our subscribers who had ordered the Jefferson Bible combination, advising them of the Department's action and asking the following questions:

1. Would you have subscribed for the Magazine at $1.00 per year, if no premium had been offered?
2. Did you take advantage of our offer because you wanted the Magazine?
3. Or, was it simply because you wanted the Jefferson Bible and were willing to pay $1 for it?
4. How much, when you sent in your subscription, did you consider you were paying for TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE a year?
5. How much for the Bible?

. . . . .

The answers came promptly. Only five out of the whole number gave answers adverse to our contention that the subscriptions are legitimate. At this writing nearly every subscriber has answered, and as follows: 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. One dollar. 5. Thirty-five cents. But very many of them did more than simply answer the questions. Several wrote direct to the Department rather caustic letters of protest, and many attached protesting letters to the sheet containing answers. All of which pleased us mightily, because it shows the loyalty and friendship of our subscribers.

We have asked for a reversal of the Department's action, submitting the original letters from each answering subscriber. With such testimony, there ought to be no doubt as to the legitimacy of all the subscriptions—except, perhaps, as to the five before mentioned—and as their answers gave evidence of a deliberate intention to lie, we can afford to stamp their copies until their respective subscriptions expire.

Those who enrolled as subscribers at the dollar rate may consider themselves particularly fortunate, for next month we begin publication of Mr. Watson's "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson." This will be the biggest thing of the kind this year, and will run probably twelve to fifteen months. Other men have written good history, and others are writing it today. Other men have written the life of Jackson, and others are now at work upon it. But without any attempt to disparage the work of others, I feel free to say there is only one Tom Watson in the historical field. It is the peculiar charm of his style which makes Watson's history readable and read. His method is in harmony with modern ideas—that history is not a mere tale of the sayings and doings of a king or prince or hero, but that it must show the habits, manners and customs of the people, how they lived, how they made their living, how they worshiped God (or Mammon), how they married, how they died—not, it is true, written like a mere catalogue, but with a grasp big enough to comprehend the whole civilization written about.

Socialists may claim that Mr. Watson writes from the standpoint of their "materialistic conception of history"—and in a way he doubtless does; but he denies that they have any claim to copyright on the "conception," because it was not original with Marx and Engels, and he can go back to the same sources from which they received their inspiration. Of course, he takes no stock in the "historic mission of the proletariat," and, hence, does not infringe upon what belongs exclusively to the Socialists.

"The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson" is biography and history combined. Jackson's life alone makes interesting reading; but it cannot be segregated from the times he lived in without marring the picture. The administrative head of our nation at one of the critical periods of its existence, Jackson stands towering in the line of Presidents. He had stanch supporters and the bitterest of enemies. He may have been indiscreet at times, but none could doubt his indomitable will power. He lived at a time—was President—when the people, after years of apathy and inaction, were compelled to arouse themselves and act. They were in the clutches of the Money Power. How they rallied to the Man of Action and temporarily freed themselves is one of the most interesting chapters in American history. It has been told many times—but never in that intensely charming style in which Mr. Watson will tell it. It will be as thrilling as the so-called "historical novels" so much in vogue a few years since, yet with all the accuracy of the most formal record.

. . . . . .

Those who did not enroll at the dollar rate, of course, lost an opportunity which will not come again; but they can have the satisfaction of taking advantage of our liberal combination offers. All who subscribe now at $1.50—if they request it—can have their subscriptions begin at once with the current number, but dated to expire a year from July, 1906. For $3.25 we will send the magazine a year and a cloth-bound copy of Mr. Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." And we have made arrangements with another fountain pen manufacturer to supply us with a pen very much better than the Celtric we sent out last year—the magazine a year and the pen for $2.00. The fair retail price of this pen is $1.00, although it has been sold for more in places.

. . . . . .

I had expected to print in this department this month the call for a conference at St. Louis, June 27, but there

has been some hitch regarding the date. It will be printed in the advertising pages if the matter is settled not later than May 9. All over the country, men are agitating for conferences and meetings with the object of getting the reform forces together—Jay W. Forrest, 236 First street, Albany, N. Y.; H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Texas; A. J. Jones, Parlier, Cal.; Charles P. Fox, 1520 Nineteenth street, Bakersfield, Cal.; T. L. Thomas, Forestville, Conn.; and many others. Hon. Wharton Barker, in the Philadelphia *North American* of March 8, has a ringing letter on the formation of a new party to meet great problems. And, generally, our correspondence denotes great desire to DO something effective in the way of organization. I believe a conference would clear the atmosphere and secure some concert of action.

. . . . . .

The letter following, from Charles F. M. Leonard, 4595 North Market street, St. Louis, Mo., is typical:

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 9, 1906.

Watson's Magazine:

The best thing that ever happened the People's Party was the nomination of Tom E. Watson for President in 1904. It gave us a leader (such a leader as the party has never had before), and he has given us WATSON'S MAGAZINE as a weapon with which to fight Plutocracy.

Now, Populists, are you going to sit down and fold your hands, hoping Watson will do it all, do nothing yourself, wait until 1908, when now is the time to act, for vigorous action on our part?

Many say Watson for President in 1908. I say something *must* be done and done *right now* if we expect to gain anything from the present efforts of Thomas E. Watson.

Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself.

I here submit a few suggestions of what I think should be done.

1.—Call a conference of the national committee and loyal Populists to meet in St. Louis.

2.—Said conference to issue a proclamation to the people, a call to action.

3.—Act yourself, organize your county, city or state.

4.—Don't let an opportunity pass to place a ticket in the field. If the Populists would not wait, but go ahead and nominate candidates, it would keep the cause before the public. And a ticket in the field forces an organization.

With a good working organization behind our candidates in 1908, we can expect something to happen.

A. J. Jones says, in the April issue, that there will be a People's Party state ticket in the field in California. That's what I would like to hear of other states.

Coal City, Ill., has nominated a ticket. Wake up brothers! Let's get together also.

If the Populists of St. Louis will correspond with me, I'll help get up a ticket for St. Louis.

Why not, Brother Hillis, call a state convention to nominate a state ticket?

Let's get busy, brothers! Hustle for the grandest cause since the days of our forefathers.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES F. M. LEONARD,

4595 *North Market St., St. Louis, Mo.*

C G De France

EDUCATE YOURSELF

Lincoln did it—and that, too, with a few text books which he had to walk miles to borrow and which he had to read by the flare of a pine-torch.

If results like his were possible under such adverse conditions, what can you not do with the advantages of having in your own home, a set of

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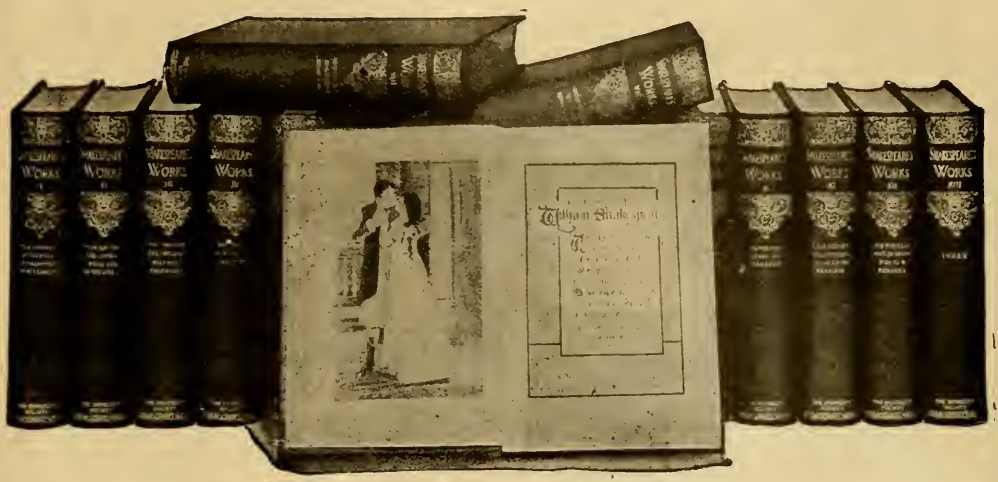

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AT PRACTICALLY YOUR OWN PRICE

In taking inventory, we find a few sets of the "International Shakespeare," 13 library volumes, which have become slightly rubbed from handling in our stock room; not enough to impair their real value, but sufficiently to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at the regular subscription price, $39 a set. Rather than rebind such a small lot, we have decided to close them out for 50 cents down and $1.00 a month for 12 months. This price, $12.50, represents but little more than actual cost of the sheets; and the sets are practically as good as new; in fact some of them have never been removed from the boxes. This is a rare opportunity for those who desire a beautiful and serviceable edition of Shakespeare's works.

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HENRY LAURENS, an eminent political economist, has just published the first three of a series of six proposed pamphlets bearing upon the issues of the day. Those on "The Money Supply," "The Land Question," and "The True Social Doctrine" are not yet out of press. Those at hand and ready for distribution are:

No. 1. "THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH."—An Inquiry into the Concentration of Wealth; showing its Multiplication practically 99 times in Fifty Years; the Effects of Wealth Concentration in the Impoverishment of Industrial Society, Enslavement of Labor, and Corruption of Politics; as also its Origin in the Monopoly of Industry, of the Public Highways, and of the Money Supply by the Corporation, and of Land by Speculative Ownership.

No. 2. "THE TRUST SITUATION."—An Examination into the Monopoly of Industry by the Corporation; the Effects of this Monopoly in Contributing toward the Concentration of Wealth and Consequent Impoverishment of Industrial Society; the Causes which have brought about Trust Formation, in our Corporation Laws; and the Remedy for this Monopoly, in making the Corporation, together with the Trust, Public and Co-operative.

No. 3. "THE PUBLIC HIGHWAYS."—An Examination into the Monopoly of the Public Highways by the Public Service Corporation; the Effects of this Monopoly in Contributing toward the Concentration of Wealth, and Impoverishment of Industrial Society; the Causes which have led to Private Ownership, in the Corruption of our Politics; the Character and Danger of Private Ownership; and the Remedy therefor in immediate Public Ownership.

These are uniform in size, each 32 pages, with paper covers; price 10 cents each. To our readers, postage paid, 5 cents each. The three with the magazine a year, $1.60. The three bound in cloth, one volume, and the magazine a year, $1.80.

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Book Dept. **121 West 42d St.** **New York**

This "1900" Gravity Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses, much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make washing machines—the "1900" Gravity Washer.

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold upwards of 500,000 that way already—nearly five million dollars worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, our "1900" Gravity Washer is a new invention, and I know what it will do. I know it will wash clothes without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any ordinary machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no Washer made by any other concern can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes,

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

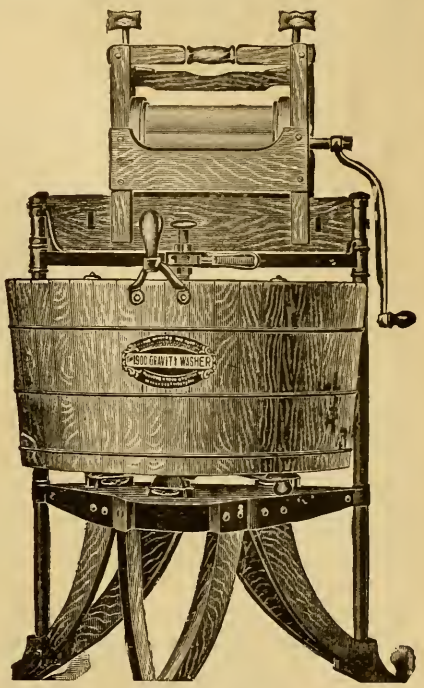
Our "1900" Gravity Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900" Gravity Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So, said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900" Gravity Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold nearly half a million Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900" Gravity Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back



and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900" Gravity Washer must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened for Washing Clothes—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth? It will save its whole cost in a few months in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for.

I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the 1900 "Gravity" Washer, that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, a reliable person, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way—R. F. Bieber, Gen. Mgr. "1900 Washer Co.," 5986 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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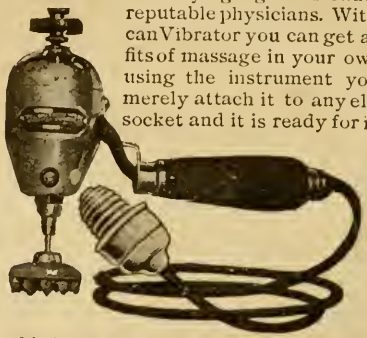

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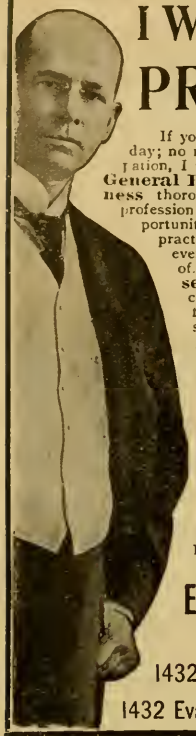

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"Last year we used a base-burner stove and burned wood in the kitchen, and our fuel bill was $32.00 for coal and $15.00 for wood, making $47.00 for fuel and *only heating three rooms.*"

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TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

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Its high elevation and surrounding pines make it an ideal home site, summer and winter.

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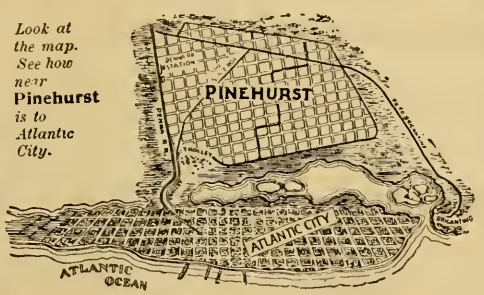
Look at the map. See how near **Pinehurst** *is to Atlantic City.*



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The increasing demand and extensive improvements planned in this new town site, traversed, as it is, by the main avenues of approach to Atlantic City, has resulted in a decided advance in the price of lots. This is only history repeating itself.

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Watson's Magazine

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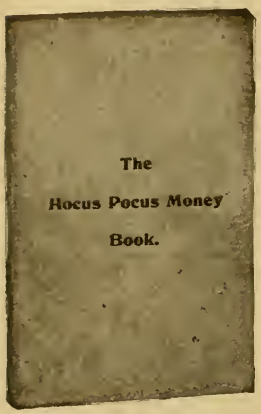

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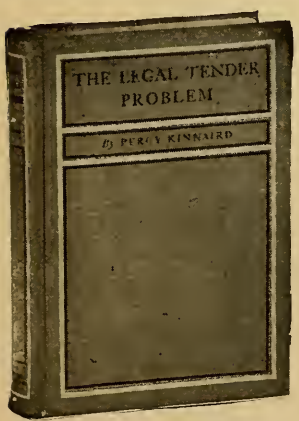

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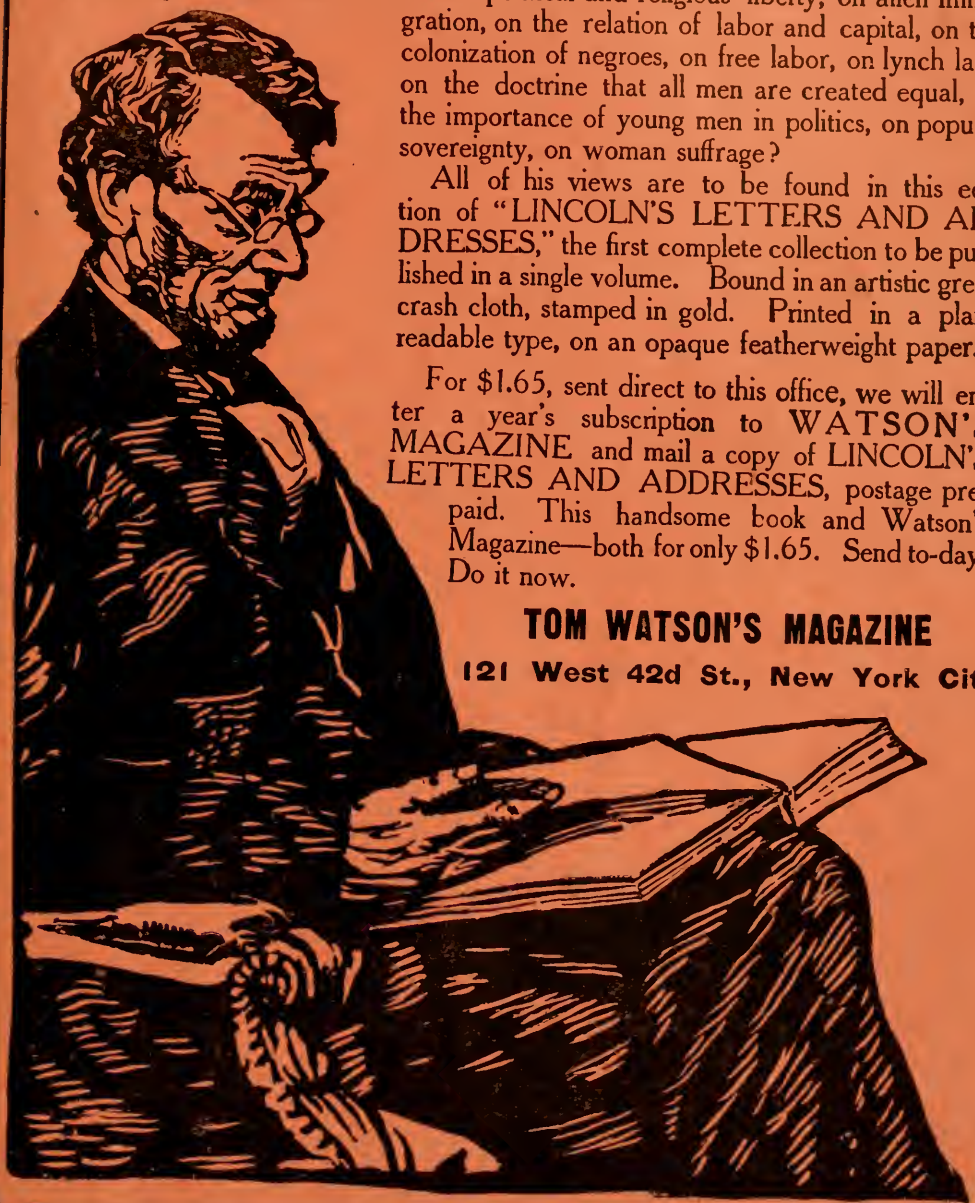

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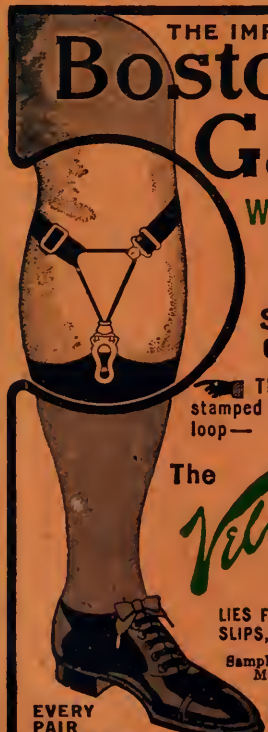

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